THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WARTIME WASHINGTON — By JULIAN STREET

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Prevents Dust

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Bottom—Harrisburg Pike near Columbus, O., built with "Tarvia-X," 1915.

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Whereas, It is essential that all the transportation facilities of the Nation should be brought to the highest state of efficiency in order that food-stuffs may be moved most economically from the farm to the market, that manufactured products be moved at the lowest cost from the factory to the consumer; and,

Whereas, The public highways offer a good, prompt, and economical means to supplement transportation by rail and water; therefore,

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—Resolution adopted at War Convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, held at Atlantic City, September 18th to 21st.

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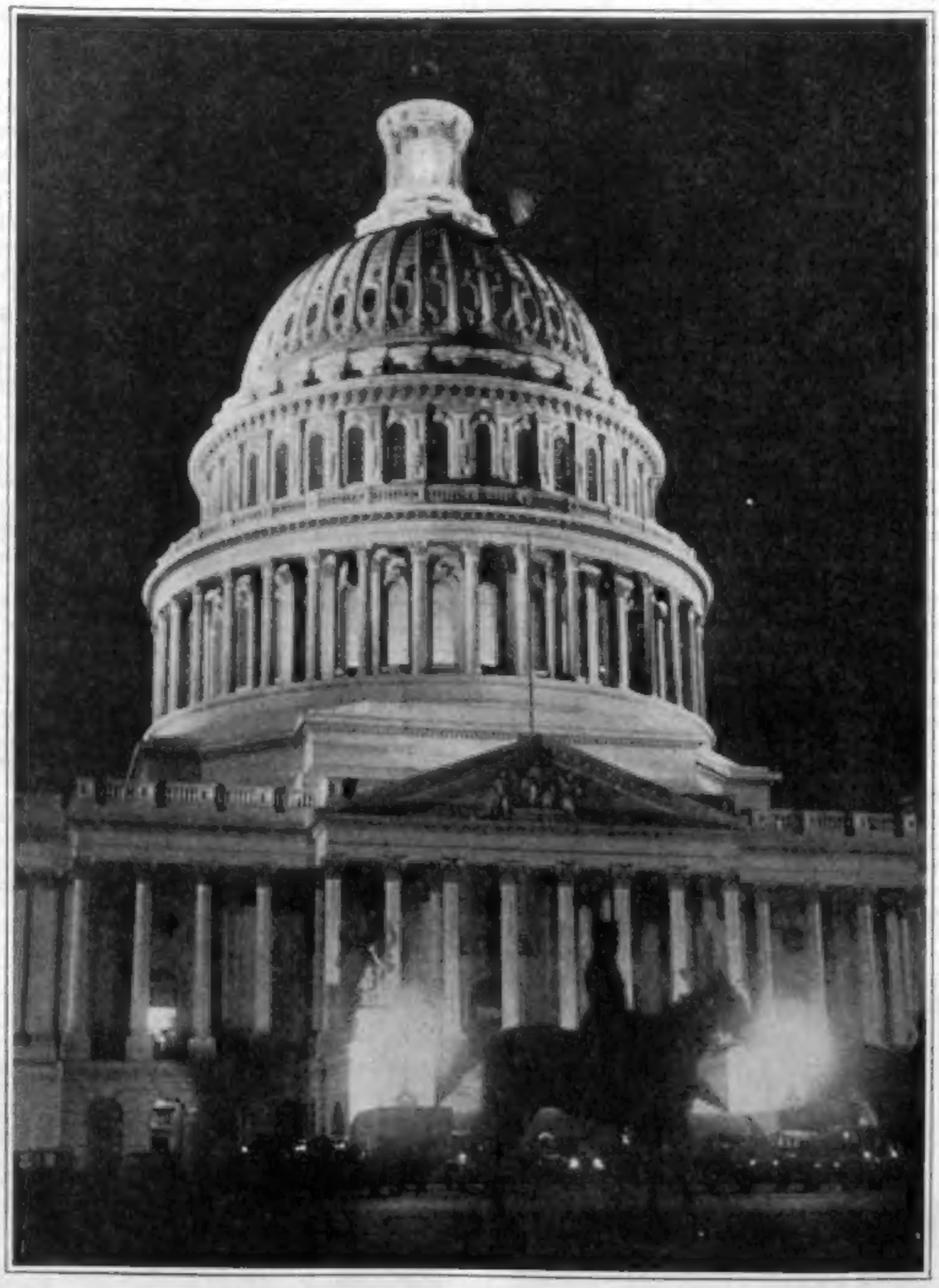
WARTIME WASHINGTON

By JULIAN STREET

PROBABLY you remember the old Washington, the Washington of a year ago, the Washington in which something of Parisian beauty was coupled with the spirit of Peoria? It was a lovely, mellow old town, that Washington we used to know. There was nothing else just like it in the world. It was a capital, but unlike other capitals it was neither a metropolis nor a business center. It never was a great, proud, surging, sophisticated, baffling city like London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd or Rome. Remove the national government from any of those cities and you would still have a great city left, but take the Government away from Washington and you would leave only a small, dead American town.

In spite of the beauty and dignity given to Washington by its broad boulevards and massive buildings the place has always been the hayseed among important national capitals. It never quite got past the point of feeling "dressed up"; of being impressed with itself; of having a kind of amiable self-consciousness, like that of a newly elected congressman who sits for the first time at dinner beside a beribboned diplomat, and who, while congratulating himself upon having attained a place in an interesting and cosmopolitan society, is considerably perplexed by the array of forks beside his plate.



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Washington is To-Day for the First Time in its History the Business Capital as Well as the Political Capital of the United States

The Diplomatic Set

THE old Washington thought a good deal about itself socially. It was full of moderately prosperous retired army and naval officers and their families, living in unostentatious houses and apartments and leading pleasant tepid lives in which an occasional White House reception figured as an important event. Nice old admirals and generals who had seen their day naturally gravitated to Washington to enjoy their declining years in the peace of the Metropolitan or Army and Navy Club, and the social fabric of the city was made up largely of these old salts and soldiers, their wives and daughters, and the young officers attached to the War and Navy Departments. Overlapping this social group at the edges was a much more affluent group made up of persons possessing much money—usually inherited—and a great deal of leisure in which to think about the "diplomatic set." In this group were former ambassadors and their wives, as well as numerous men who dreamed of becoming ambassadors some day, or whose wives dreamed of being the wives of ambassadors—of living in musty palaces in foreign capitals, driving round town behind cockaded coachmen, going to functions at court with feathers in their hair and jewelry all over them.

A good many people of this kind have added to the beauty of Washington by building handsome homes there, with a view to giving dinners off gold plate to various Excellencies and sub-Excellencies, and to employing footmen with handsomely formed legs and the gift for opening French doors with just the right degree of "manner," and announcing in just the right tone: "His Excellency the Ambassador from Mesopotamia, and Madame Honkitonk!"

That, however, was a side of Washington life hidden from the vulgar gaze of the hundred million—the "set" to which you and I presumably belong. The Washington we knew was represented in the life of the hotels, the streets, the offices, and perhaps the clubs, including an occasional Gridiron Club dinner.

The influx of a few hundred men who came to attend a Gridiron dinner was enough to make Washington think itself rather crowded, while a good sized convention of one kind or another, bringing several thousand people, made the city feel that it was bulging, writhing, seething with humanity. Yet as a matter of fact Washington never knew what a crowd was. Its hotels in their wildest moments of alleged congestion were not taxed as New York hotels are taxed to accommodate the crowds of some ordinary busy week when nothing in particular is going on in New York except New York itself. Compared with the Wall Street district on an ordinary business day the streets of Washington during a big convention were but deserted country lanes. Washington was the kind of city in which one didn't trouble to go to a street crossing but cut across anywhere. It was no more necessary to bother about street crossings than to wire ahead for rooms in a Washington hotel. There always seemed to be plenty of room.

Infested Lobbies

TRUE, the lobbies of the hotels were an exception to the general rule. They were invariably crowded. But the men who infested them did not, for the most part, crowd the upper stories. That is to say, they did not have rooms but merely came in and sat all day in the lobby chairs—untidy-looking men who wore extensive black-felt hats, mused tautological over toothpicks gyrating from the corners of their mouths, read newspapers which others had discarded, and occasionally plied their pocket combs.

If you were an intermittent visitor to Washington in those easy-going days the hotel clerks came to know you; as you approached the desk they would greet you affably, probably asking if you would like the same room you had last time. That added to the homelike feeling of the place. The room always looked as though it had remained unoccupied during your absence. There, on the walls, were the same old etchings in their highly varnished frames: The Landseer lion, Alma-Tadema's slender lady eight feet tall preparing for the Roman bath, and the eloping lovers halted at the ferry. And still more homelike, there, in the top bureau drawer, was an old laundry slip bearing your own name. Bellboys and waiters welcomed you back; nor were hotel employees the only Washingtonians who knew you. The old negro hackmen—those familiar and picturesque figures in the old Washington life—showed their white teeth in a smile of recognition as you stepped into their dilapidated vehicles, and sometimes before you told them where to drive they

would suggest with a note of inquiry the name of an office building or club to which they had driven you before.

That was the old Washington—"Washington, B. C.," as Irvin Cobb has called it. It was a sweet, peaceful old town. One speaks of it now in the past tense and with tenderness. For it is gone. At least the spirit of it is. All that remains is the shell, standing like a monument to the town that was—the Washington of memory, before which, ere I turn away from it, I place respectfully an imaginary wreath of immortelles.

The change that has come over Washington since the United States went into the war is like some great upheaval of nature which has been registered on the business and social seismographs of every city in the Union and of every nation in the world. The shock was felt with peculiar distinctness in New York—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the shocks are still being felt in New York; for the disturbance continues, and threatens to continue indefinitely. Indeed, it is straining the metaphor only a little, if at all, to say that the earthquake of war has shaken apart the business structure of New York and other important cities and deposited the loose pieces in Washington, making that city for the first time in its history the business capital as well as the political capital of the United States.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip has quoted some stupefying figures that express the thing that has happened to Washington. Mr. Vanderlip says that whereas the total expenditures of the United States Treasury, since its first organization with Alexander Hamilton, down through the War of 1812, the Civil War and the Spanish War, including expenditures for these wars and for every other purpose connected with government, have amounted to a little more than twenty-six billions of dollars, we are now undertaking to spend in one year twenty-one billions.

Washington is, in effect, the bank into which these incoming billions are received, and the office through which they are disbursed. Never before in the history of the world has any government attempted in so short a space of time to deal with so much money, let alone the men and goods represented by so much money.

A Silk-Stocking Klondike

THAT is what has made Washington the greatest boom town that has ever been. It has become a kind of silk-stocking Klondike to which everyone is rushing. Many are rushing there in search of gold; but there are legions who have joined the rush for other reasons. If some go as profiteers, others go as prophets. If some go to force their hobbies on a war-tried nation, there is consolation in the fact that thousands of sane, able men and women, impelled by the purest patriotism, have dropped their personal affairs and gone to serve the Government.

Washington used to be easy of access. To-day it is the hardest city in the United States to get into or out of. Even the short trip from New York is full of uncertainties. Passenger-train service has been curtailed, Pullman accommodations are hard to obtain, tracks are congested, overdriven engines break down, trains are late—this on the greatest railroad system in the world.

Why?

Because for a number of years past railroad baiting has been a popular sport with demagogues in American politics. In face of the steadily increasing cost of railway operation the Interstate Commerce Commission has refused to sanction a corresponding increase in freight rates. The railroads have been starved. Their net earnings have fallen off, their securities have shrunk in value, and it has become practically impossible for them to finance themselves, let alone purchase an adequate amount of new equipment. Their predicament is like that of a man whose wages have remained stationary despite the mounting cost of food, and who, when his blood is thin from undernourishment, is drafted for the war and ordered to shoulder new burdens. That, figuratively, is what has happened to the railroads. That is one reason why the Government has had to take them over. And it is a curious fact that another reason why is that, whereas the Sherman Law makes it illegal for competing railroads to coöperate or combine, the stress of war makes coöperation and combination not only desirable but necessary to efficiency. In other words, the first thing the Government did when it took charge was in effect to shatter the law that was made with the avowed purpose of keeping the railroads out of mischief. If one thing seems to have been shown by the war it is that for efficiency industrial combinations are advisable, and that if we are to be successful in the trade war following the cessation of hostilities we must find some way of controlling without crushing business.

The shortage in passenger accommodations between New York and Washington has brought about some novel situations. Plutocracy no longer travels in a private car, but is glad enough to get a drawing-room; many a prosperous citizen who never dreamed of doing such a thing now makes the trip in a day coach and, far from complaining, is grateful if he does not have to stand up through part of the journey. A parlor-car seat on a day train is something to be thankful for, and a lower berth on a night train is an exceedingly valuable possession. This scarcity has built up in New York a strange underground traffic in lower berths, which is akin to theater-ticket speculation. When the man behind the Pullman ticket window tells you there are only uppers left you can often get a lower elsewhere by paying a profit to a middleman. Head porters in the large hotels are good men to go to when the Pullman ticket agent cannot hold out hope. Frequently a head porter will "know a man who has a lower" which he will part with at a premium. Nor are they the only dealers in accommodations. A friend of mine tells me that he can often get a lower by working through the negro porter in a Wall Street banking house. He gives the fare and a dollar or two extra to this man, who then goes out, and after a mysterious absence of half or three-quarters of an hour returns with the ticket.

From crowded trains to a crowded terminal to crowded streets to crowded hotels the procession of Washington arrivals passes. Whereas in the old days you did not telegraph ahead for hotel accommodations because there was always plenty of room, you now refrain from telegraphing for the opposite reason—because you know there isn't any room at all. Hotel clerks are no longer affable. They used to try to remember faces; now they try to forget them. The line leading up to the hotel register forms to the right, like the line leading to the post-office stamp window during the week before Christmas; and each person in the line has the privilege of trying without success to recall himself to the clerk, of stating the humble nature of his highest hopes, and of hearing with his own ears the heartless formula, "No rooms!" spoken over and over, as by a defective record on a talking machine.

Two friends of mine who love to travel at their ease recently decided that the best way to go from New York to Washington was by motor. They left early in a swift and gorgeous limousine, and reaching Baltimore in the afternoon telephoned to the leading Washington hotels for rooms. Finding that none were to be had they went to a Baltimore hotel prepared to register.

"We can't get rooms in Washington," one of them said to the clerk. "We'll have to stop here overnight."

The clerk bent over and began to giggle.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"I had to laugh—the way you said it," he replied. "This hotel is practically a Washington hotel, the way things are now. Half our guests are commuters—go to Washington in the morning and come back at night. We're sleeping folks in the washbowls at fifty cents an hour."

"You mean you can't give us anything?"

"That's what I mean."

"Not even a little room without a bath, out of the way some place—a little bit of an inside room you've almost forgotten you had—any kind of a little room?"

"Nope."

"But we've got to sleep somewhere, haven't we?"

The clerk regarded them gravely.

"I don't know as you have," he replied. "I would of said so a few months back, but I'm not so sure now. There isn't a night but what I get that question half a dozen times: 'We've got to sleep somewhere, haven't we?' At first I used to think they did have to sleep somewhere, but lately I've begun to wonder. They don't sleep here. They go out. I don't know where they sleep. I don't know if they sleep at all. Well then, the question is: Have you got to sleep somewhere, like you say you have?"

No Shelter But the Limousine

I DO not know that my friends succeeded in convincing the hotel clerk, but I do know that they slept and that they slept in that hotel. By using much influence and a small tool of a type popular with burglars they got into the rooms of the proprietor of the hotel, who was away overnight.

In the early morning they departed in the limousine for Washington. Immediately upon arriving they began a tour of the hotels, but the deepening shadows of late afternoon found them with no prospect for shelter other than that afforded by a ten-thousand-dollar limousine.

What to do? No use motoring back to Baltimore. The hotel proprietor had returned. A few weeks earlier they might have sought oblivion in drink, but even that solace was denied them now, for among the violent metamorphoses of Washington is that from drink to dryness.

The beautiful Washington twilight deepened. The street lamps were lighted. The great lantern hanging under the White House portico sent forth its reassuring glow. Crowds of home-going workers poured from the government buildings. Meanwhile my two friends sat disconsolate in the limousine, which was drawn up at the curb near one of the hotels. What is money in the pocket when despair is in the heart!

Just as the gentleman who operates the searchlight that is trained upon the peak of the Washington Monument every night went to work, one of the two wanderers saw passing on the sidewalk a senator his father used to know. Leaping from the car he pursued the politician, stopped him, introduced himself and explained his predicament.

"I think I can fix you," the statesman said. "I am going to New York to-night. I have a suite at a hotel I'll turn over to you."

But when this arrangement was proposed to the clerk at the hotel he objected. "We can't turn that suite over to these gentleman," he protested. "We have dozens of people here who have been waiting all day for rooms."

(Continued on Page 113)

PHOTOS. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Thousands of Sane, Able Men and Women, Impelled by the Purest Patriotism, Have Dropped Their Personal Affairs and Gone to Serve the Government

WARS AND RUMORS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

OUTSIDE his house, set on a hill, Richard Carpenter surveyed the weather with a shrewd eye. It was in New Hampshire, and December, a state and month of which Carpenter ordinarily considered himself a judge, but now he hesitated. The snow might gather force and volume and become a heavy fall; or the powdery blue of the sky widen, and the whole thing end in a serene amber glow of departing sun. He gave this profound consideration, for it formed one of the few preoccupations of his existence.

The snow was falling fitfully, and there were through it illusive yellow gleams of light, as if the flakes, he thought, were stirring under a great brass bowl with shifting reflections. The hill fell away to a winding road marked by a low stone fence; there was a rise beyond with a farmhouse half hidden in a fold. Other hills undulated to the softened horizon; but with the exception of a bright blue thread of smoke to the east the only visible habitations were his and the house beyond the road, a mile away.

It seemed now that the sky was clearing; the gleams became a palpable gold wash of sunlight. The air was frigidly cold; but Carpenter, with ruddy pleasure, lingered outside his door without additional covering. At the foot of his property, by an informal break in the wall, stood a short, sturdy post and galvanized mail box. His gaze reached this; and, remembering that he had not investigated it since the mail carrier had passed in the morning on his daily round, he strode down the curving decline, found two letters, and returned to an interior permeated by the crackling warmth of a wide, liberally burning stone hearth.

His dwelling consisted of a single room of ordinary size, its ceiling and walls beautifully built of uncovered wood, the ample windows double sashed and fitted with utmost precision. Across its length, reaching from bottom to top, were piled even, split logs; opposite were bookcases solidly filled with sober-appearing volumes, occasionally broken by lower ranges of novels. There was a large table with a typewriter, a litter of papers and magazines, and glass lamps; a small neatly made bed covered by the dull white blankets issued by the Hudson Bay Company; a smaller table, chairs for various occasions, a polished stove, and a cupboard with immaculate china, glass and pewter.

This exact, uncommon interior was curiously like Carpenter himself. He was perhaps forty-five, a man of medium build, a little stooped and noticeably gray, with a dark seamed face and eyes remarkable for their clearness and intense concentration. He was carelessly garbed, his hair was ruffled, and yet his manner, his gestures, were delicate and finished, stamped with practicability; and swinging against his rough coat was a single glass on a narrow black ribbon.

He dropped the two letters into the confusion of the large table, resettled the logs on the hearth; and with a deep sigh of contentment returned to a chair and an occupation obviously suspended for the survey outside. This was the correction of a set of grayish page proofs. He read swiftly, with an occasional penciled note on a margin; pausing only to fill a sooty brier pipe. The sun and snow flickered and shifted, the afternoon waned, and, when the light in the room had definitely faded, Carpenter put aside his work, moving toward the stove. He prepared supper with a singular dexterity, chopping herbs, filling a French coffee pot and spreading a white cloth and silver.

Soon, with a continuation of his obvious pleasure, he was addressing an omelet *aux fines herbes*, a baked potato in the final state of flaky perfection, coffee and a preserved sweet. This accomplished there ensued a space of scrupulous dishwashing, everything was returned to an appointed place, and he was back at the proofs. With night the wind had risen; later, pausing, he was struck by the force of the blast beating against his wall. He crossed to the door: opening it the room was instantly filled with a great booming swirl of snow. Carpenter glanced hastily without—the dark was a mystery of whirling white and ripping round; from enormous distances above came the rushing of great winds, mingled with the lower shrilling of bare trees.

This, he told himself, forcibly closing the door, was really worth while, a regal affair. He put aside the work; and, in a comfortably sagging chair of involved East India wicker, grew rapidly absorbed in a book of Malayan stories. Some time later his attention was caught by the striking of a brass-bound ship's clock screwed to the wall; four bells, in groups of two.

Automatically he put aside the book and prepared for bed. He did not fall asleep immediately, but lay conscious of the uncertain warm glow of the expiring fire. At times stronger gusts than customary thundered against the house, driving the snow in a fine, metallic whispering across the windows.

Carpenter woke to a profound calm. Dressed, and in a buckskin coat, he stood on his hill overlooking a vast unbroken sweep of snow flashing under a pale sunny sky. The countryside was breathlessly pure, serene; it would have been impossible to imagine or create a scene more utterly saturated with still peace.

The smoke of the chimney beyond the road wavered ever so slightly; there was a minute chippering of buntings from a laden hemlock.

"And there are fools," he said aloud, "who live in cities; rabbits, soft and contemptible rodents!" He filled his lungs with the sparkling air; then made himself a crisply tender succession of corn hot cakes. This dispatched he once more took up the page correcting. A reference was necessary, and searching the table he became conscious of the large disarray. Grumbling audibly he proceeded to set his things in order. Carpenter stopped over a letter which bore across its top the engraved title of a highly popular monthly.

Not bad, he thought, with a slight, gratified smile. It was an offer of twelve hundred dollars an article for a set of six, written "in your uniquely human and yet scholarly vein." Not bad! The débris was almost entirely cleared when he came upon the two letters he had received the day before. One had come from his publisher; but the other, in a script at once firm and feminine, was beyond his knowledge. At least superficially, he had been the mark of too many communications—maudlin and critically able in appreciation—to mistake a note of that kind.

II

HE OPENED the letter from the publisher first: "*My dear Carpenter*"—This gave him an occasion for pause—it was the first time Palemon had addressed him in that semi-personal manner:

"I must insist, finally, on your coming to New York for a talk. You are both younger than I am and less netted in the tremendous pressure of the present. We are planning an entirely new attitude toward your books and must have complete coöperation. My dear sir, you are threatening to push the popular fiction in sales —— "

Richard Carpenter stopped with a sharp expression of annoyance. Not at the impending wider approval, but at the necessity to go into New York . . . Now, when the country was superlatively at its best!

In the first place, there were the beastly, unnecessary noises of the city; in the second, the damnable cold drafts down the caverns of the streets; in the third, the thickets and tangles of people. Carpenter didn't like to touch, see or smell his fellows. He disliked the mob psychology, the cheap, communicated emotions, the vulgar and blatant heaving of humanity in mass. He especially detested the women, compressed into ridiculous forms, messy with perfume—that bald decoy—and barbaric ornaments dragging at their ears, glistening on their hands. Imitative, he pronounced; his lips formed a word suspiciously like simian.

He made a gesture to fling the other envelope into the fire; but, restrained by the patent decision of the address, opened it with an abrupt finger. He had correctly pronounced its contents.

"Thank you," it commenced, "my dear Mr. Carpenter, for the pleasure of your latest book, Seven Victorian Houses. I have only a little money, and can but afford one book on every other Saturday, so those I buy—you see I must own them—have to count. We all read how you hate town, but if you are ever forced to be in New York, I can offer you a quiet room and tea. It would be within the canvas, as painters say, to tell you that I typewrite manuscripts for a living.

"Sincerely,
"LIZA MOLTON,
"104 Lyndam Street."

This, Carpenter was forced to admit, was as little absurd as possible. He had a distinct sense of gratitude for the expenditure of that considerable sum, got at the labor of how many probably stupid pages, upon his book. It had cost two and a half dollars too. He must remonstrate with Palemon about that—his volumes should be cheaper, easier for purses slim as, for example, Liza Molton's. He had little further interest in her letter; he speculated neither upon her age nor upon her appearance; but put it aside and turned to the other, more insistent affair.

He'd tell Palemon he could not come; actually he was putting together a new book, always a delicate affair, and

"Do You Know, I Wish You Hadn't Come, You are So Disagreeable!"

one that could not be imperiled by an excursion into the ugly pressures of a city. Yet he was driven to admit the validity of his publisher's demand; after all, the latter had expended considerable sums upon him, and was about to invest even more. He, Carpenter, was in a way Palemon's property; the latter piped and he ought to execute some sort of mildly satisfactory dance. Three years had passed since he had last orally transacted any business.

In obedience to all this he began slowly, mechanically, to make his simple preparations for a departure. He changed into a rough but presentable tweed, found a white shirt, but yet with a soft collar; and again went to the opened door, deep in thought. It was then past noon. Earlier the local train had labored east, a scant half mile distant; and he was therefore aware that the tracks were open. One would return sometime in the middle of the afternoon, connect, more or less, at Whipsted, and get him into New York for a late dinner.

Or he could snowshoe directly across the magnificently sheeted country and intercept the express at a station nearer than the scheduled connection. Such a possibility, fastening on his imagination, finally shut out the other, prosaic route. He made some swift changes in his attire, digging out from a capacious chest a serviceable ruck sack, into which he rammed his more formal shoes, the barest necessities of toilet and the inevitable book. Then with a cloak hanging from a shoulder, the ruck sack suspended at the one exact length, his feet in high moose-hide packs with gum soles, he turned the key upon his home and shuffled skillfully over a path to the sweeping reaches of coruscating snow.

It was soft, comparatively laborious progress, and he bent all his thin virility to the covering of the appointed distance; behind him, over fields and rises, were printed the clear marks where the snowshoes had left their unblurred track, lifted and placed with nice care. A dazzle of reflected sunlight filled his eyes with a semiblindness of rare golden haze; the stainless, unstirring air flowed about him in an impalpable icy perfection. An inner glow beat in invigorating pulses through his swinging body.

The sun diminished, the atmosphere grew rosy, and clear blue color flowed over the snow dipping in swales. A curd-white moon hung in the ether. The cold became more intense, if possible stiller; the rose faded to the clearest emerald green in the east. Richard Carpenter's breath drifted in a silvery mist across his face, his lips were momentarily fixed in icy films.

About a shoulder of woods where it was already dusk he came suddenly on the untidy outskirt of a small town. A dog snarled at his heels, the road was rutted in blackened tracks; a thick odor of cooking spread through the pellucid atmosphere. Carpenter stopped, with an expression of deep distaste, to remove the snowshoes. A woman in a draggled shawl, pinched with cold, was taking some stiff doubtful garments from a line; a man stumbled past with a muddy, congested face; a carter was beating a horse with a heavy leather thong. The animal was smoothly shod, impotent on a wind-swept, frozen incline. But a little while ago, Richard Carpenter realized—almost within the year—he would have had the dull human brute on the road; he had been easily moved to active protest then, and nasty to encounter—but now he went swiftly on. It was a part of a responsibility that he had entirely shifted to other, quixotic shoulders.

He had lived through his youthful period of hot rebellion, his detestation of hatred and injustice; he had suffered, fought, worked and given; but, at last, retired with the semblance of a contemptuous bow, addressed to the sky, which, he had told himself, was empty to a people hopeless of any impulse not resident in their stomachs, empty of all sense of the beauties of form and color, the splendor of the architectural orders to which he had given so many years of passionate study and eager propagandist hope.

III

DOMINATED, in the corner of a smoking compartment, by the rhythmic swift progress of a heavy train, Richard Carpenter lost consciousness of immediate issues and became absorbed in preoccupation. Vivid flashes of the past returned, remembered emotions and scenes. He saw in a single sweep his entire career as a practicing architect, from the moment of his first projection to the last disillusionment. He recognized now that he had demanded, expected, too much. Never content to accept the illogical and often hideous plans of the people for whom he might be working he had insisted on better things; on, in fact, the best. He was totally lacking in the necessity of compromise; and the results had been, more often than not, partial or complete failures. His patience, never a prominent quality, had been steadily exhausted until, toward the end, he had actually quarreled with owners and forfeited contracts.

Coincidental with this his interest in writing had increased to a point where he had been able to make the transposition from one occupation to the other with comfortable ease. He was happiest in the contemplation of his books; they were at once unusual in contents and solidly founded. No one else had taken architecture as he had, and written about it volumes whose first interest was yet humanity. He was, for instance, now planning a volume about the pseudo-classic houses of the early nineteenth century in Paris, and round this were grouped all the amusing eccentricities of that day—the Empire fashions and scarlet turbans of the women, the absurd *incroyables* and extravagances of the Palais Royale.

The train thundered into the New York station and Carpenter stopped at a lunch counter, where he procured a couple of sandwiches, directing the waitress to wrap them for him. As she did this he surveyed the articles of food with disapprobation. "Most bakers' bread," he observed, "is dead stuff. It's never worked properly." The woman dispatched him with a sniff; and he shut himself sharply into a taxi, returning to a formerly discovered, comparatively quiet hotel off Fifth Avenue, now below the circle of metropolitan desirability.

In his room, settled over the scheme of his forthcoming book, the sandwiches and pipe, he worked comfortably until, glancing mechanically at his watch, he found that it was a minute before ten; and he went immediately and methodically to bed.

The following morning was cold, pale and clear. Fifth Avenue was a swirl of patriotic bunting; national and service flags draped every house front and store. Men in uniform were moving busily everywhere—officers of the Royal Flying Corps, the wings embroidered on their left breast; Frenchmen in round, peaked hats and vivid blue; Americans in severe olive drab. Women even, Carpenter saw, were hurrying with purposeful directness, clad in a variation of uniform with straps and dispatch cases.

He regarded all this with a philosophical indifference. Mere animated spinal cords, he thought with the superiority of a greater knowledge of the human animal; it was the national hysteria of patriotic fervor. The ancient subconscious brute persisted in spite of all the alleviating facts of experience and reason; the advance from the savage painted in vermilion and carrying a stone club was inconsiderable, the only change was in decorations and weapon. He marked the prevalent combination of a fighting man and young woman, and thought of the extraordinary cunning of Nature—of how, just as war was depleting the ranks of men, the feminine mating instinct responded recklessly to the glint of brass buttons and the sound of martial music.

Carpenter could never remember exactly where, on the Avenue, Palemon was; he dipped a hand into an inner pocket and produced not only the publisher's letter but, too, the one he had received at the same time—the note of thanks from—from Liza Molton. It had been unconsciously preserved with the other. He was about to drop the sheet into a gutter when he was again restrained by the vigor of its writing; there were no superfluous flourishes, nothing was underlined. It was still in his hand when he saw just ahead of him the imposing façade of the publishing house; and as he entered he once more crammed the note into his pocket.

Andrew Palemon would see him at once; Carpenter found himself again seated, after an interval of three years, with a small man of advanced age and untidy gray hair, with lively eyes behind bowed spectacles and fluent, satisfied speech.

"This is hardly short of a miracle," the latter pronounced. "How did you bring yourself to leave your hill?"

"Your letter did it," Carpenter told him.

"A testimonial to my correspondence," he turned suavely into a business channel. "The war has almost killed fiction, and as a result there is a wide interest in books such as yours. They have always done well, our connection has been the pleasantest possible; but now we are going to put a large amount of energy into you as a property—advertising space everywhere, salesmen practically devoted to your works. Your books, my dear fellow, you see have become works, a standard. I don't mind telling you how that is done—any volume in a pasteboard box is a work. If they have it boxed they are impressed at once.

"As a result of this we are prepared to advance you five thousand dollars at once against the royalty of your next book, ten thousand the following year, and fifteen the year after."

Carpenter inquired: "What shall I do with it?"

Palemon was visibly surprised.

"It costs me," Carpenter continued, "twenty-seven hundred dollars a year for all that I require. I'll always have that; and more—yes, really, more would be an embarrassment. I had a letter about something of the sort from a magazine; and aside from the compliment implied I . . . I failed to answer it."

"You could help enormously in our war."

"I am not interested," the other said briefly.

"This is a very patriotic house," Palemon declared; "we should immediately break connections with anyone whose sympathy was misplaced. I must ask you to be more explicit."

"I am without sympathy of any character," Carpenter explained. "It seems deplorable but inevitable in the human scheme, that is all. It's just the old thing—a fourth Punic War."

"But there were only three," the publisher objected. "Ah, I have your meaning; you think this is no better than the conquests of the Cæsars, 'the old thing' *ad infinitum*. You are wrong. God, man, can't you see how the world is struggling to free its throat from just the condition you describe? You have lived too much alone; may I say—selfishly? Take it out of the province of nationality, if you must, and put it to a principle, the support of the very thing you uphold in all your writing ——"

"I am no pedagogue," Carpenter announced stiffly; "and I have no intention of beating out my life against ineradicable fact. Men will fight, that is, most of them; I am content to scribble my lines for the infinitesimal minority who rise above the merest instinct."

"At heart," said Palemon, "at heart you are solid. No one essentially wrong could have written your Elizabethan Profiles. And, do you know, I was almost at the point of making you an offer in my power connected with the war. A commission financed in the city is to rebuild entirely a French village; what a man for that, with your equipment, you'd make."

"I am obliged," Carpenter replied, "but I have definitely retired from all active contact with men and building. What remains must be got from my books." He rose. Palemon asked:

"Shall we forward our check or hand it to you for deposit at your bank?"

"Send it," the other directed, "to my account here. I'd most probably lose it."

IV

ONCE more in the movement and color of the Avenue Carpenter walked back toward his hotel. He was surprised to find that he was cold; a condition, he asserted, that never existed in the country. In the grip of an incipient chill he glanced into a window filled with luxurious furs. They were exceedingly inviting. What was he ever to do with five thousand extra this year, ten next, and fifteen, perhaps worse, in the future? One overcoat in particular invited his eye—sable, he saw, and beautiful fresh skins; there was no flamboyant collar, the richness and warmth hung unsuspected beneath sober black cloth.

Inside the store a salesman produced the overcoat in a matter-of-fact way. Twelve hundred dollars. Carpenter slipped experimentally into it. Then he nodded. "I'll pay by check; and since you will need to verify it, satisfy yourself, I'll wait till you have telephoned my bank, identified me."

In a surprisingly short while he was again progressing in the new overcoat. In his room he laid it on the bed and studied the deep brown-gray fur with a youthful appreciation and enthusiasm. Then, after a lunch in the stiff red-draped dining room of the hotel, he returned to his projected chapters.

They went as badly as any work he could remember; he planned as if he were the merest beginner over a first page. It was the pressure of the confounded city outside his windows. It was quiet within the room, but the stillness was heavy, muffled; as different as possible from the clear serenity of his house on the New Hampshire hill. Here a million disturbing influences were woven about him, there nothing but the unbroken arch of the sky, the undulating stainless snow, the immaculate gold atmosphere or frozen blue night.

He decided to return at once, and—the shoe packs and snowshoes had been left at the station of his departure—assembled into the dingy ruck sack his few properties of travel. Now he regarded the fur coat with active dismay; he couldn't travel with it across the snowy barrens or wear it about the neighborhood of his dwelling. It was essentially an artificial civilized garment. In this useless thing he had lost twelve hundred dollars. Actually, he thought, he needed a caretaker. But there it was—twelve hundred dollars cast away. He had worn it from the store to his hotel, he could wear it from the hotel to the station; but after that, except for some future winter when he might have to come again into New York, it was of no account.

A silly garment for silly men and purposes, for riding in limousines and for afternoon calls. He had no doubt that all the writers he most detested wore precisely such fur overcoats . . . went to see their women in them. A species of grim humor took possession of him—since he had such a coat he must properly employ it once anyhow. He was an author threatened with popularity, a woman who admired his work had invited him for tea—he had her address on the bureau—and obviously, furred and fatuous, he ought to call.

Caught by the absurdity of the idea he came to see it as a penance for an inexcusable piece of extravagance—a cheap penance for a cheap sin. Up to the moment of his departure he had no faith in his intention to see Liza Molton. It was a joke which he threatened to play upon himself; and even when, with her address in his hand, motioning to the starter at the door of the hotel, he announced a wish for a taxi, he was internally incredulous.

The driver, scrutinizing the letterhead, announced immediately, "That's right off Washington Square." As the cab seemed to drop swiftly through town he speculated, at last mildly curious, about the probable person and appearance of the woman he had set out to see. He had once heard something, somewhere, about the vicinity of Washington Square, but what exactly he was unable to recall. That it was the crumbling vicinity of a one-time aristocratic quarter, perhaps. Yet, lingering just beyond the summons of his conscious mind was another, blurred connection. Well, he would soon find out.

His vehicle stopped before an unremarkable brick dwelling; at the door he searched in vain for a bell. The hall, he discovered, was open; and fastened to a near wall were a number of dusty visiting cards, one of which bore the name Miss Liza Molton and, added in writing, "Second back."

He had not looked for a lodging house, and this one particularly had an oddly unkempt, informal aspect. The stairs were not carpeted; across the railing of the second landing was hanging a harlequin's costume in vivid red-and-green checks; from above came the vigorous notes of scales performed upon an uncertain piano. Stumbling into a gloomy passage he knocked upon a door that seemed to answer the direction below. An abrupt voice impatiently replied:

"Very well. Come in! Do you expect a butler?"

He admitted himself to a high room that instantly gave him the impression of a poverty mitigated by indifference. His practiced eye absorbed a studio window half covered by a dingy cotton tapestry; a wide, formless couch; an informal wardrobe of chintz from which appeared an indiscreet ruffling of white; a sink; a small oil stove and untidy grouping of plates, odd cups and saucers and bread box; a low pine table with a typewriter and litter of pages; and a self-contained young woman risen from working, a pale slightly satirical countenance marked by inordinately late hours and irregular nourishment.

"As I live," she exclaimed, "a fur coat! A coat of fur on his wicked back—the curtain rising on the first act of Liza the Typewriting Girl."

V

"IT BROUGHT me here," he said gloomily; "it, and your letter." He deposited the thing on a chair.

"I couldn't have written you," she insisted; "I'd not have the crust. Oh dear, no! You're in the wrong place entirely, you are probably looking for Mary Pickford."

As she talked he stood gazing more particularly about, and his first surprise deepened into astonishment at the discovery that this Liza Molton lived completely alone, in the simplest manner possible, as he did himself. Yet, he thought further, what an enormous difference there actually was between this not absolutely clean chamber at the back of its dark hall, the uninviting huddle of dishes and stale reminiscence of burned Oriental pastils, and his ordered room purified by the broad hearth of flaming logs, set in the sweep of great unsullied winds.

From without came the rumble of elevated trains, the irritating crashing of drays; the piano above continued with an exasperating reiteration. He said almost absently:

"I am Richard Carpenter."

A swift change into active concern took possession of the woman's countenance. "Please forgive me!" she begged. "You must think that I am a dreadful, flippant person. I never really dreamed you'd be good enough to come." She pushed forward a sagging chair of doubtful covering. "I can't tell you how much happiness I have got from reading your books. They are so—so superior to the ordinary worrying of life. In them one steps into the beautifulest rooms——"

"Do you ever air this place?"

"I think so," she replied; "last week sometime. You see, it gets fearfully cold. The coal is scarce, I believe. And when you take so much trouble to get it warm what's the sense in making it freezing!"

"No better than poison," he declared; "like a place where a bear has hibernated."

"What a vigorous person you are! The window sticks, but if you like, put your cane through a glass." She smiled, and he saw that, beneath the shadows and pallor, she had strong, finely cut features. Moving toward the couch, she impressed him, too, by the erect, elastic proportions of her body; the plastic freedom of

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"It's No Good, Richard," She Went to Him Gravely the Following Week, "I am a Failure. I—I Can't Stay Here any Longer"

GERMANY'S LAST TRUMP

By Carl W. Ackerman

NOT since the days of August, 1914, was Germany so confident as she was in December. From the tongues of many thousands to the ears of many hundreds of thousands more pass the words "peace" and "victory." The whole Imperial Empire, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey are electrified and thrilled by the news that is daily and sometimes hourly proclaimed by the press bureaus. Early peace with Russia, recent military progress in Italy, an impending and uncheckable offensive on the Western Front, tremendous submarine successes and political differences between the Great Powers—these are the Northern Stars which Germany, in December, believed were leading the Hohenzollerns and the people to peace and victory!

Before me on my desk are clippings from German and Austrian newspapers, clippings that advertise Germany's might and confidence. Outside there rages such a violent snowstorm that the street cars and taxicabs of Berne stand snowbound and powerless. Four thousand miles away the United States prepares for war with the enemy which I observe here in the vestibule of Central Europe. I could see Germany as Germany saw herself—on the threshold of victory. Even in Switzerland I was surrounded by a Teutonic state of mind. I saw the German Empire, too, not as the German people do. I saw it high on a scaffolding of official confidence with the foundations slowly weakening in the quicksands of time.

In Die Woche, of Berlin, one of the literary weeklies of Germany, there is a poem leading a December issue entitled Peace is on its Way. The Berlin Vossische Zeitung announces in streaming headlines across the front page that 8,236,000 tons of ships have been sunk by submarines in ten months. The Frankfurter Zeitung proclaims peace with Russia. Hindenburg issues through the Cologne newspapers a new commandment to the people: "They [the people] shall not fear," he says; "we are winning with God." Even Maximilian Harden, whose democratic voice was often heard abroad, praises the German Army leadership in his magazine, Die Zukunft, which has reappeared in December after five months of suppression. "Events now show that the worst is over for the monarchy," exclaimed the Az Est, of Budapest. From Berlin to Constantinople surged the optimistic stream of official confidence.

This is the enemy we shall face when we begin to fight in France.

It is a curious thing, this German state of mind. In some respects it is like a mechanical toy—it runs as long as it is wound up. In other ways it resembles a circus balloon—it stays up as long as it is inflated.

Too Many "Victories"

AT THE beginning of the war, and for nearly two years thereafter, church bells were rung throughout Germany every time there was a military victory. By the summer of 1916 the bells were ringing almost continuously. Sometimes, in Berlin, I would be wakened at night and roused to the consciousness of a victory. And then, as suddenly as it began, it all ceased. There were too many victories and no final victory, so the Kaiser issued an order that bells should be rung only when a celebration was officially authorized.

At the beginning the bells helped the government maintain a state of optimism, but the bells were rung so often and peace was always postponed a little longer than the public had expected, so this form of celebrating had to be curtailed. Then began the battles of the Somme, with their depression and losses. For months not a church bell rang, except on Sunday. When the invasion of Rumania was begun another celebration was authorized, and then as the United States broke off diplomatic relations and as the English and French hammered and blasted at the Western Front the nation sulked—the balloon came down; the toy stood still. During a summer of worry and suffering the bells were silent, but all at once, early this winter, the press bureaus began to bulletin victories; and to-day, after months of silence, the bells are ringing again. Germany is optimistic. But the confidence, the claims, the optimism and the hope of the enemy are based upon cunning and deceit.

Arriving in Geneva in December I met a correspondent for one of the Berlin newspapers, whom I have known at the capital. He had exiled himself at least six months before the United States broke diplomatic relations, but he has been here, a silent observer of events. "Germany," he said, "is trying to prevent a revolution in her own country, but she is attempting with all her might to cause a revolt in France and Italy."

"What is her attitude toward the United States?" I asked.

"Silent hate," was his answer.

A few days later I saw in Simplicissimus, of Munich, a cartoon that supported his indictment. It was printed in tones of blue and black. In the background stood the Statue of Liberty. In the foreground two New York policemen were pictured overpowering a young man. Above the drawing were these words: "In the Land of Freedom." Below was printed the brief conversation between the policemen and the German who was being arrested:

"But you can't conscript me for the army: I am a German," said the man.

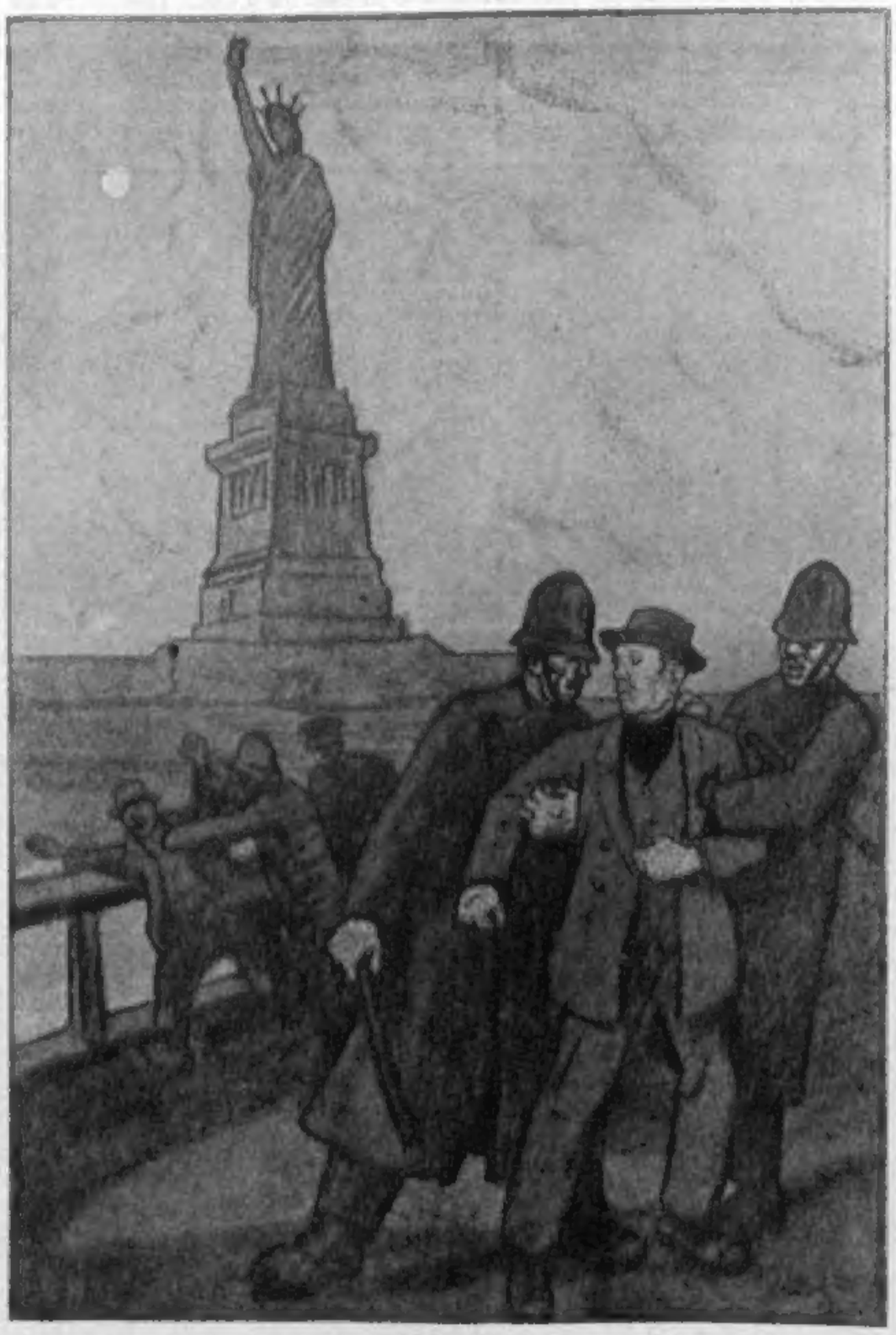
"Ah," replied the policeman, "a conscripted German is better than a volunteer American."

Simplicissimus takes particular pleasure in cartooning Americans. When the German Army captured the first twelve of our soldiers on the French Front this weekly pictured them being brought in by a German sentry.

"No, we will not work," the Americans are quoted as having said; "but we are ready to take part in any financial undertaking."

Thus even in the comic weeklies the enemy cannot refrain from emphasizing the old, old charge that the United States entered the war to make money out of it. Even Prof. Kuno Meyer, who had lived in the United States before war was declared on Germany, stated in a lecture delivered in Berlin, according to the Vossische Zeitung, of December twenty-first, that President Wilson and several of his relatives had become millionaires by speculating in war stocks. The German people must be given some explanation for war with the United States, and such were the excuses given ten months after diplomatic relations were severed.

It is quite evident from the tone of the German press that the Imperial Government has worked out a new program, especially a new political program, for this year, 1918. This plan, which is sometimes accredited to Dr. Richard von Kuehlman, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has for its object the separation of France and Italy from the Allies, separate peace with Russia with possibilities of an understanding with Japan, and uncompromising opposition to the United States and Great Britain.



Under This Cartoon, "In the Land of Freedom," Which Appeared in the German Comic Paper Simplicissimus, Was Printed: "How Can You Compel Me to be a Soldier?—I am a German!" "A Conscripted German is Better Than a Volunteer American"

Bursting With Overconfidence

TO UNDERSTAND fully the reasons and the significance for the new world policy it is necessary to know the situation in Germany. I have stated that the enemy was bulging with confidence, but the real condition is worse. Germany was bursting with overconfidence.

Let us first examine Berlin's claims regarding the submarine war.

In December the official Wolff Telegraph Bureau sent to all newspapers the following notice:

WARSHIP LOSSES OF OUR ENEMIES

THE FIRST MILLION TONS HAS BEEN REACHED

BERLIN, December 19.

Through the sinking of the French armored cruiser Chateaurenault 300 different warships, with a total tonnage of 1,000,000 tons, belonging to the Entente Allies have been lost since the beginning of the war. Auxiliary cruisers to the number of 51, with a tonnage of 358,000, and other ships commandeered for war purposes numbering 38, with a registered tonnage of 146,000, which have been sunk, are not included in the above total.

These figures include only those losses which we are certain about or which have been acknowledged by the enemy. The actual losses are undoubtedly very much higher, because it is in the highest interest of the enemy to conceal the losses of ships, especially those sunk by mines.

The losses of the 300 warships are divided as follows:

	SHIPS	TONS
England	177	688,390
France	48	109,000
Russia	36	91,540
Italy	25	76,450
Japan	8	26,875
United States, Portugal, Rumania	6	8,551

Thus the warship losses of the Entente about equal the size of the German fleet at the beginning of the war, which was 1,019,417 tons.

A few days later the Wolff Bureau announced that during November, 1917, 607,000 registered tons of merchant ships "were sunk by war means of the Central Powers." "Since the beginning of the unlimited submarine war," concluded the statement, which was signed by the Chief of the Admiralty Staff, "8,236,000 tons of merchant ships in the service of the enemy were destroyed."

In a note appended to this statement the Vossische Zeitung estimated the total losses of merchant ships of Allies and neutrals since August 3, 1914, at 13,213,000 tons. Tante Voss, as this newspaper is called, printed the following table:

	TONS
Losses from August 3, 1914, to January 1, 1917	4,559,000
January, 1917	439,500
February, 1917	781,500
March, 1917	885,000
April, 1917	1,091,000
May, 1917	869,000
June, 1917	1,016,000
July, 1917	811,000
August, 1917	808,000
September, 1917	672,000
October, 1917	674,000
November, 1917	607,000
Total	13,213,000

Reviewing the effects of the submarine war during 1917 the Wolff Bureau distributed the following inspired statement:

"It is known that our enemy faced a most serious ship crisis during the months of

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ISRAEL DRAKE—By Katherine Mayo

ISRAEL DRAKE was a bandit for simple love of the thing. To hunt for another reason would be a waste of time. The blood in his veins was pure English, unmixed since long ago. His environment was that of his neighbors. His habitat was the noble hills. But Israel Drake was a bandit, just as his neighbors were farmers—just as a hawk is a hawk while its neighbors are barnyard fowls.

Israel Drake was swarthy visaged, high of cheek bone, with large, dark, deep-set eyes and a thin-lipped mouth covered by a long and drooping black mustache. Barefooted, he stood six feet two inches tall. Lean as a panther, and as supple, he could clear a five-foot rail fence without the aid of his hand. He ran like a deer. As a woodsman the very deer could have taught him little. With rifle and revolver he was an expert shot, and the weapons he used were the truest and best.

All the hill people of Cumberland County dreaded him. All the scattered valley folk spoke softly at his name. And the jest and joy of Israel's carefree life was to make them skip and shiver and dance to the tune of their trepidations.

As a matter of fact he was leader of a gang, outlaws every one. But his own strong aura eclipsed the rest, and he glared alone, in the thought of his world, endued with terrors of diverse origin.

His genius kept him fully aware of the value of this preeminence, and it lay in his wisdom and pleasure to fan the flame of his own repute. In this it amused him to seek the picturesque—the unexpected. With an imagination fed by primeval humor and checked by no outward circumstance of law, he achieved a ready facility. Once, for example, while trundling through his town of Shippensburg on the rear platform of a freight train, he chanced to spy a borough constable crossing a bridge near the track. Happy thought! "Let's touch the good soul up. He's getting stodgy!" Israel drew a revolver and fired, neatly nicking the constable's hat. Then, with a mountaineer's hoot, he gayly proclaimed his identity.

Again, and many times, he would send into this or that town or settlement a message addressed to the constable or chief of police: "I am coming down this afternoon. Get away out of town. Don't let me find you there."

Obediently they went away. And Israel, strolling the streets that afternoon just as he had promised to do, would enter shop after shop, look over the stock at his leisure, and with perfect good humor pick out whatever pleased him, regardless of cost.

"I think I'll take this here article," he would say to the trembling storekeeper, affably pocketing his choice.

The Pennsylvania State Police Have Advanced Their High Mark of Achievement Notch by Notch as Opportunity Has Opened. They Have Never Let It Fall or Suffer Stain

The Drake House Surrounded

"HELP yourself, Mr. Drake! Help yourself, sir! Glad we are able to please you to-day." Which was indeed the truth. And many of them there were who would have hastened to curry favor with their persecutor by whispering in his ear a word of warning had they known of any impending attempt against him by the agents of peace. Such was their estimate of the relative strength of Israel Drake and of the law forces of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania.

In the earlier times they had tried to arrest him. Once the attempt succeeded and Israel went to the penitentiary for a term. But he emerged a better and wilier bandit than before, to embark upon a career that made his former life seem tame. Sheriffs and constables now proved powerless against him, whatever they essayed.

Then came a grand, determined effort when the sheriff, supported by fifteen deputies, all heavily armed, actually surrounded Drake's house. But the master outlaw, alone and at ease at an upper window, his repeating rifle in his hand and a smile of still content on his face, coolly stood the whole army off until, weary of empty danger, it gave up the siege and went home.

This disastrous expedition ended the attempts of the local authorities to capture Israel Drake. Thenceforth he pursued his natural course without pretense of let or hindrance. At the time when this story begins no fewer than fourteen warrants were out for his apprehension, issued on charges ranging from burglary and highway robbery through a long list of felonies. But the warrants, slowly accumulating, lay in the bottom of an official drawer, apprehending nothing but dust. No one undertook to serve them. Life was too sweet—too short.

So came a twist of Fate. Israel chanced to bethink himself of a certain aged farmer living with his old wife near a spot called Lees Cross Roads. The two dwelt by themselves, without companions on their farm, and without neighbors. And they were reputed to have money.

The money might not be much—might be exceedingly little. But even so, Israel could use it, and in any event there would be the fun of the trick. So Israel summoned one Carey Morrison, a gifted mate and subordinate, with whom he proceeded to act. At dead of night the two broke into the farmhouse, crept into the chamber of the old pair—crept softly, softly, lest the farmer might keep a shotgun by his side. Sneaking to the foot of the bed Israel suddenly flashed his lantern full upon the pillows—upon the two pale, deep-seamed faces crowned with silver hair.

The woman sat up with a piercing scream. The farmer clutched at his gun. But Israel, bringing the glinting barrel of his revolver into the lantern's shaft of light, ordered both to lie down. Carey, slouching at hand, awaited orders.

"Where is your money?" demanded Israel, indicating the farmer by the point of his gun.

"I have no money, you coward!"

"It's no use your lying to me. Where's the money?"

"I have no money, I tell you."

"Carey," observed Israel, "hunt a candle."

While Carey looked for the candle Israel surveyed his victims with a cheerful anticipatory grin

The candle came; was lighted.

"Carey," Israel spoke again, "you pin the old woman down. Pull the quilt off. Clamp her feet together. So!"

Then he thrust the candle flame against the soles of those gnarled old feet—thrust it close, while the flame bent upward, and the melting tallow poured upon the bed. The woman screamed again, this time in pain. The farmer half rose with a quivering cry of rage, but Israel's gun stared him between the eyes. The woman screamed without interval.

"Now we'll change about," remarked Israel, beaming. "I'll hold the old feller. You take the candle, Carey. You don't really need your gun—now, do ye, boy?"

And so they began afresh.

It was not a game to last long. Before dawn the two were back in their own place, bearing the little all of value that the rifled house had contained.

A Straw Too Many

WHEN the news of the matter spread abroad, it seemed, somehow, just a straw too many. The district attorney of the county of Cumberland blazed into white heat. But he was powerless, he found. Not an officer within his entire jurisdiction expressed any willingness even to attempt an arrest.

"Then we shall see," said Mr. Rhey, "what the state will do for us, since we cannot help ourselves!" And he rushed off a telegram, confirmed by post, to the superintendent of the Department of State Police.

The superintendent of the Department of State Police promptly referred the matter to the captain of C Troop, with orders to act; for Cumberland County, being within the southeastern quarter of the commonwealth, lies under C Troop's special care.

It was Adams, in those days, who held that command—Lynn G. Adams, now captain of A Troop, although for the duration of the war serving in the regular army, even as his fathers before him have served in our every war, including that which put the country on the map. Truer soldier, finer officer, braver or straighter or surer dealer with men and things need not be sought. His victories leave no needless scar behind, and his command would die by inches rather than fail him anywhere.

The captain of C Troop, then, choosing with judgment, picked his man—picked Trooper Edward Hallisey, a Boston Irishman, square of jaw, shrewd of eye, quick of wit, strong of wind and limb. And he ordered Private Hallisey to proceed at once to Carlisle, county seat of Cumberland, and report to District Attorney Rhey for service toward effecting the apprehension of Israel Drake.

Three days later—it was the twenty-eighth of September, to be exact—Private Edward Hallisey sent in his report to his troop commander. He had made all necessary observations, he said, and was ready to arrest the criminal. In this he would like to have the assistance of two troopers, who should join him at Carlisle.

The report came in the morning mail. First Sergeant Price detailed two men from the barracks reserve—Privates H. K. Merryfield and Harvey J. Smith. Their orders were simply to proceed at once in civilian clothes to Carlisle, where they would meet Private Hallisey and assist him in effecting the arrest of Israel Drake.

Privates Merryfield and Smith, carrying in addition to their service revolvers the 44-caliber carbine which is the force's heavy weapon, left by the next train.

On the Carlisle station platform, as the two troopers debarked, some hundred persons had gathered in pursuance of their various and private affairs. But one impulse they appeared unanimously to share—the impulse to give as wide a berth as possible to a peculiarly horrible tramp.

(Continued on Page 105)

The Adventures of a Man Hunter

The Decoy—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

YOU see that stare on carnivorous things—birds and beasts; sometimes on men that hunt—a round-eyed stare on a still face. From where we sat he turned it on every moving figure in the hotel lobby—studying it; estimating it. "Sure!" he answered, bringing it back to me finally. "For twenty years! I have sold them from Maine to California. Millions of dollars' worth!"

He knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Mining stock?" I asked again.

"Mining stocks, lands, orange groves. All kinds. Whatever they're hungry for."

His predatory eyes stalked another figure down the corridor—the flaccid form of an old boarder—a permanent dweller in the hotel. "It must be some trick, at that," I said, "in salesmanship."

"You've got that right, friend," he answered, eying me with sharper interest.

"Selling strangers stuff they never heard of."

"You've struck it now," he said. "That's all there is—getting started in a town; getting to the man who's going to introduce you. That's one thing you've always got to have."

He snorted a short unmirthful laugh. His cigar twitched up, like the tail of a sitting hawk watching down a field.

"Just to show you," he said—"I'll tell one experience I had last year." He blew a ring of smoke.

We had an orchard proposition out in Idaho last fall, peddling it out in the East—to the small towns and the farmers. A good-looking thing, showing them twenty per cent a year easy—after it got started. They brought me back into the New York office and put me on it.

"We ought to clean up on this," said Haggard, who had the firm then. "Go after it."

He handed me a letter to the fellow I was going to get in touch with in the first town.

"In the bank—huh?" I said. "President!"

"You can handle him," he said. "He's been handled before."

"I'll handle him," I said.

"How much stock do you suppose you can put in there?" he asked me.

"I'll take twenty-five thousand dollars' worth," I said. "If I want any more I'll send for it."

"How much cash have you got to have with you?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Have you got to have that much?"

"Yes; I have if I get results. I've got to have money to start in on," I told him.

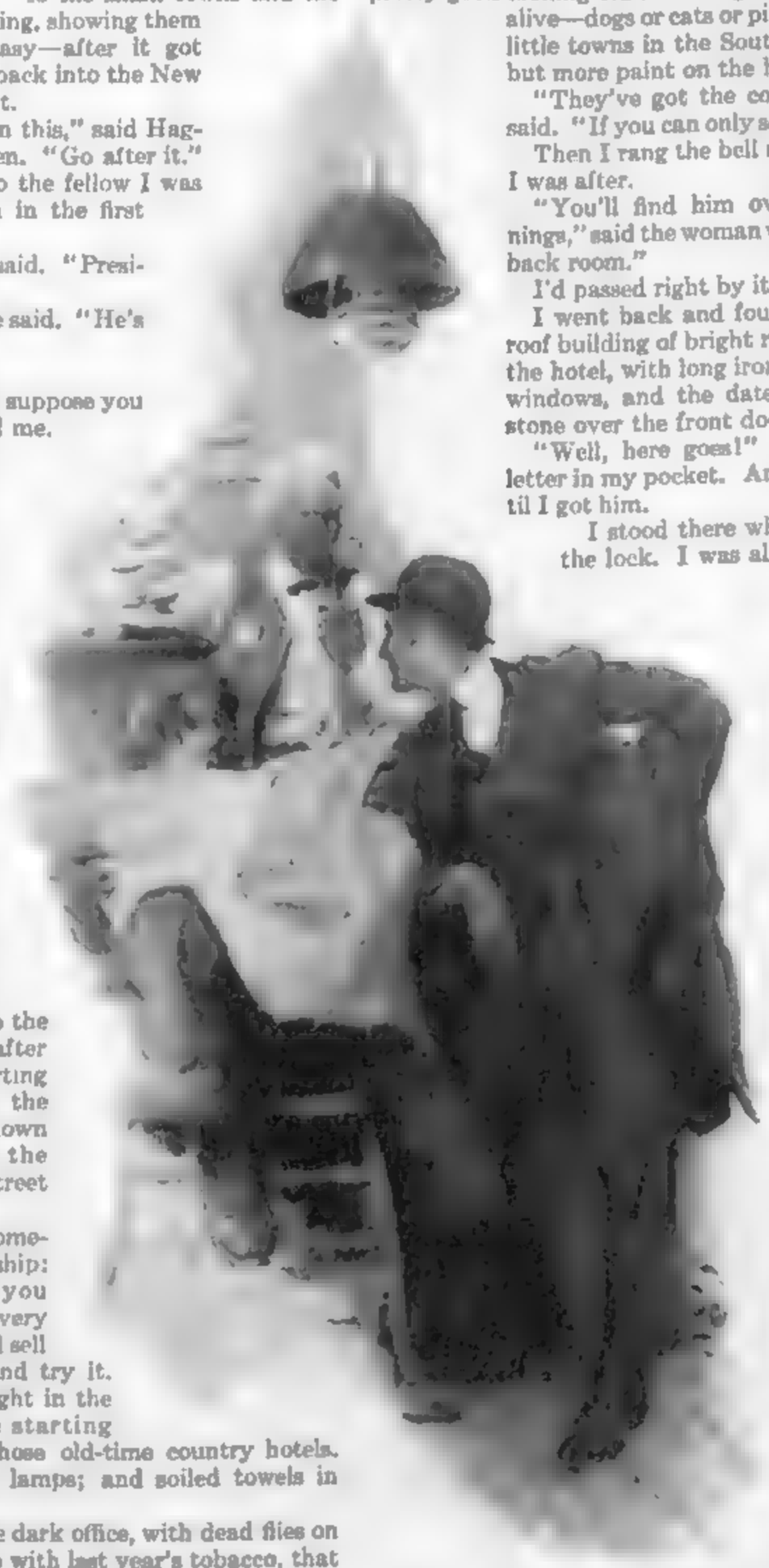
You have, too.

"Well—all right," he said, and handed it over to me.

We looked up the time-table and there was a train for me in about an hour. So I got out. There was no use of my hanging round in New York any longer. I got into the town about six o'clock—after dusk; a cold drizzle was starting in, with an east wind, and the raindrops were zigzagging down the kerosene lantern in the station. And I went up the street to the hotel

Now let me tell you something—talking of salesmanship: I don't know what line you travel for; but if you think every man can come to a town and sell them stock, you get out and try it. You start in some rainy night in the fall, when the leaves are starting coming down, in one of those old-time country hotels. You know them—kerosene lamps; and soiled towels in the washroom.

And there's always a little dark office, with dead flies on the wall, and all flavored up with last year's tobacco, that peculiar musty smell of old tobacco you get in smoking rooms at railroad stations and country hotel offices, where it's been lying round for years, soaking in.



It Pays to Keep In With These Hotel Men. They Know All There Is to Know in a Country Town

There's when you know whether you've got insides in you or not—starting in and selling a town you never saw before. They'll start out well from New York, a good many of them; they may have been pretty good salesmen in other lines. But there's where they have their final sinking spell—sitting alone, figuring out how they're going to sell a strange town, there in one of those old country-hotel offices. Nine out of ten curl up and quit—lie down like a dog underneath the picture of the bay trotting horse, and the man in a blue jockey cap, making the record in 1874. They sit there and think they can't do it, and fade out of the business for good. I don't; I get out and get after it.

After supper I stepped out of the door and looked out. It was raining harder—part rain and part old yellow leaves coming pattering off the elm trees. The east wind struck me between the eyes, as cold and soggy as a wet newspaper.

"But there's one thing," I said to myself: "If I get him to-night I'll have him to myself. There won't be anybody else butting in."

So I went out after him at his house. There was nobody moving round outside on the street. The place was all shut up for the night—all still! The water dropping off the eaves onto my umbrella as I went out under it sounded like a drum. I walked up the street under the elm trees. A pretty good-looking old New England place; fewer things alive—dogs or cats or pigs—than you see in the little towns in the South and West. Deader; but more paint on the houses—white, mostly.

"They've got the coin laid away here," I said. "If you can only separate it from them!"

Then I rang the bell at the door of this man I was after.

"You'll find him over to the bank, evenings," said the woman who came out—"in the back room."

I'd passed right by it when coming over.

I went back and found it: an old French-roof building of bright red brick, right aside of the hotel, with long iron spears protecting the windows, and the date 1882 cut in a white stone over the front door.

"Well, here goes!" I said, feeling of my letter in my pocket. And banged the door until I got him.

I stood there while he was jangling at the lock. I was all ready for him.

The door opened and this dry old fellow in a blue suit looked out.

"They sent me over from the house," I said, and walked in. That's the way, selling this stuff; when the door opens, walk in. "I represent J. H. Haggard & Company, of New York, security dealers," said I.

"Oh!" said the old man in the blue suit, backing away.

"I guess maybe you've had letters about me." I knew he had—of course.

"Oh, yes," said he. "Come in, please."

"Pretty rainy night, isn't it?" I said, and went on back to where the light was. He shut the door behind us and came back after me into his private room at the rear.

I gave him my letter to him and sat down while he was reading it. Then I took the chance to run my eyes over him. He was a kind of a limp old devil in an old baggy blue suit with a Grand Army button on it—blue clothes and faded-out old blue eyes to match—and a drooping gray mustache. He looked like something that's been left out in the sun and got faded. His clothes and eyes reminded me of what the women used to call invisible blue. He looked and acted as if he was likely to fade away and disappear.

"I guess I know what you are," I said to myself.

He read the letter and folded it up and put it away, nodding to himself.

"Yes, yes. Some very good friends of mine too. Now what can I do for you?" he said, looking up at me with those faded blue eyes for a second. Then he shaded them from the light with his hand.

"You know us," I said. "You know our house."

"Oh, yes. I've heard of them. I know them by reputation," said he. Oh, yes; he'd heard of them! He never had in his life—before that letter!

"We're up here," I told him, "planning to introduce a new security in this part of the country. We know our proposition. It's one of the best we ever handled. But we've got to get advice naturally about the place here, and whether there would be a market for a first-class thing. So I came to see you about it."

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to tell me what it is you've got?" he said in a kind of smooth and humble voice, playing safe, of course, to start with.

"That's just what I'm going to do, right now," said I.

And I went ahead and told him about the idea—both ends of it—the stockholders, and the ones who took up the option to go out on the land.

"It sounds like a good thing, doesn't it?" he said.

"It's so good," I told him, "that I'm going to sell you some of it before I get out of this room."

"No—I'm afraid not," he came back, and shook his dry old head at me. "I'm afraid I'm not a customer."

"Afraid nothing!" I said to him. I had his measure all right by that time. "Now look here," I said: "Would you listen to a proposition that won't cost you a cent and might make you several thousand dollars? Would you? Or would you not?"

"I don't know why I shouldn't," said he, getting out an old thin smile. "Do you?"

He always came back at you with another question.

"No, I don't," I said. "Now just to show you what faith we've got in our company and in you," I said, looking at him, "I'm going to offer to sell you a good-sized block of this on our deferred-payment plan."

"Now, just what is that?" he asked me, moving a trifle in his chair, still watching under the shade of his hand.

"I'll tell you what it is," I said. "It's a cinch for you—or any other man. It's this: We put this stock in your name right now. And you'll pay for it three years from now. If it goes up, so it's worth double what it is to-day, as we say it will, you'll pay us just the price it is now. If it goes down you'll pay us what it's selling for then. If it sells for nothing," I said to him, "you pay just nothing!"

"In other words, you'll carry my stock for me," said he. Oh, he had the idea—right off!

"In other words," said I to myself, "you old crook, we're giving it to you; and we know it—and you know it!"

I've been through that performance so many times it makes me sick. But you've got to go through it, just the same, every time—sit and act it out.

"That's it, exactly!" I said out loud.

"But you couldn't do that generally—for everybody," he put in, objecting.

"Of course not!" I went on with it. "We don't want to. All we do it with you for is because we want you in with us. We want people we know about—good people. At the same time," I said, "there's no risk in it—for you or us, either, for that matter. You know it won't cost you a cent; we guarantee that. And we know it won't cost us a cent—because we know our proposition. We know that security's bound to go up; so we're both satisfied."

"Well—I'm afraid ——" he said.

"Afraid! Of what?"

"I don't believe—just now," he said, fumbling with it—"I'd want to sign up—even that."

"Sign nothing!" I said. "Who asked you to sign anything? Your word's good enough for us any day!"

"I see," he said, sliding off to the next thing, now he'd learned what he wanted to know about that. "Now you said something about wanting advice. What was it? How can I help you there?"

"I can tell you one way you can't help us," I said right off, for I saw what he was getting at next. "And we wouldn't ask you to under any circumstances. We wouldn't ask you to recommend the stock to anybody else unless you wanted to."

"Well, I didn't know," he said. "I didn't know but what you might expect me to recommend it for you."

"Oh, no; nothing like that!" said I.

"Because I couldn't do that—in my position."

"Sure not! Not in a bank."

"I've always made that my policy, anyhow," said he, "even if I had plenty of time to investigate."

"Sure!" I said. "We wouldn't think of asking you to recommend it or take any active part in placing the allotment of it. You say nothing. We would do this," I told him: "We'd say we sold you some. But we'd do all the talking there was. And all we'd want to say ever would be that we'd sold you some of the stock."

"Wouldn't it be better, at first, to give it out that I was considering it?" he said, backing away again.

"Yes. You old stiff!" I said to myself. "Anything you say. To keep you safe!"

"That's just what we would do," I said to him. "Exactly!"

We sat still for a while. He took his hand down from his old faded-out eyes.

"I could do this for you," he said after a while: "I might advise you a little about who to go to see here—if you want me to," he said, looking up.

He'd got there finally.

"Now we're talking!" I said. "We're getting down to just what I meant. I'll tell you," I said to him: "This is a pure business proposition to us. We've got to introduce our securities in this town. We come in here as strangers, like we do in any other town. We've got to get acquainted. We've got to get the right people to go to. We've got to get advice from somebody. It's just the same everywhere. And if you or anybody else helps us make a sale we'll pay a good slice of our commission. We always do," I told him, and I pulled my roll of bills out of my pocket.

That's what brings them. That's what they're looking for, those old stool pigeons like that. Not bonds or stocks; money! You flash a fifty-dollar bill in front of them—the way I did with him. Will they take it? Will a tiger take raw meat? Fifty dollars, real money, right there in their hands! They'll do anything short of murder.

"For every thousand dollars I place in this town," I said, giving him the eye, "the man who makes it possible for me to make the sale gets one of these. It's good business with us to do it. I wish I could do more of it."

He sat there saying nothing. He didn't have to. I was doing the talking then—and he knew it.

"Now here," I said; "I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to put twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of this stock in your name right now, under deferred payment. Understand?"

"Well—I don't know that I can help it," he said—and his slippery old blue eyes slid off mine again—"if you want to do it."

"No," I said; "you can't. That's done! It'll be in your name—your stock, when we make our allotment here. The only thing is, we wouldn't want you to sell out while we are selling here." He just shook his head.

"And now," I said, "if you can—if you feel like it—I wish you'd tell me some of the names I can use."

"Now I'll tell you," he said, sitting up a little and getting down to business: "If I was you ——"

And he gave me a list of them, starting out with the village doctor.

A doctor is one of the biggest boobs on earth to sell stock to. You know that, don't you? Well, he is! I don't know why it is, but anybody will tell you so in our line. You can sell them anything. They're always good people to have with you too. They get round—and talk. This one I had was a wonder. He thought well of himself. Every time he coughed you were supposed to lie down and roll over. I did that all right. He had a cousin out in Wyoming; and that helped some, too, in getting him interested in Idaho. He talked pretty fierce at first, of what he'd do and what he wouldn't do. But I got him! I knew I would, just as soon as I got my eyes on him. And after that he was mine. When you once get their names down on the dotted lines—signed up—there's nothing they won't do for you—especially that kind.

That was one of the best selling months I ever had. I had that old doctor—that old strut—stuck up in front; and that old still boy, with the slippery old blue eyes, in the bank—Gibbs his name was—pushing on in back, out of sight. I marched right down through that town and took it away from them. Sold them right and left!

That Old Gibbs was a wizard! He knew them all, and how the inside of all their heads worked. I knew all their livestock, and the name of the dog, and where all the children had moved to, before I ever went to see them. He gave the information and I did the rest. That's all I want. Let me get my finger nails in a town once, and I can sell it! And it helps some—always—being able to say you've sold the richest man in town—Old Gibbs himself. They all figure out: "If he's got it, it's good enough for us!" And after a while, when you're started, they fall in afterward—just from envy. That's always the way in those small towns where everybody knows one another. They're all afraid their neighbors will get in on something they haven't got. I sold them forty thousand dollars' worth before I got out.

You Get It, Don't You? He'd Go to Old Man Gibbs; and When He Didn't Produce That Stock Something Would Start Right There

But not on Old Gibbs' say-so—never! He was an artist in keeping in the background—the last man in the room, anywhere, up against the back; in that invisible-blue suit, smiling and trying to fade away out through the back wall before anybody saw him. I used to watch him—the old crook!—to see how he worked it.

"I don't recommend this security," he told them when they asked him. "I can't! I never did—anything. Not while I'm in the banking business. . . . Yes; I have got some of it. Quite a little," he'd say when they pushed him. "But I don't know what's got into me—unless it's this young man." And he put his hand on my shoulder and smiled. "But if you came to me and asked me I'd have to say I wouldn't advise you one way or the other."

And all the time he was giving me the line on the whole proposition—just what they were good for and how to get them. I used to horse him about it, just for luck—when we were alone.

"Well, uncle," I used to say when I'd made a sale, spatting him on the back of that old blue Civil War coat, "you know what you are? You're my good old bluebird. You bring me luck!"

He didn't like it so much—the rough-house. But what difference did that make? I called him Old True-Blue for short; and that made him wiggle some. But what did I care for him, now he'd got started in with me? I had him!

But he was a bird, too, just the same! All together he must have cleaned up three thousand dollars in cash on commissions, and on bonuses he got himself, putting through the notes I took for securities in his bank. Perfectly good notes, of course; but he got the rake-off, all himself. I was glad to have him too. It was good business for me. You don't get one of them right in a bank to work for you direct—not generally. You generally have to go round outside and get somebody to put in your notes indirectly through the bank, for their commission.

I was doing fine; I was expecting to put in an allotment of fifty thousand dollars before I got out. We were hurrying them in; boosting prices and saying that they'd be up again the first of next month—when something came up unexpected. I had a letter from the house—something about the title to our land. Some crook out there in Idaho was suing us; holding us up; claiming he'd invalidate our title. So they told me to clean up. The securities would be all right finally, you understand. But right then it would look bad—stop sales dead.

I had to get out. So I went to Old Gibbs to clean up, and he helped me. He was all right. He always had his eyes open. But when I came to give him his own stock he did a kind of funny thing on me. He wanted it made out in the name of another man—a fellow named Green.

"I'd rather have it that way if you'd just as soon," he said in that soft voice; "so if I transfer it my name won't appear. So long as I'm president of the bank I have to do that way if I buy stock of this kind. I have an agreement with somebody else—to take it in his name and sign it in blank."

"Aha!" I said to myself. "You old disappearing crook! Some day you'll just fade away in the night. You'll go to bed; and the next morning, when they come to look, there won't be anything there."

"And make it out—will you?—in five-hundred-dollar lots," said he.

It looked wrong then—on the face of it. But I was cleaning up—getting out. What could I do? I had to do it. I had to have him with me.

"Who's this Green?" I asked Sam, the owner of the hotel. I was on pretty good terms with him. It pays to keep in with these hotel men. They know all there is to know in a country town.

"A poor old rooster over in the next town that Gibbs has got where he wants him," he told me. "He owes Gibbs only about twenty-five per cent more than he's got in the world altogether! But it's all secret; nobody knows it only a few."

It looked funnier than ever to me.

"Uh-huh!" I said to myself. "You old crook! You try some of your still fade-away tricks on me once! I'll give you a little twister."

He knew well enough; he had to know something was going on with us. I knew that.

"I'll keep my eye on you while I'm here," I said to myself. "I don't know as I'll get you, at that. You're as slippery as a cake of soap in a bathtub. But I'll try. It takes a live one to put a trick over on me!"

I had two or three days more there; I knew that—maybe a week. They were going to telegraph when I was to come back. Meantime I might as well be selling them while I could. And all the time I kept my eye on Old Gibbs on the side.

One way I had was this:

The bank was right next to the hotel, as I told you. I had them change me round early, so I could have my bedroom on that side—right opposite the bank where Gibbs sat evenings. I could go up and see the old pirate sitting in his room, poking over his old papers, alone, two or three nights a week, sitting, drooping over his table, in his baggy old suit, as if there was no life left in him. I never lighted up, of course, while he was there. For all he knew, that whole side of the hotel was black and empty, like the rest of it.

One night I went up a little earlier than usual. I had a toothache. I'd just as soon be up there, anyhow. And there, over in the bank, was Gibbs—and somebody he was talking to. A new one to me; someone I'd never seen there before.

"What's this?" I said. "We'll take a look at this."

I got on my coat and went down the sideway, and went out there. You could go out back in the driveway of the hotel and get through a fence. I knew the way. I'd been there before—several evenings. You have to watch them!

I got up close, where I could hear them talking. He generally left the window open a little at the bottom when he was in there. I could hear them quite plain. Standing back and reaching up a little, I could look up and see who he had in there. It was a new one I hadn't seen there, just as I had thought it was. A great tall red-headed boy, with big red spots in his cheek bones—and wrists that hung down between his knees as he sat there watching Gibbs.

"Hello!" I said to myself. "I wonder how I missed you! I never saw you round town before."

"Well," I heard Gibbs say to him, "you've made up your mind, then, have you, Elmer? You want to buy it?"

"I guess so," said Elmer. "I guess I have." Then he coughed a little. And I sat up and took notice.

"Because I want you to understand before you do anything, I don't want you to think for one minute that I'm recommending this to you, Elmer—or pushing you on in any way. All I told you was that I knew where this stock was to be had; and it was the last I knew of round here—at the old original price, before they raised it. So I went out to Mr. Green and got it for you."

"Green, eh?" I said to myself. "Well, by Judas Iscariot!"

"I drove out there to-day," said that old slippery-eyed thief, "and got it for you. And the price is just the same that he paid. He's got to sell it, and he'll sell it for what he paid for it. But there's one condition, you understand, if you do decide to take it: You've got to agree that you won't give out where you got it from—or that you got it at all—for the next two weeks, anyhow; not till this man who's selling it at higher prices gets out of town.

"There'd be a row if you did; if he heard there was any of it sold under price, or sold at all, by Mr. Green, or anybody. And you can't bring me into it—in any way, shape or manner. If he knew I had anything to do with it, it would be bad on me. And I couldn't afford that! I told you why. He's done a lot of business in this bank; and he may do more. So you see why you've got to keep still about it, Elmer—don't you?"

"Can you beat that!" I said to myself.

I stretched up to get another look at him, sitting there in his blue suit, shading those eyes of his from the lights with his hand, and from the man he was talking with.

"I understand, Mr. Gibbs," said the big thin boy, and coughed again.

I got a better look at him then. He was as tall and thin as a shank bone; tall and sick-looking. He sat all bent over—like an old cornstalk in winter—without any stiffening in him. And his cheeks were red enough—plenty! I suppose he was twenty-one or twenty-two years old.

"Yes; I guess you do, Elmer," said Gibbs. "I guess you understand it all. You can see that this is mighty ticklish business for me all round. In the first place, I oughtn't to be getting it and selling it to you, anyhow. I wouldn't if it hadn't been I'd known you so long, and you asked me to—to see whether I couldn't save you that much on the price. But the truth is, I hadn't ought, by rights, to be selling it to you at all when the price has been set higher. And you've got to protect me by not speaking of it ever—to anyone."

"You can trust me," said Elmer; his lips were red and moist-looking, and he kept his mouth open a little, listening.

"Yes; I know I can, Elmer," said Gibbs. "I know that. But, on the other hand, I want you to understand I don't recommend you to buy it. I want that definitely understood, too—just as much as the other. I can't recommend anything to anybody—and run a bank at the same time. All I can do is to buy it myself—if I like the looks of it—and keep my mouth shut."

"Oh, no; you wouldn't recommend it!" said I to myself. "You'd just tell them how you'd bought it yourself."

"But you've got it, haven't you," said Elmer—"yourself? Just as you said you had?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you wouldn't sell it—not for double the price?" he asked him, getting excited and coughing again.

"I won't say that; no. But I will say that I ain't selling a share that's in my name," said the old eel; "and I don't expect to."

"You own it and you're going to hold it?"

"Yes, sir!" he said, coming out loud with it this time.

"That's all I want to know," said Elmer, and started off coughing again.

"You've got it, all right," I said to myself, listening to him, "haven't you? The old-fashioned kind! You're on your way—galloping." The more excited he got, the more you saw it. He couldn't talk now without coughing.

"That's all right," he said, going on when his voice came back. "That don't worry me. As I figure it out, if you could do that, and the rest of them—all the older ones that are a lot smarter than I am—I can take my chances at it.

"And, more'n that," he went on, after a minute, "I'm better off, really. I take less chances than the rest of you, because I don't have to take only my stock in the company, and wait for that; I can take my option on getting an orchard from the company, and go right out there and get to working. And then I hope I can get rid of this cough I got on me here, into the bargain," he said.

"I hope you can," said Gibbs. "I hope you can."

"You understand it's a good, dry, healthy climate out there?"

"So they tell me," said Gibbs. "I wouldn't tell you that, Elmer, unless that's what I heard."

"They Sent Me Over From the House," I Said, and Walked In. That's the Way. Selling This Stuff: When the Door Opens, Walk In

"That's what I understood," said the red-headed boy. And they sat still. "And after a while, maybe," he went on, "if I do well, I can send back for Agnes; and she can come on and we'll get married out there—that is, if I have luck out there," he said, and stopped.

"You've been engaged some time, ain't you—you and Agnes?" said Gibbs, making talk.

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"We have been waiting—one thing and another. First the folks died. And then I wasn't feeling very well. And the farm's pretty old and hard to work."

"How is your throat now, anyhow?" Gibbs wanted to know.

"It's better—a good deal better. They tell me if I'd stop and give up my time to it entirely—and go to a sanitarium, maybe—that I'd get rid of it."

"You might do that," said Gibbs. "It might be better in the long run."

I thought for a minute he had a change of heart. But he knew his man better than I did—that was all.

"No," said Elmer; "I waited long enough. I've got to get out and get started—out in some dry climate like this Idaho, where I can work and get well at the same time."

"Well, you may be right," said Gibbs, "if you put it that way."

And then he stopped and shuffled round some papers, and began closing the deal.

It was raining some; but I hadn't put my raincoat on, because it was a light-colored one. It started up raining harder than ever. I just stood there, taking it down my neck. But it was worth it.

"Two thousand dollars," said Gibbs.

"At ten dollars a share."

"Two hundred shares."

"Aha!" I said to myself. "Holding back fifty shares—five hundred dollars' worth—for himself! So he'll always have some to show."

"At just what Mr. Green paid for it—no more, no less. It saves you about two hundred and fifty dollars over what it's selling for now," said Gibbs, "if you want to look at it that way." And then he fixed him right on the transfer of the stock; the way he wanted it.

"I'd just leave it the way it is—indorsed by Green, in blank—if I was you," he said to him.

"That'll be all right," said Elmer, "if you say so."

"Now about paying for it ——" said Gibbs.

"I haven't got the ready money—you understand that," said Elmer.

"Yes. But I can help you there. I can take your note; that'll be all right. I can manage to take care of it through the bank and nobody'll be any wiser."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Elmer.

"That's all right. That's all right," said Gibbs. "That's the best way too—in my opinion—for all hands; so as not to show too much about it."

"Well, I guess you're right," said Elmer. "I've known you a long time and I'll take your word for it."

They finished it up then. Gibbs took his note and Elmer took two thousand dollars of the Green stock. They had a little more talk about details; and the boy talked some more and finally started to get up.

"You've been a good friend to me, Mr. Gibbs," said the poor boob. "You've taken a lot of trouble about this. I appreciate it. We're both much obliged to you," he said, stepping from one foot to the other, "Agnes and I. She wanted me to be sure and tell you."

And then I got out and went back into the hotel—the rain water dropping down my pants legs.

"Well, by Judas!" I said.

I had to laugh, almost, thinking about what that still, old blue-eyed crook had been doing to me—getting out from under with this poor sucker. I'd given him his percentages and his bonuses and his stock for nothing—all for giving us a little information about the town; about the right ones to see. He was giving that to us—yes; on the face of it. And all the time he'd been saving the easiest one for himself—when he was ready.

A big, overgrown boy—and a consumptive at that! The easiest thing in the world! You could sell one anything—anywhere—if you told him it was a place to get well in.

I took my clothes off in the dark, soaking wet, thinking how lucky it was I got him—just in time.

"You would!" I said. "You dirty old double-crossing crook! Now I'll show you what I do to them when they start double crossing me!"

I had it all figured out before I got to sleep.

"This is a cinch!" I said to myself.

It didn't take me long next morning to find out where that red-headed boy with the consumption lived: out about five miles in the country, on a back road, on a farm—up in those rock-bound hills of New England you read about.

When I got there my consumptive friend was out trying to nail some boards on a fence. I told him who I was and what I wanted to sell him.

"Come into the house," he said right off. "I ain't got any money; but I'm willing to talk with you."

"I wouldn't wonder if you would be," I said to myself, watching him. "Just a little!"

"If you've got the time, I have," I told him. And we went along in together. "This your farm?" I asked him, going into the house.

"Yes," he said. "My father and mother are both dead I'm all alone here now."

We went in and sat down, and I gave him the usual stuff.

"I'd like to sell you some of this stock," I told him. "For one reason, I know it's good; and I'd like to help you or any other good fellow make a dollar. And, in the second place, I haven't sold any stock in this part of the town; and I'd like to introduce it here."

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What the Russian Peasant Wants

By ERNEST POOLE

In More Land and Better Machinery, Not in Politics, the Peasant Sees Freedom From Unending Toil and the Darkest Poverty

WHAT does the Russian peasant want? In Russia he makes up nine-tenths of the entire population, and in the revolution his influence will be increasingly strong. In a large measure, therefore, the whole national question in the end comes back to him. What does he want of the revolution, and how is he going to get it? Will he come under the German yoke through treaties, trade and industry, and so perhaps form the basis of a Slav-Teuton confederacy so terribly vast and resistless that the future will be black indeed for liberty lovers throughout the world? Or is his dislike and distrust of the German autocracy so deep that he will turn to us instead?

That question is largely for us to decide—for the Russian peasant needs certain things that we can give him if we will. His own government cannot possibly restore such order and life to the mines and mills and factories as will supply the peasant's needs in time for the work on the land this year. Both in actual relief supplies and much more in the work of organization the Russians need help, and they will get it—either from us or from Germany. No other nation among the Allies is so well liked in Russia as ours. We are in the position to help them best. And in order to aid the people in towns we must help the peasants too; for they will not give up their grain to the starving towns and cities until they can get in return not money but actual goods, which for them are dire necessities.

When Money Will Not Buy

IN ADDITION to more land the peasants want farm machinery, plows and tools, and cotton goods and leather—and, later, practical farming schools. On these things I found them all agreed. I visited many villages in the north and central parts of Russia, and everywhere heard the same demands with only slight variations. For the lack of these things they were sick of the war and sick of the revolution. Last summer as the new government proclaimed and proclaimed, month after month, and still did not meet the peasant's needs he grew bitter toward the government. Disgusted with the cities because of the disorders there, the disorganization of industries and the resulting dearth of the things that he required, he made up his mind to stick to his village, grow his own flax and make his own clothes. Rubles, he said, were worthless, for they could buy him nothing now.

But bread he could eat, and bread he would keep until the towns starved and so came to their senses.

In Petrograd, though I was stopping at one of the most highly esteemed Russian hotels, often in the morning the waiter would come up to my room with the cheerful tidings:

"No sugar to-day; no butter; no eggs; no milk." And he would set before me a pot of clear bitter coffee and a small chunk of soggy black bread. But when I made trips to the villages, in peasant huts I would be regaled by my hospitable host with white bread, rich fresh milk, and also eggs and butter. I would fatten on the land for a time, and then would return to my meager life in that starved elaborate hotel.

Not only was food scarce in the towns but the people were dreading the winter with the low supply of fuel on hand, especially in Moscow. For as a rule the Russians use stove wood to heat their homes and, though the peasants had not seized the forests, they felt that these forests would soon be their own; therefore last summer they refused to cut firewood for the towns.

Disgusted With the Cities Because of the Disorders There, the Russian Peasant Made Up His Mind to Stick to His Village, Grow His Own Flax and Make His Own Clothes

"Why should we work to warm the towns when the towns won't work to give us clothes?" said a big black-bearded peasant in the north, in whose hut my interpreter and I were having tea one morning. "I can't dress my children in rubles," he said. He clutched a handful of paper money and regarded it in disgust. "But those devils in the towns," he added, "can't feed their brats with rubles, and so they are worse off than I; for my wife has fixed up her spinning wheel and now she will make all the clothes we need, and I can make boots out of bark. So we will keep our grain and eat our bread, and let those devils in the towns starve until they go back to their mills and factories and make the things that they can trade to us for grain. That's how it will happen.

"But if they don't do it before next spring it may be too late for all of us. We can get along without cotton and leather, but I must have a new plow by April. Look at that plow!" And he pointed to an old one out in the muddy yard. "It is twelve years old and no good at all; and the worst of it is that in this devil's war they have taken one of my horses and left me only one runt of a horse; and now for him I can't get any shoes and his hoofs are going all to pieces. We must have plows and horse-shoes and nails and wagon tires and new hoes and shovels too; or else we cannot till our land and there will be such a famine in Russia that many millions of people will have to give their souls to God."

How to Win the Peasant's Gratitude

THIS view of the situation was confirmed wherever I went by those who knew the peasant best. Many urged that America supply these farming implements; and one who was an expert on progressive farming urged that we do more than that—something that would vastly help to solve the deeper problem, the scarcity of arable land—for in Russia are millions of acres of virgin soil that is not being used. Some of it is swampy and more of it is overgrown with shrubs. And there, he said, we could render a service that would plant our country's name forever in the peasant's heart. Why not plow up this virgin soil?

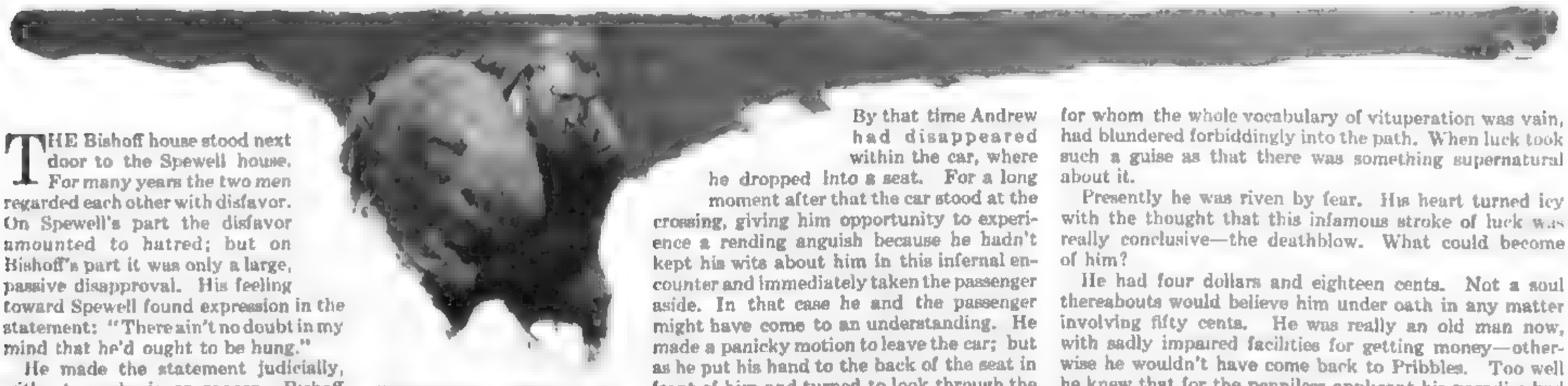
"Send over an army of tractors," he said, "and let them start work early in April down in the rich Black Belt in the south. In a line of about two thousand miles let them work slowly up with the season, offering to plow everywhere the land that now yields nothing. Send American machinists along and we'll supply Russians to help in the work, and also to explain to the peasants. The peasants would go nearly mad with interest and excitement. To see your great caterpillar plows tear through the shrubs and saplings would be to them a miracle. They would watch your machines do in an hour what they themselves do in several days. They would see your plows turn a furrow twelve or fourteen inches deep instead of the four-inch furrows to which they have been accustomed. This subsoiling could be explained to

(Continued on Page 21)

THE IRON BUTCHER

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



THE Bishoff house stood next door to the Spewell house. For many years the two men regarded each other with disfavor. On Spewell's part the disfavor amounted to hatred; but on Bishoff's part it was only a large, passive disapproval. His feeling toward Spewell found expression in the statement: "There ain't no doubt in my mind that he'd ought to be hung."

He made the statement judicially, without emphasis or rancor. Bishoff never spoke with any special emphasis, or in haste, or used gestures. It would be as difficult to imagine him in a rage as to imagine one of the big black oak trees in his dooryard giving expression to emotional disorder. He moved with a deliberate and massive placidity.

"There Was a Bigger Rock There. But I Had to Take the One I Could Get Easiest"

Bishoff's statement was universally approved in Pribbles, where no one doubted that Andrew Spewell was a bad old man. Six times in thirty years, by the village's remorseless count, he had deserted his patient wife—the last time for eleven years—each time returning unheralded, penniless and ailing, to be taken in and cared for until he could wheedle the foolish woman out of some more money.

Returning for the last time in May—in a state of extreme dilapidation—he learned that his forbearing wife had departed this life abruptly, after an attack of acute indigestion, a fortnight before, and that she had left no will, so he was her sole heir at law. From her mother Arvadie Spewell had inherited the neat story-and-a-half frame house with an L in Pribbles, along with thirty acres of excellent grape and apple land and ten shares of stock in the Dale Savings Bank. The inheritance was worth not less than six thousand dollars.

Seven years before this, good, dull Arvadie had taken to her motherly house and bosom a distant widowed kinswoman with two infant children. These hapless pensioners the sole heir at law had promptly turned out of doors, to the horror and indignation of the village. Temporarily Bishoff had taken them into his own crowded house, where they still remained. It was after pondering this situation that he had stated his conclusion concerning Spewell.

There was no remedy for it. Blind law, through the deliberate but inexorable processes of the probate court, was handing the inheritance over to the reprobate husband. The court, however, took its time about the matter. Formal notices must be published; intervals prescribed by statute for the appearance of other claimants and of creditors must elapse. But by the nineteenth day of November it was as good as done. On Thursday of the following week the last dot would be placed to the last decree and the heir at law's title perfected. He had already arranged to sell the land, house and bank stock. Six days hence the money would be in his pocket.

Therefore, leaving the probate-court room at Dale as the clock in the squat tower of the brick courthouse pointed to noon and walking over to the street corner where he would await an interurban trolley car to Pribbles, Andrew Spewell was in a highly contented frame of mind, and grinned up at the cast-iron effigy of a Civil War volunteer with grounded arms which stood on a granite pedestal in the courthouse yard.

All the luck was coming his way—once more.

He was then fifty-nine years of age, but looked older. His spare frame was somewhat bent and the fringe of hair round the base of his bald head was quite white. There were pouches under his filmy eyes and a chronic inflammation reddened the lower lids. His beard curved in slightly under his chin and fell in a slim twisted pendant.

The trolley car stopped at the crossing and Andrew's bony fingers seized the handrail; but he stood a little aside in order to allow a passenger to alight. The passenger who thus descended fairly in his face was stout and tanned, wore a broad-brimmed felt hat and carried a large travel-stained suitcase. A look of surprise and incredulity appeared on his face; then he boomed resonantly:

"Why, hello, Andy Spewell! Last man I expected to see in these diggin's! When'd you come back here?"

He extended a fleshy hand, which Andrew took limply, mumbling rapidly: "Just going over to Pribbles; been here few days."

"Pribbles, eh?" boomed the passenger, his geniality in no wise abated by Andrew's evident haste to get aboard the car. "Well, I'll be comin' over there; gotta see old Uncle Lem Meggs anyhow. See you later."

By that time Andrew had disappeared within the car, where he dropped into a seat. For a long moment after that the car stood at the crossing, giving him opportunity to experience a rending anguish because he hadn't kept his wits about him in this infernal encounter and immediately taken the passenger aside. In that case he and the passenger might have come to an understanding. He made a panicky motion to leave the car; but as he put his hand to the back of the seat in front of him and turned to look through the window at the passenger he saw a group of idlers on the street corner. Two of them were looking up at him with open curiosity; another was exclaiming to the passenger: "Well, great guns, if it ain't Art Disbrow!" Just then the car started.

All too well Andrew knew that his reappearance and proceedings in the probate court had been a staple subject of gossip in the small town of Dale, the county seat, as well as in the hamlet of Pribbles, four miles away. All too well he knew there would soon be an exchange of gossip between Arthur Disbrow—far-wandering nephew of old Lemuel Meggs over at Pribbles—and the townsmen. The disaster was perfect and irreparable; there was even something superlative and superhuman about its perfection.

The interurban trolley takes twelve minutes from the outskirts of Dale to the main street of Pribbles. Andrew spent the entire time cursing silently. The celebrated curse pronounced upon Spinoza was without breadth or energy as compared with the blasphemous objurgation which his mind poured over every idea and object that it took cognizance of.

There had been one pleasurable feature about his otherwise tiresome sojourn in Pribbles while he awaited the slow processes of the court—to wit, a knowledge of what the village thought about him. To-day, as he walked down the straggling main street, it occurred to him that no longer would Pribbles impotently squirm and hiss at him while he grinned triumphant. On the contrary he would squirm and hiss while it grinned triumphant. That thought blackened the darkness in his mind.

The sun shone brightly that November midday, but there was a biting edge in the air, and when he had let himself into Arvadie's neat story-and-a-half house he stirred and replenished the fire in the sitting-room stove—a round, flat-topped, sheet-iron affair on which he made his coffee and cooked such warm food as he ate, for he could afford only one fire in the house. He had reached Pribbles practically penniless—as usual, for only the pinch of want drove him back there. By selling such few articles as he could lay an unforbidden hand on he got through the summer and fall in scamped, bachelor fashion. To-day he had four dollars and eighteen cents in the world.

Extending chilled hands to the stove he cursed again. When the clock struck twelve that day six thousand dollars was as good as in his pocket. Some men would have put the money in a mortgage or bought a farm with it; but to the hardened old reprobate it meant the only paradise he cared for. He would exchange it for no lifeless bits of paper in the form of title deeds or promissory notes, but for those warm, tangible, immediate human satisfactions that are procurable in saloons, pool rooms, gambling resorts and other haunts of such a highly seasoned character as to attract the most colorful and disreputable patrons. He had learned to be canny about it; six thousand dollars would take him a long way.

The gate of paradise—blissfully reeking with the odor of alcohol and tobacco, merry with the sound of rattling dice and clicking ivory balls, hearty with oaths—stood wide open just six steps in front of him. Then an unthinkable fool, for whom the whole vocabulary of vituperation was vain, had blundered forbiddingly into the path. When luck took such a guise as that there was something supernatural about it.

Presently he was riven by fear. His heart turned icy with the thought that this infamous stroke of luck was really conclusive—the deathblow. What could become of him?

He had four dollars and eighteen cents. Not a soul thereabouts would believe him under oath in any matter involving fifty cents. He was really an old man now, with sadly impaired facilities for getting money—otherwise he wouldn't have come back to Pribbles. Too well he knew that for the penniless applicant his paradise had only a swift boot.

Then he recalled that in those silly legal formalities at the probate court he had found it necessary to commit perjury. Pribbles would see that pious vengeance was taken for that.

Staring at the stove with fishy red-rimmed eyes, his bony hand trembled as he stroked his slim beard. He was a rat in a trap that must find a way out very quickly or die. Along with the fear, venomous rage possessed him—rage against the whole stupid, sanctimonious, hypocritical order of things that had driven him into this trap. His bite would have been deadly.

As he pondered it—equal to anything, and in his cornered, tormented state as dangerous an animal as could be found on earth—something came up in his seething mind: to wit, a small, shiny safe that stood in the corner of Bishoff's dining room next door. Looking over from his side porch he had remarked it more than once.

Four dollars and eighteen cents comprised all his money, but not all his wealth. He possessed another article of value. Going into the bedroom, tousled and disreputable from his six months' occupancy, he got it out of a bureau drawer, made sure it was properly loaded, and put it in his hip pocket. Twice in his life he had used such an article very profitably.

He cursed, not on account of any scruples attaching to the use of a pistol, but against the whole stupid, malevolent order of things that compelled him to play so desperate a game against such infamous odds.

Still there was a chance; luck might once more turn a propitious face toward him; the thing might be done easily and with comparative safety. With that one comforting thought in mind he left the house and walked up street to Bishoff's blacksmith shop.

He Got the Revolver Out of a Bureau Drawer, Made Sure It Was Properly Loaded, and Put It in His Hip Pocket

II

THE shop sat twenty feet back from the main street—a long, low, wooden structure painted red, but with nothing about it of that ramshackle air which village blacksmith shops are apt to acquire.

The proprietor kept it in excellent repair, renewing the paint every other year. In the gable above the broad door appeared a sign, neatly executed in thick white letters:

A. BISHOFF, THE IRON BUTCHER

A facetious farmer had once applied that description to him, and it appealed to his simple sense of humor.

Barefooted he measured an inch and a half over six feet, but the squareness of his shoulders made him look taller than that. His chest would have answered for two men, and his stomach swelled with a comfortable rotundity. There was a large plumpness all about him, as with a well-nourished infant. He had a sober open countenance with full oval brown eyes; and his brown beard curled tightly, as though the vital energy that it drew from his overflowing stock made every hair kinkle.

That spring, after careful calculation, he had purchased an automobile for twelve hundred dollars. He drove it—never exceeding fifteen miles an hour—with a kind of festal solemnity, a profound satisfaction diffusing itself from him.

As he sat sober and mountainous at the wheel, which his huge hands half covered—his wife, looking infantile by comparison, beaming beside him, and his three well-grown, well-dressed,

bright-faced children in the rear seat—the car rolled by with the effect of a pageant. Bishoff's grave and massive mien gave it the air of a procession.

For him the car symbolized and incarnated his simple success. The property that his muscle and prudence had accumulated for the comfort and protection of his family had a naïve sacredness in his eyes. By way of comment upon an adventure that rumor imputed to Andrew Spewell somewhere "out West" he had observed—judicially, without heat or emphasis—"If a man was to swindle me out of that much money I'd aim to kill him."

This November afternoon he was pointing a plowshare and had just plunged the red iron into a tub beside the forge, so that steam enveloped him. Looking outward through the mist he saw a long sallow face with red-rimmed, pouchy eyes and a slim beard peering in from the open door.

That sight always displeased him. In his youth he had seen buzzards prowling over carrion, obscene and unashamed. Spewell reminded him of the buzzards—not so much because of his fishy, red-rimmed eyes as for something that was always present in his manner, just as there was always a smell where the buzzards were.

Advancing into the haze Andrew threw a question at the blacksmith with a sportsmanly and challenging air:

"Want to make a couple thousand dollars between now and six o'clock?"

Rather suspecting that this was one of those dirty jokes in which Andrew delighted, Bishoff looked soberly down at him without troubling to reply.

Andrew sidled closer, grinning, and began speaking in the jerky, ill-connected manner that was habitual with him—twisting his beard with a bony hand, sometimes nodding his head two or three times in succession:

"Just come from Dale. Got a letter from my partner in Montana. Great opportunity out there—copper claim. Had our eye on it five years. Got to be sold quick. Owner killed in an accident. If I can get out there with the money Wednesday morning, make fifty thousand sure." He gave three nods. "Fifty thousand sure."

Bishoff soberly took the plowshare out of the tub and examined it. He had no doubt Andrew's statement was a lie. It made no more impression on his mind than the sighing of the wind.

Edging still closer Andrew laid a forefinger on the blacksmith's leather apron.

"Good thing you did, Anton—taking in Evelina and her kids. I couldn't have 'em. Had to have the house myself. 'Twouldn't do having a woman in there." His false teeth glittered in a wide grin. "Never can tell what a woman will be up to. You did a good thing. Always said you was the best man in Pribbles anyway. Made up my mind to give you the first chance." As his head wagged his slim beard shook, goatlike.

Bishoff supposed he meant the first chance to buy this fabulous copper claim. That appealed to his sense of humor, and he laughed in a deep rumble. If a fox had attempted to sell a tarnished gold brick to a knowledgeous ox, the ox would probably have laughed that way.

"First chance at my property here," Andrew explained with a wag. "You know it—good land; good house. Land and house worth five thousand dollars any time. Ten shares of bank stock; worth fifteen hundred sure. All clear and straight. I get title next Thursday sure. You know; you know. Sole heir; law says so. Got to give it to me. No getting away from it. Sell you land, house and stock this afternoon for forty-five hundred, cash. I can get the six o'clock train out of Dale. Be in Montana Tuesday night. Make fifty thousand sure. Lose it if I stay here till Thursday. Great opportunity for you, Anton. Give you first chance at it."

That was an entirely different matter. The legal aspects of this case had been copiously discussed in Pribbles for six months. As a friend of Evelina and her children Bishoff had questioned Porter Brown over at Dale, and even Judge Emerson. Both of them had said the inheritance must go to Andrew.

He knew its value perfectly. Even before Arvadie's death he'd had an appreciative eye upon her story-and-a-half house with an L, which was more commodious than his own residence, and the thirty acres of good fruit land. For that and the bank stock he would readily have given six thousand dollars. Only there was a troublesome flaw in the title that blind law took no cognizance of.

"By rights," Bishoff had said to Porter Brown, "Evelina and her children oughta have some claim on that place." With a large simple sense of justice he couldn't somehow make it seem exactly right to become the possessor of Arvadie's property with no acknowledgment whatever of Evelina's untenable claim. "I'd kind of feel," he explained to the lawyer with a sober and baffled expression, "as though I'd took something that was hern."

If any man had been in question he wouldn't have been in the least troubled by such a doubt. Men, he held, could rustle for themselves and take their chances. It was well known that he wouldn't abate a penny of what any man justly owed him. But women and children were different.

This offer opened an entirely unexpected opportunity of satisfying his ambition to possess Arvadie's place and make a substantial acknowledgment of Evelina's untenable claim. For a long moment he regarded Spewell with a look of speculation in his full oval brown eyes. He even lifted a ponderous hand and plucked at his beard—a most unusual sign of mental stress, for he was no more in the habit of fussing with his beard or fidgeting otherwise than he was of raising his voice.

"That Tool House! Go On! Get a Move On!" the Captor Directed, His Weapon Always Ready

"I'll give you four thousand cash," he said. And he would give Evelina twelve hundred and fifty. By some process of its own his mind had struck that equation. It would still be a fine bargain for him.

Andrew twisted his beard, silently cursing the blacksmith's parsimony. But he had little enough time to haggle.

"Forty-two fifty," he said, wagging his head. "Split the difference with you. Forty-two fifty."

"I'll give you," said Bishoff placidly, "four thousand cash."

"All right; all right," Andrew jerked. "Robbery, but you can have it. Come on! No time to lose. Six o'clock, you know. Bank closes at four." He knew it would be necessary to go to Dale and draw the cash there.

Without moving Bishoff observed: "It will depend, of course, on whether Porter Brown says I'm safe in buying now. We would submit it to him."

That also Spewell had foreseen—knowing the blacksmith's prudent decision.

"Sure! Submit it to Brown. Take no chances," he replied with a grin that expressed derision.

"I don't aim to take none," Bishoff remarked calmly.

"Well, get a move on; no time to lose; three o'clock now," Andrew urged.

All the time there was a kind of boiling and coiling within him as his jumping nerves tingled to the crisis. But the blacksmith moved in his own fashion—first deliberately soaping and washing his grimy hands and arms in the tub, then removing his leather apron, hanging it up, taking down his hat and coat from a peg in the wall. Deliberately he walked home, and Spewell—his spare, somewhat bent frame huddling in a thin overcoat—waited by the porch steps while Bishoff went inside.

The little safe in the corner of the dining room was span and shiny like everything else about the house, and there was a brightly varnished vignette of a couchant watchdog on its door. Bishoff could have tossed it out of the window had he been so minded, or smashed it with a few blows of his sledge hammer; but he had an affection for it, and a deep respect, as for his automobile. He felt that it was an immensely fine and respectable thing to have a safe. He knelt before it, that being the only posture in which he could reach it with any comfort, and gravely, with a huge hand, turned the bright nickel-plated disk of the combination lock. An onlooker might have taken it for a sacerdotal rite.

From the little inner strong box of the safe he drew a bundle of certificates of deposit issued by the banks at Dale, Lannark and Smithville. He believed each of the banks to be above suspicion, but even so he didn't aim to keep all his eggs in one basket. Some of the certificates were for only a few dollars, and some for several hundred. All of them drew four per cent. He didn't aim to keep any money lying round idle; whenever a sum came into his hands he deposited it at the first opportunity.

He spent some time sorting out enough of the certificates to make up four thousand dollars, and when he had finished there was still a thin little sheaf to be returned to the safe. There remained the matter of unlocking the small white garage behind the house, seeing that the car almost as bright and speckless as the day it left the shop—was properly supplied with gas and water, and starting it up. As the mechanism of self-starter, engine and gears responded to his touch Bishoff felt a sort of proud and affectionate gratitude such as some men feel

(Concluded on Page 110)

PATRIOTEERS

By WALLACE IRWIN

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The Tin Cross on Broadway

THE ex-Czar of Russia,
Now working for Prussia,
Came into New York in the perfect disguise
Of a chewing-gum drummer;
Though his manner was mummer
Than some, he had none of the swagger of spies.
He'd a shy, modest air, neither saintly nor wicked,
Peculiar to czars who have been Bolshevikied.
But the truth of it was that he bore in his coat
The Kaiser's commands in the following note:

"Dear Nicky:
Please go to New York *tout de suite*
On a matter requiring your judgment discreet.
There are many reports which I fear and abhor,
Some implying that Broadway is winning the war.
I inclose royal check—since you're broke half the time—
And send you at once on this mission sublime:
Go stroll along Broadway and see, if you can,
What war preparations this section is making.
Please see what results on the average man
Obtain from this phase of America's waking.
The strong psychologic effect of this street
May strengthen their army
Sufficient to harm me
And bring my divinity down to defeat.
Report soon as possible.
Weather here chilly.
With love,
Cousin Willy."

So a chewing-gum drummer with purpose sincere
And a thirst for both knowledge and Würzburger beer
Wandered up Broadway, the home of neurology,
Bent on a test of the Broadway psychology.
He passed ninety chorus men,
Slender and porous men,
Strutting in overcoats fresh from the tailor's
And cut like the garments of soldiers and sailors.
Numerous genuine heroes in blue
And a good khaki hue
Were mixed with the throng,
Strolling along
With the manner of plain, honest soldiers who knew
The brass from the gold and the false from the true.

A prominent corner this epigram bore:
"Hitem-Hard Song Works—The Patriot Boys."
The Czar went by lift to the seventeenth floor
Where his ear-sight was dimmed by a riot of noise.
Forty pianos
Going at once;
Ninety sopranos
Trying their stunts;
Seventy barytones,
Silky and hairy tones,
Luring and scary tones
Echoed and thrilled down the corridors ringing;
Ninety composers their fingers were bringing
Down on the keys
With desperate ease,

The ex-Czar of Russia,
Now Working for Prussia,
Came Into New York in a Perfect Disguise

While hundreds of lyricists, cribbing and swiping,
Sat in the midst of it, busily typing.

The able floor manager, Simon von Kusick,
All of a flurry—
"Hurry, now, hurry!"—
Whistled new tunes or gave words for the music.
"Soldier boy—you're my bid!
Win the war—oh you kid!
That's fine!
Cross the Rhine!
Bear the Red, White and Blue—
Push it through—
Oh you!
Go unter den Linden,
Swat old Von Hinden!
Joan of Arc, she's the girl,
She's the prize, she's a pearl!
Uncle Sam,
Yes I am
On the job,
No slob
With a gun—
Get the Hun
On the run!"

The imperial spy, getting Simon's left ear,
Shouted "Tell me, what war work's transpiring up here?
These tunes are exciting and pretty, I grant them,
But just what is signified?"
Simon looked dignified.
"Sir, we are writing a national anthem.
Moonlight-and-love stuff has gone out of style,
Farm stuff and tough stuff have stumped for a while,
Dream-by-the-stream stuff is deader than Dowie,
But war stuff—oh, zowie!
Just give me a tune with a mention of France
And I'll strike off a million, all sold in advance."

"That's splendid!" The Czar looked as bright as a cracker.
Quoth Simon, quite blushingly, "I'm not a slacker.
Though a little too fat for the draft,
I've gone daft
Over making my big contribution—that's me—
Toward saving the world for the brave and the free."

Simon von Kusick,
Turning away,
Brought forth sheet music
Entitled "Hooray!"
This he placed with a smile in the hands of the Czar
"It has earned forty thousand, net profit, so far.
Arranged for light tenor, contralto, soprano—
Take it home, friend; try it on your piano."

II

AS NIGHT settled down on the town of renown
And lights flashed amain from each skyscraper's crown,
Poor Nicholas, bent on his espionage,
Continued his search for the next camouflage.
He saw starry banners, electrical-flashing,
Boosting for musical dramas spectacular;
"Chewing Our Bit," cried a hit that was smashing,
"Sammy Girls' Frolic," one screamed in vernacular.
At last by a wonderful marble façade
He paused for a rest from his long promenade.
Flags of Rumania,
Cuba, Ukrainia,
Britain and France—all the foes of Germania—
Fluttered together, conspiring to tell
That this was the world-famous Greenland Hotel.

Now a word on the fly
Ere we follow our spy:

Percival Pink was the jolly old swell
Who ran the unlimited Greenland Hotel
With its Pompeian baths and its vast royal suite
Which had once held the Sultan of Babu el Gheet.
Ever commanding,
Always glad-handing,
Percy had fed all the champion diners,
Hardware conventions and fat Mystic Shriners;
Given his welcome to common and lord,
Wined Henry Watterson, dined Henry Ford.
In fact he was famed for his broad public spirit,
Or near it.

O'er the sidewalk the words "Restaurant de la Guerre"
Flashed like a gem in a raw *pomme de terre*.
The famous proprietor, Percival Pink,
Stood near the entrance—a fellow would think
By Percival's manner that Percy alone
Carried the national burden, his own.
Looked like a portrait of Grant, Lee or Sherman
Showing his scorn for a Kultur that's German.

Up on the wall lettered placards marked plainly
Showed Percy's principles, uttered not vainly:
"Hoover Requests You to Eat
Less Wheat,
Less Meat."
Or:
"Notice to Gluttons:
Don't Strain Your Buttons—
Easy on Muttons!"

(Continued on Page 19)

The Waiter Looked Stern as He Brought In the Fish, Timid and Tiny, Quite Lost on the Dish

"Cut 'er Thin, Butter Thin—One-Two-Three! Make 'em Think We're Leaders of the Hooverizing Bee"

THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

VI

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SARA LEE KENNEDY was up at dawn the next morning. There was a very serious matter to decide, for Henri's plan had included only such hand luggage as she herself could carry.

Sara Lee carefully laid out on the bed such articles as she could not possibly do without, and was able to pack into her suitcase less than a fourth of them. She had fortunately brought a soft wool sweater, which required little room. Undergarments, several blouses, the sweater and a pair of heavy shoes—that was her equipment, plus such small toilet outfit as is necessary when a young woman uses no make-up and regards cold cream only as a remedy for chapped hands.

The maid found her in rather a dismal mood.

"Going across, miss!" she said. "Fancy that!"

"It's a secret," cautioned Sara Lee. "I am really not sure I am going. I am only trying to go."

The maid, who found Sara Lee and the picture of Harvey on her dressing table both romantic and appealing, offered to pack. From the first moment it was evident that she meant to include the white dress. Indeed, she packed it first.

"You never know what's going to happen over there," she asserted. "They do say that royalties are everywhere, going about like common people. You'd better have a good frock with you."

She had an air of subdued excitement, and after she had established the fact that not only the white frock but slippers and hose also would go in she went to the door and glanced up and down the passage. Then she closed the door.

"There was queer goings-on here last night, miss," she said cautiously. "Spies!"

"Oh, no!" cried Sara Lee.

"Spies," she repeated. "A man and a woman, pretending to be Belgian refugees. They took them away at daylight. I expect by now they've been shot."

Sara Lee ate very little breakfast that morning. All through England it was confidently believed that spies were shot on discovery, a theory that has been persistent—and false, save at the battle line—since the beginning of the war. And Henri's plan assumed new proportions. Suppose she made her attempt and failed? Suppose they took her for a spy, and that to-morrow's sun found her facing a firing squad? Not, indeed, that she had ever heard of a firing squad as such. But she had seen spies shot in the movies. They invariably stood in front of a brick wall, with the hero in the center.

So she absent-mindedly ate her kippered herring, which had been strongly recommended by the waiter, and tried to think of what a spy would do, so she might avoid any suspicious movements. It struck her, too, that war seemed to have made the people on that side of the ocean extremely ready with weapons. They would be quite likely to shoot first and ask questions afterward—which would be too late to be helpful.

She remembered Henri, for instance, and the way, without a word, he had shot the donkey.

That day she wrote Harvey a letter.

Sara Lee Tried to Write to Harvey That Night, But She Gave It Up at Last. There Was Too Much He Would Not Understand

"*Dearest:*" it began; "I think I am to leave for France to-night. Things seem to be moving nicely, and I am being helped by the Belgian Relief Commission. It is composed of Belgians and is at the Savoy Hotel."

Here she stopped and cried a little. What if she should never see Harvey again—never have his sturdy arms about her? Harvey gained by distance. She remembered only his unfailing kindness and strength and his love for her. He seemed, here at the edge of the whirlpool, a sort of eddy of peace and quiet. Even then she had no thought of going back until her work was done, but she did an unusual thing for her, unused to demonstration of any sort. She kissed his ring.

Followed directions about sending the money from the church society, a description of Morley's and Trafalgar Square, an account of tea at the Travers', and of the little donkey—without mention, however, of Henri. She felt that Harvey would not understand Henri.

But at the end came the passage which poor Harvey read and reread when the letter came, and alternately ground his teeth over and kissed:

"I do love you, Harvey dear. And I am coming back to you. I have felt that I had to do what I am doing, but I am coming back.

"That's a promise. Unless, of course, I should take sick, or something like that, which isn't likely."

There was a long pause in the writing here, but Harvey could not know that.

"I shall wear your ring always; and always, Harvey, it will mean to me that I belong to you. With dearest love,

"SARA LEE."

Then she added a postscript of course:

"The War Office is not letting people cross to Calais just now. But I am going to do it anyhow. It is perfectly simple. And when I get over I shall write and tell you how.

"S. L."

It was the next day that an indignant official in the censor's office read that postscript, and rose in his wrath and sent a third Undersomething-or-other to look up Sara Lee at Morley's. But by that time she was embarked on the big adventure; and by the time a cable reached Calais there was no trace of Sara Lee.

During the afternoon she called up Mr. Travers at his office, and rather gathered that he did not care to use the telephone during business hours.

"I just wanted to tell you that you need not bother about me any more," she said. "I am being sent over, and I think everything is all right."

He was greatly relieved. Mrs. Travers had not fully indorsed his encomiums of the girl. She had felt that no really nice girl would travel so far on so precarious an errand, particularly when she was alone. And how could one tell, coming from America, how her sympathies really lay? She might be of German parentage—the very worst sort, because they spoke American. It was easy enough to change a name.

Nevertheless, Mr. Travers felt a trifle low in his mind when he hung up the receiver. He said twice to himself: "Twenty pounds!" And at last he put four sovereigns in an envelope and sent them to her anonymously by messenger. Sara Lee guessed whence they came, but she respected the manner of the gift and did not thank him. It was almost the first gold money she had ever seen.

She was very carefully searched at the railway station that night and found that her American Red Cross button, which had come with her dollar subscription to the association, made the matron inspector rather kindly inclined. Nevertheless, she took off Sara Lee's shoes, and ran over the lining of her coat, and quite ruined the maid's packing of the suitcase.

"You are going to Boulogne?" asked the matron inspector.

Sara Lee did not like to lie.

"Wherever the boat takes me," she said with a smile.

The matron smiled too.

"I shouldn't be nervous, miss," she said. "It's a chance, of course, but they have not done much damage yet."

It was after midnight then, and a cold fog made the station a gloomy thing of blurred yellow lights and raw chill. A few people moved about, mostly officers in uniform. Half a dozen men in civilian clothes eyed her as she passed through the gates; Scotland Yard, but she did not know it. And once she thought she saw Henri, but he walked away into the shadows and disappeared. The train, looking as absurdly small and light as all English trains do, was waiting out in the shed. There were no porters, and Sara Lee carried her own bag.

She felt quite sure she had been mistaken about Henri, for of course he would have come and carried it for her.

The train was cold and quiet. When it finally moved out it was under way before she knew that it was going. And then suddenly Sara Lee's heart began to pound hard.

It was a very cold and shivering Sara Lee who curled up, alone in her compartment, and stared hard at Harvey's

ring to keep her courage up. But a curious thing had happened. Harvey gave her no moral support. He brought her only disapproval. She found herself remembering none of the loving things he had said to her, but only the bitter ones.

Perhaps it was the best thing for her, after all. For a sort of dogged determination to go through with it all, at any cost, braced her to her final effort.

So far it had all been easy enough, but not comfortable. She was cold, and she had eaten almost nothing all day. As the hours went on and the train slid through the darkness she realized that she was rather faint. The steam pipes, only warm at the start, were entirely cold by one o'clock, and by two Sara Lee was sitting on her feet, with a heavy coat wrapped about her knees.

The train moved quietly, as do all English trains, with no jars and little sound. There were few lights outside, for the towns of Eastern England were darkened, like London, against air attack. So when she looked at the window she saw only her own reflection, white and wide-eyed, above Aunt Harriet's fur neckpiece.

In the next compartment an officer was snoring, but she did not close her eyes. Perhaps, for that last hour, some of the glow that had brought her so far failed her. She was not able to think beyond Folkestone, save occasionally, and that with a feeling that it should not be made so difficult to do a kind and helpful thing.

At a quarter of three the train eased down. In the same proportion Sara Lee's pulse went up. A long period of crawling along, a stop or two, but no resultant opening of the doors; and at last, in a cold rain and a howling wind from the Channel, the little seaport city.

More officers than she had expected, a few women, got out. The latter Sara Lee's experience on the steamer enabled her to place. Buyers mostly, and Americans, on their way to Paris, blockade or no blockade, because the American woman must be well and smartly gowned and hatted. A man with a mourning band on his sleeve carried a wailing child.

The officers lighted cigarettes. The civilians formed a line on the jetty under the roof of the shed, and waited, passports in hand, before a door that gleamed with yellow light. Faces looked pale and anxious. The blockade was on, and Germany had said that no ships would cross that night.

As if defiantly, the Boulogne boat, near at hand, was ablaze, on the shore side at least, with lights. Stewards came and went. Beyond it lay the harbor, dark and mysterious save where, from somewhere across, a flashlight made a brave effort to pierce the fog.

One of the buyers ahead of Sara Lee seemed exhilarated by the danger ahead.

"They'll never get us," she said. "Look at that fog!"

"It's lifting, dearie," answered a weary voice behind her. "The wind is carrying it away."

When Sara Lee's turn came she was ready. A group of men in civilian clothes, seated about a long table, looked her over carefully. Her passports moved deliberately from hand to hand. A long business, and the baby wailing harder than ever. But the office was at least warm. Some of her failing courage came back as she moved, following her papers, round the table. They were given back to her at last, and she went out. She had passed the first ordeal.

Suitcase in hand she wandered down the stone jetty. The Boulogne boat she passed, and kept on. At the very end, dark and sinister, lay another boat. It had no lights. The tide was in, and its deck lay almost flush with the pier. Sara Lee walked on toward it until a voice spoke to her out of the darkness and near at hand:

"Your boat is back there, madam."

"I know. Thank you. I am just walking about."

The petty officer—he was a petty officer, though Sara Lee had never heard the term—was inclined to be suspicious. Under excuse of lighting his pipe he struck a match, and Sara Lee's young figure stood out in full relief. His suspicions died away with the flare.

"Bad night, miss," he offered.

"Very," said Sara Lee, and turned back again.

This time, bewildered and uneasy, she certainly saw Henri. But he ignored her. He was alone, and smoking one of his interminable cigarettes. He had not said he was crossing, and why had he not spoken to her? He wandered past down the pier, and she lost him in the shadows. When he came back he paused near her, and at last saluted and spoke.

"*Pardon*," he said. "If you will stand back here you will find less wind."

"Thank you."

He carried her suitcase back, and stooping over to place it at her feet he said: "I shall send him on board with a message to the captain. When I come back try again."

He left her at once. The passengers for Boulogne were embarking now. A silent lot, they disappeared into the warmth and brightness of the little boat and were lost. No one paid any attention to Sara Lee standing in the shadows.

Soon Henri came back. He walked briskly and touched his cap as he passed. He went aboard the Boulogne steamer, and without a backward glance disappeared. Sara Lee watched him out of sight, in a very real panic. He had been something real and tangible in that shadowy place—something familiar in an unfamiliar world. But he was gone. She threw up her head.

"All Sorts of People Come to This Place, Mademoiselle. It is Best That I Remain Here"

So once more Sara Lee picked up her suitcase and went down the pier. Now she was unchallenged. What lurking figure might be on the dark deck of the Calais boat she could not tell. That was the chance she was to take. The gangway was still out, and as quietly as possible she went aboard. The Boulogne boat had suddenly gone dark, and she heard the churning of the screw. With the extinction of the lights on the other boat came at least deeper night to her aid. A few steps, a stumble, a gasp—and she was on board the forbidden ship.

She turned forward, according to her instructions, where the overhead deck made below an even deeper shadow. Henri had said that there were cabins there, and that the chance was of finding an unlocked one. If they were all locked she would be discovered at dawn, and arrested. And Sara Lee was not a war correspondent. She was not accustomed to arrest. Indeed, she had a deep conviction that arrest in her case would mean death. False, of course, but surely it shows her courage.

As she stood there, breathless and listening, the Boulogne boat moved out. She heard the wash against the jetty, felt the rolling of its waves. But being on the landward side she could not see the faint gleam of a cigarette that marked Henri's anxious figure at the rail. So long as the black hulk of the Calais boat was visible, and long after, indeed, Henri stood there, outwardly calm but actually shaken by many fears. She had looked so small and young; and who could know what deviltry lurked abroad that night!

He had not gone with her because it was necessary that he be in Boulogne the next morning. And also, the very chance of getting her across lay in her being alone and unobserved.

So he stood by the rail and looked back and said a wordless little prayer that if there was trouble it come to his boat and not to the other. Which might very considerably have disturbed the buyers had they known of it and believed in prayer.

Sara Lee stood in the shadows and listened. There were voices overhead, from the bridge. A door opened onto the deck and threw out a ray of light. Someone came out and went on shore, walking with brisk ringing steps. And then at last she put down her bag and tried door after door, without result.

The man who had gone ashore called another. The gangway was drawn in. The engines began to vibrate underfoot. Sara Lee, breathless and terrified, stood close to a cabin door and remained immovable. At one moment it seemed as if a seaman was coming forward to where she stood. But he did not come.

The Calais boat was waiting until the other steamer had got well out of the harbor. The fog had lifted, and the searchlight was moving over the surface. It played round the Channel steamer without touching it.

At last the lights of the quay began to recede. The little boat rocked slightly in its own waves as it edged away. It moved slowly through the shipping and out until, catching the swell of the Channel, it shot ahead at top speed.

For an hour Sara Lee stood there. The Channel wind caught her and tore at her skirts until she was almost frozen. And finally, in sheer desperation, she worked her way round to the other side. She saw no one. Save for the beating heart of the engine below it might have been a dead ship.

On the other side she found an open door and stumbled into the tiny dark deck cabin, as chilled and frightened a philanthropist as had ever crossed that old and tricky and soured bit of seaway. And there, to be frank, she forgot her fright in as bitter a tribute of seasickness as even the Channel has ever exacted.

She had locked herself in, and she fell at last into an exhausted sleep. When she wakened and peered out through the tiny window it was gray winter dawn. The boat was quiet, and before her lay the quay of Calais and the Gare Maritime. A gangway was out and a hurried survey showed no one in sight.

Sara Lee picked up her suitcase and opened the door. The fresh morning air revived her, but nevertheless it was an extremely pale young woman who, obeying Henri's instructions, went ashore that morning in the gray dawn unseen, undisturbed and unquestioned. But from the moment she appeared on the gangway until the double glass doors of the Gare Maritime closed behind her this apparently calm young woman did not breathe at all. She arrived, indeed, with lungs fairly collapsed and her heart entirely unreliable.

A woman clerk was asleep at a desk. Sara Lee roused her to half wakefulness, no interest and extremely poor English. A drowsy porter led her up a staircase and down an endless corridor. Then at last he was gone, and Sara Lee turned the key in her door and burst into tears.

VII

NOW up to this point Sara Lee's mind had come to rest at Calais. She must get there; after that the other things would need to be worried over. Henri had already in their short acquaintance installed himself as the central figure of this strange and amazing interlude—not as a good-looking young soldier surprisingly fertile in expedients, but as a sort of agent of Providence, by whom and through whom things were done.

And Henri had said she was to go to the Gare Maritime at Calais and make herself comfortable—if she got there. After that things would be arranged.

Sara Lee therefore took a hot bath, though hardly a satisfactory one, for there was no soap and she had brought none. She learned later on to carry soap with her everywhere. So she soaked the chill out of her slim body and then dressed. The room was cold, but a great exultation kept her warm. She had run the blockade, she had escaped the War Office—which, by the way, was looking her up almost violently by that time. It had found the trunk she left at Morley's, and cross-questioned the maid into hysteria—and here she was, safe in France, the harbor of Calais before her, and here and there strange-looking war craft taking on coal. Destroyers, she learned later. Her ignorance was rather appalling at first.

It was all unreal—the room with its cold steam pipes, the heavy window hangings, the very words on the hot and cold taps in the bathroom. A great vessel moved into the harbor. As it turned she saw its name painted on its side in huge letters, and the flag, also painted, of a neutral country—a hoped-for protection against German submarines. It brought home to her, rather, the thing she had escaped.

After a time she thought of food, but rather hopelessly. Her attempts to get *savon* from a stupid boy had produced nothing more useful than a flow of unintelligible French and no soap whatever. She tried a pantomime of washing her hands, but to the boy she had appeared to be merely

wringing them. And, as a great many females were wringing their hands in France those days, he had gone away, rather sorry for her.

When hunger drove her to the bell again he came back and found her with her little phrase book in her hands, feverishly turning the pages. She could find plenty of sentences such as "*Garçon, vous avez renversé du vin sur ma robe*," but not an egg lifted its shining pate above the pages. Not cereal. Not fruit. Not even the word breakfast.

Long, long afterward Sara Lee found a quite delightful breakfast hidden between two pages that were stuck together. But it was then far too late.

"*Donnez-moi*," began Sara Lee, and turned the pages rapidly, "this; do you see?" She had found roast beef.

The boy observed stolidly, in French, that it was not ready until noon. She was able to make out, from his failing to depart, that there was no roast beef.

"Good gracious!" she said, ravenous and exasperated. "Go and get me some bread and coffee, anyhow." She repeated it, slightly louder.

That was the tableau that Henri found when, after a custom that may be of the war or may be Continental, he had inquired the number of her room and made his way there.

There was a twinkle in his blue eyes as he bowed before her—and a vast relief too.

"So you are here!" he said in a tone of satisfaction.

He had put in an extremely bad night, even for him, by whom nights were seldom wasted in a bed. While he was with her something of her poise had communicated itself to him. He had felt the confidence, in men and affairs, that American girls are given as a birthright. And her desire for service he had understood as a year or two ago he could not have understood. But he had stood by the rail staring north, and cursing himself for having placed her in danger during the entire crossing.

There was nothing about him that morning, however, to show his bad hours. He was debonair and smiling.

"I am famishing," said Sara Lee. "And there are no eggs in this book—none whatever."

"Eggs! You wish eggs?"

"I just want food. Almost anything will do. I asked for eggs because they can come quickly."

Henri turned to the boy and sent him off with a rapid order. Then: "May I come in?" he said.

Sara Lee cast an uneasy glance over the room. It was extremely tidy, and unmistakably it was a bedroom. But though her color rose she asked him in. After all, what did it matter? To have refused would have looked priggish, she said to herself. And as a matter of fact one of the early lessons she learned in France was learned that morning—that though convention had had to go, men who were gentlemen ignored its passing.

Henri came in and stood by the center table.

"Now, please tell me," he said. "I have been most uneasy. On the quay last night you looked—frightened."

"I was awfully frightened. Nothing happened. I even slept."

"You were very brave."

"I was very seasick."

"I am sorry."

Henri took a turn up and down the room.

"But," said Sara Lee slowly, "I—I—can't be on your hands, you know. You must have many things to do. If you are going to have to order my meals and all that, I'm going to be a dreadful burden."

"But you will learn very quickly."

"I'm stupid about languages."

Henri dismissed that with a gesture. She could not, he felt, be stupid about anything. He went to the window and looked out. The destroyers were still coaling, and a small cargo was being taken off the boat at the quay. The rain was over, and in the early sunlight an officer in blue tunic, red breeches and black cavalry boots was taking the air, his head bent over his chest. Not a detail of the scene escaped him.

"I have agreed to find the right place for you," he said thoughtfully. "There is one, but I think ——" He hesitated. "I do not wish to place you again in danger."

"You mean that it is near the Front?"

"Very near, mademoiselle."

"But I should be rather near, to be useful."

"Perhaps, for your work. But what of you? These brutes—they shell far and wide. One can never be sure."

He paused and surveyed her whimsically.

"Who allowed you to come, alone, like this?" he demanded. "Is there no one who objected?"

Sara Lee glanced down at her ring.

"The man I am going to marry. He is very angry."

Henri looked at her, and followed her eyes to Harvey's ring. He said nothing, however, but he went over and gave the bell cord a violent jerk.

"You must have food quickly," he said in a rather flat voice. "You are looking tired and pale."

A sense of unreality was growing on Sara Lee. That she should be alone in France with a man she had never seen seventy-two hours before; that she knew nothing whatever about that man; that, for the present at least, she was utterly and absolutely dependent on him, even for the food she ate—it was all of a piece with the night's voyage and the little room at the Savoy. And it was none of it real.

When the breakfast tray came Henri was again at the window and silent. And Sara Lee saw that it was laid for two. She was a little startled, but the businesslike way in which the young officer drew up two chairs and held one out for her made protest seem absurd. And the flat-faced boy, who waited, looked unshocked and uninterested.

It was not until she had had some coffee that Henri followed up his line of thought.

"So—the fiancé did not approve? It is not difficult to understand. There is always danger, for there are German aëroplanes even in remote places. And you are very young. You still wish to establish yourself, mademoiselle?"

"Of course!"

"Would it be a comfort to cable your safe arrival in France to the fiancé?" When he saw her face he smiled. And if it was rather a heroic smile it was none the less friendly. "I see. What shall I say? Or will you write it?"

So Sara Lee, vastly cheered by two cups of coffee, an egg, and a very considerable portion of bread and butter, wrote her cable. It was to be brief, for cables cost money. It said, "Safe. Well. Love." And Henri who seemed to have strange and omnibus powers, sent it almost immediately. Total cost, as reported to Sara Lee, two francs. He took the money she offered him gravely.

"We shall cable quite often," he said. "He will be anxious. And I think he has a right to know."

The "we" was entirely unconscious.

"And now," he said, when he had gravely allowed Sara Lee to pay her half of the breakfast, "we must arrange to get you out of Calais. And that, mademoiselle, may take time."

It took time. Sara Lee, growing accustomed now to little rooms entirely filled with men and typewriters, went from one office to another, walking along the narrow pavements with Henri, through streets filled with soldiers. Once they drew aside to let pass a procession of Belgian refugees, those who had held to their village homes until bombardment had destroyed them—stout peasant women in short skirts and with huge bundles, old men, a few young ones, many children. The terror of the early flight was not theirs, but there was in all of them a sort of sodden hopelessness that cut Sara Lee to the heart. In an irregular column they walked along, staring ahead but seeing nothing. Even the children looked old and tired.

Sara Lee's eyes filled with tears.

"My people," said Henri. "Simple country folk, and going to England, where they will grieve for the things that are gone—their fields and their sons. The old ones will die, quickly, of homesickness. It is difficult to transplant an old tree."

The formalities seemed to offer certain difficulties. Henri, who liked to do things quickly and like a prince, flushed with irritation. He drew himself up rather haughtily in reply to one question, and glanced uneasily at the girl. But it was all as intelligible as Sanskrit to her.

It was only after a whispered sentence to the man at the head of the table that the paper was finally signed.

As they went down to the street together Sara Lee made a little protest.

"But I simply must not take all your time," she said, looking up anxiously. "I begin to realize how foolhardy the whole thing is. I meant well, but—it is you who are doing everything; not I."

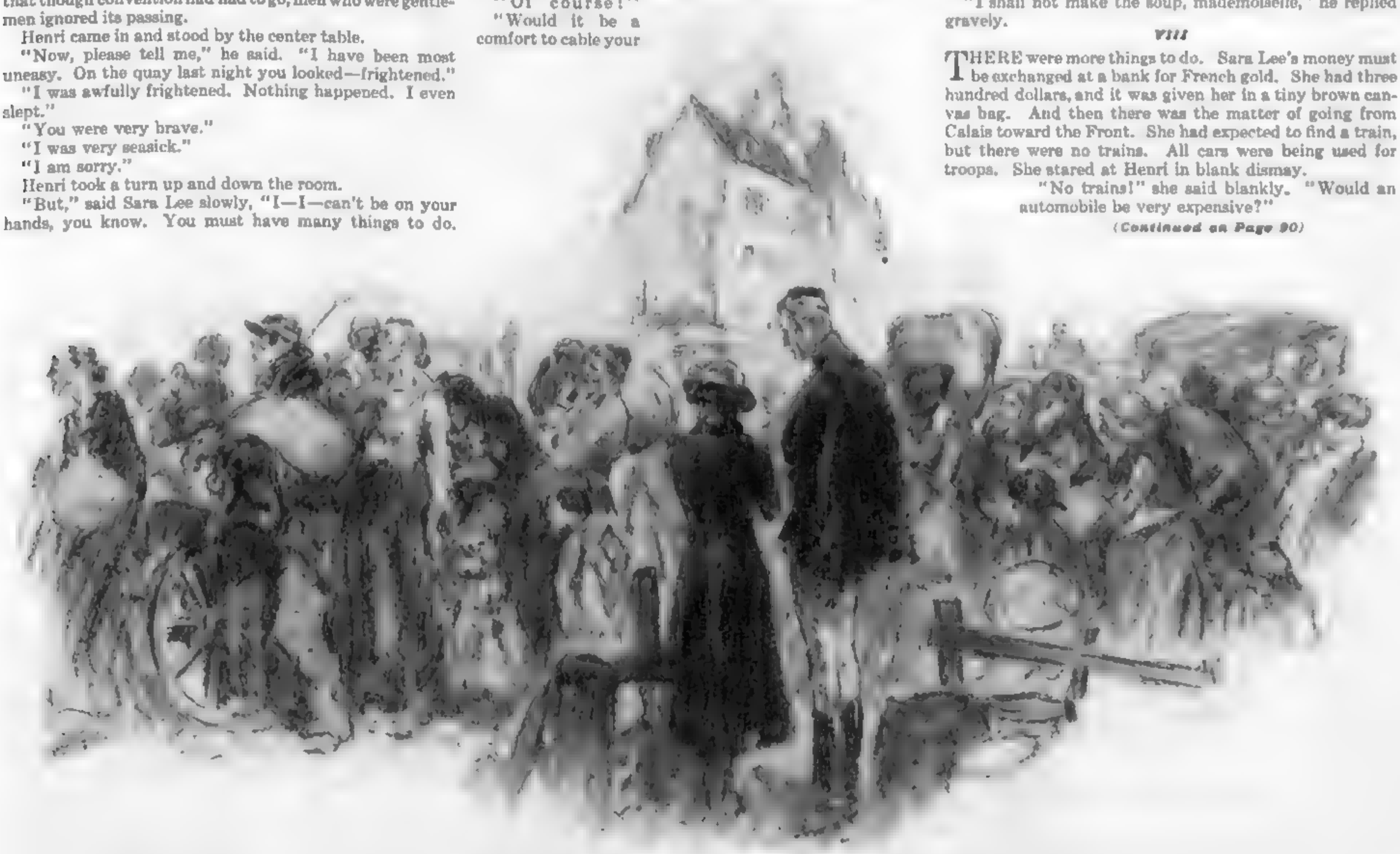
"I shall not make the soup, mademoiselle," he replied gravely.

VIII

THERE were more things to do. Sara Lee's money must be exchanged at a bank for French gold. She had three hundred dollars, and it was given her in a tiny brown canvas bag. And then there was the matter of going from Calais toward the Front. She had expected to find a train, but there were no trains. All cars were being used for troops. She stared at Henri in blank dismay.

"No trains!" she said blankly. "Would an automobile be very expensive?"

(Continued on Page 90)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 2, 1918

Notice to Subscribers

IF YOUR COPY does not arrive promptly on Thursday do not assume that it has been lost in transit. With the terribly congested condition of the railroads at this time delays to the mail trains are inevitable. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands. For the same reason newsdealers' supplies may also at times be late.

A Strange Exception

EVER since the United States declared war we have heard a great cry for teamwork. We must coördinate, unify, synthetize, pull together.

The railroads must unify. We cannot have them operating separately, each with a first view to its own needs or to local and sectional needs. They must become the consolidated railroad system of the United States. The Government must have full control of food, coal, iron, steel, copper—so that all those basic necessities of life may be used with an eye single to the whole needs of the nation, all merely local and sectional needs being strictly subordinated to the national point of view.

Everything must yield to a national aim. It is the United States that is talking, not any separate items or pieces of it. There must be no separate items and pieces. The country must be one.

So everybody says. But there is one very important exception. The exception is nothing less than the printed sheets of information and opinion which, far more than any other agency, form the nation's thinking and feeling.

They must cease being national and become local and sectional. The national press must cut itself up and divide itself off into a regional press—for no economic reason and for no sound reason of revenue, but solely to suit the singular preposessions of a very few sectional-minded gentlemen with many prejudices who happened to be in a position to dictate the postal section of the War Revenue Bill when it was in the critical stage of conference.

That is the exception. We must act, think and feel nationally; but we must not have any national circulation of news and opinion; that must be sectional.

This is the strangest exception, probably, that snap judgment ever made in the world.

Coals to Newcastle

WE PRODUCE not very far short of as much coal as all the rest of the world put together. Our mines could easily produce much more. Last January England had to send coal to New York Harbor to fill the bunkers of ships that were waiting there to sail but could get no fuel, though they had lain for days within a few hours' haul of the world's greatest mines.

Organization is one answer to the interrogation point which that fact naturally raises; but labor is an even bigger answer.

There is no doubt that though several million young men—the physical flower of the nation's labor supply—are in the armies, more people are at work in England to-day than ever before. They are working too; not striking or drifting in shoals from one factory to another. Latest accounts indicate that considerably more than five million women are engaged in industry. Though military critics speak of France as being bled white, some figures that recently came to hand show decidedly more hands industrially employed than in 1914. "Bled white" France, you remember, is making the ordnance and ammunition for our troops.

Our labor power is no doubt expanding. A recent statement puts the number of American women engaged in industries that contribute directly or indirectly to the war at a million and a quarter—the larger part in needle trades, weaving and preserving food. At the same time much labor power is wasted—through the senseless drifting from plant to plant, through voluntary laying-off and through disputes. Just now the newspapers and newspaper distributors of New York have been indulging in a squabble over ten cents or so on the price of a hundred papers—of slight importance industrially, yet very significant of a disposition on both sides to fight out private differences quite as though the country were at peace.

Red Cross and Government

"WHY doesn't the Government do it?" is a question you sometimes hear concerning the work of the American Red Cross.

The answer is: "Because the Red Cross can do it much better than the Government could."

It can do it more cheaply. A large part of the personal services for the Red Cross are performed by unpaid volunteers. Chairman Davison recently declared that ten million people were working for the Red Cross without pay.

The Red Cross is a much more flexible agency than the Government can be. It had no real organization in Italy when the Italian armies were suddenly dislodged and driven back to the Piave last fall. Some thousands of families in the evacuated territory fled from their homes. A hurried summons brought the European chief of the American Red Cross to the scene with aids. Immediately the Red Cross was picking up children who had been separated from their mothers, getting helpless families under shelter, providing food. Three million dollars was spent to meet that unforeseen need.

The Red Cross can work in a way that would be fairly impossible for a government. For example, every officer and agent of the French Government will gladly assist the Red Cross to find and help a mutilated French soldier or a destitute French family. The French Government might have some qualms about accepting charity from the American Government. No question of national pride or of politics comes up when the Red Cross is concerned. Everywhere it is received without reservation as a friend.

The American public subscribed a hundred million dollars to the Red Cross last summer. Our Government might easily have appropriated that sum for the work. It would have been lost in the mass of war appropriations and meant nothing in particular to anybody. It would have been merely so much impersonal, cold-storage money. As one-half of one per cent of the Government's total war appropriations it would have looked meager and lifeless. Freely subscribed by the people the money is warm with human sympathy. France, Italy, Poland see it not as a bookkeeping entry made by a machine called the Government of the United States but as the generosity of fellow creatures. It palpably means that to us also. The Red Cross can do it much better than the Government could.

The Price of Bonds

THE second Liberty Loan, you remember, amounted to thirty-eight hundred million dollars, all taken and paid for at par. In three months about seventy-five million dollars of these bonds were sold on the New York Stock Exchange, and the price declined four per cent, at which price an investment in the bonds would yield about four and a quarter per cent interest, as against four per cent to the original subscriber.

In making a second loan the Government may ignore this market discount—made by sales amounting to less than one-fiftieth of the issue. It can offset the market discount by agreeing to redeem the bonds when they mature at a premium of five per cent or so; or by offering further tax exemptions; or by raising the interest rate.

In any view, the fact that the bonds sell slightly below par is a small matter. It shows that the best four per cent security in the world is not quite strong enough to support itself under present conditions. Few people who had studied investment conditions thought it would be. The same motive that induced people to subscribe to a four per cent bond when they doubted that it would sell at par would induce them to subscribe again. Probably it would be sound policy for the Government to meet the market condition squarely in one of the ways mentioned above, but that is for the Government to decide.

It is idle to talk of forbidding sales below par, for that would seriously impair the negotiability of the bonds. Here and there somebody finds he has more bonds than he can well carry; or a need for money arises. As more people have wanted to sell than to buy, the price has declined somewhat. In any view it is a small matter when measured against the bulk of the war burden. Especially is it a matter that no holder of the bonds, no past subscriber or no prospective subscriber need give himself the least concern about. No one will withhold a subscription over a matter that figures out twenty-five cents a year on each hundred dollars.

Shipping Profits

IN SPITE of eighty per cent war taxes and government commandeering, 1917 was evidently a profitable year for British shipping. A London marine journal reports that seventy representative companies, operating cargo steamers, paid an average dividend of nineteen and a quarter per cent against eighteen and a half per cent in 1916.

But for fourteen years, including the whole war period, dividends have averaged only eight and a half per cent. In one lean four-year period barely three per cent was paid on the capital.

Passenger lines last year paid on the average fourteen per cent; but in the last twelve years they have averaged but little more than eight per cent.

In spite of the war harvest, shipping cannot be regarded as a particularly profitable field. In view of the fourteen-year record and of the deterioration which shipping has admittedly suffered under wartime conditions, eighteen and nineteen per cent the last two years are by no means excessive profits. Except for the pools, agreements and combinations to stabilize rates—which our Government vigorously attacked—it is probable that shipping as a whole would be so little profitable that private capital would not engage in it.

Paying the Debt

ENGLAND and Germany each have a gross war debt of about twenty-five billion dollars. In both countries there is grave talk of paying the debt by a tax on capital. Chancellor Bonar Law has spoken sympathetically of it. Premier Lloyd George is said to be sympathetic.

The argument runs this way: Total wealth of the nation is estimated at a hundred billion dollars; say the net debt is twenty billions; a tax of twenty per cent on all property would pay it; appraise everyone's estate just as though you were levying an inheritance tax against it; assess it twenty per cent.

At first glance it looks simple. But very few citizens have one-fifth of their belongings on hand in cash. In order to raise a sum equal to one-fifth of their belongings almost all of them would have to sell something or borrow the money. If every citizen were trying to sell a fifth of his property at the same time who could buy? Or who could lend so enormous a sum when everybody wanted to borrow?

To meet this obvious difficulty it is proposed to collect the tax in installments, spreading it over a number of years. But in that case it becomes substantially just an income tax. If a citizen sold a fifth of his property it would mean the loss of a fifth of his income. Why should he not just hand a fifth of his income over to the government to pay interest and sinking fund of the national debt, thereby saving all the incredible bother and expense of assessing the capital tax? If he borrowed a sum equal to a fifth of his property he would have to pay so much interest to the lender. Why not pay an amount equivalent to that interest as income tax?

In fine, when it comes to working out the details of this rosy scheme it will be found that the practicable way is to compound it into an income tax, from the proceeds of which the government can pay interest on the national debt and set aside a sinking fund.

Of course the real advocates of the capital tax by no means propose to make a twenty per cent levy on all capital. They would exempt small property owners, tax fortunes of ten thousand to a hundred thousand dollars at about five per cent, and levy steeply graded rates from there up to the larger fortunes.

There will be a vigorous gunning for large fortunes. For some time, anywhere in Western Europe or the United States, a man with a million dollars may expect to be as nervous as the game in Northern Michigan during the brief open season when there are five hunters for every deer. Instead of merely lopping off the limbs and hacking up the trunk the Bolsheviki propose to destroy private capital, root and branch. At least there is courage and imagination in that.

The Overflowing Melting Pot

WHY THE AMERICANIZATION OF AMERICA MUST BEGIN

By William T. Ellis

THIS is a fire-alarm article. It is being written in Russia for and about America. I am headed out of Russia, but whether I shall ever be able to pass the barriers of fanaticism and fire and rifle and mob rule and transportation breakdown remains to be seen. At the moment I am riding between Kieff and Moscow, on the first train north for days, owing to the fighting that is now going on in Russia's holy city. Kieff railway officials warned me not to risk this journey because of the civil war, which may prevent the train from arriving at its destination; or, worse, which may reach out and clutch it and us in revolution's red grasp. As a pleasant matter of fact this really proves to be the first train upon which I have ridden for months that has not been jammed and crowded in compartments, corridors, platforms, steps, bumpers and roof. There seems to be lacking the usual popular enthusiasm for this trip to Moscow. I possess an undisputed compartment for myself and my interpreter; and so have opportunity to write undisturbed. Therefore, I am taking this occasion to put on paper the deepest conviction that has matured in my mind since I entered Russia at Harbin, five months ago.

Though this message is sensational, it is not hasty or superficial. It is no casual second-hand impression transmitted from professional and interested Russian "leaders" at Petrograd. What I have to say is right from the raw of Russia. The reek of odorous peasants and soldiers is upon it. Into its composition have gone the smoke of many camp fires and the dust of hundreds of miles of weary roads over mountains and steppes; and the bone soreness of sleeping upon decks and couchless trains and mother earth; and the confluence of countless conferences with Russians of high and low degree; and the atmosphere of far Tartary and of the strange peoples of the Caucasus, of the Caspian basin, of the fat fields of the Don and of beautiful Bessarabia. My message has been wrought out in the rare atmosphere of many mountains, Ararat chief among them; and amid the romantic ruins of the oldest civilizations and in association with peoples, such as the Kurds, who have defied civilization's taming hand for centuries. It echoes the heart cries of officers in the presence of near assassination, and the lament of myriads of soldiers weary of war. Princes and aristocrats, professors and students, business men and farmers, and the officials, high and low, of many places have helped build up these clear conclusions. If I could reproduce all the elements that have contributed to the shaping of this word the reader would hear the shameful whine of a people's self-pity; the rumble of a mob bent on blood; the crack of rifles in the hands of workmen; the shrill cries of oriental controversy—for now I know that one does not have to scratch the Russian to find the Tartar. Russia is predominantly Oriental.

Self-Government Means Nothing to the Men Who Have Driven Kerensky and Other Real Leaders of Russian Freedom Into Hiding

Democracy With a Vengeance

WHAT America needs to understand about this great land of to-morrow—for nothing has been able to shake my faith in the future of Russia—is that her nebulous sentimentality, her present repudiation of the ancient and tested integrities and her ingrained anarchy have produced not a new and a better social order but a condition of chaos and misery in which nobody has been made happier or more comfortable or more noble. As it has worked out before my eyes this interpretation of socialism in terms of classism has been the most unsocial exhibition modern history has witnessed. As I visualize my fellow countrymen from this far-distant point of vantage—and America is farther away from mid-Russia in comprehension than she is in miles—I can see warm-hearted sentimentalists glowing over the new order that has come to the world through recent history here. I can even name some of the professors and writers who will be foremost in espousing Bolshevikism.

Alas, the new order is disorder; the new socialism is unsocial and selfish; the new liberty has been interpreted as license; freedom has meant repudiation and recklessness; and Russia has entered upon a reign of terror that will test the constancy and courage of every friend of this storm-tossed people. Be one ever so tolerant, he is obliged to recognize the fact of a new intolerance rising here that is in certain particulars worse than czarism. Neocracy is reproducing the evils of autocracy. Unproved radicalism is demanding that its uttermost theories be accepted, though untried, as the rule of life by all classes of people, and even by other nations.

A few days ago I left Rumania, where extremists among the Russians are insisting, and with threats, that Bolshevikism shall be accepted by this high-hearted and dauntless people. This is democracy and self-determination of government with a vengeance.

If Russians are to impose their undigested conceptions of popular rule upon little Rumania simply by the might of numbers and force, then it is logical to expect them to attempt the same thing for America as soon as they can. Self-government means nothing to these men who have driven the real leaders of Russian freedom into hiding and have put them into prison, and who frankly preach class hatred and despoliation. If they had maliciously set out to discredit popular government in the world they could scarcely have pursued a more effective course. Every conceivable failure of government has followed the assumption of authority by the Bolsheviks. Yet this has been in logical sequence to previous failures of the Kerensky government and of the autocracy.

Now it is only reasonable that we look sharply but calmly at the meaning of all this as it affects America. Despite the vague platitudes about internationalism that have been echoing throughout this part of the world it still remains true that the welfare of mankind in the mass will surely not be promoted by the emasculation of America or of any other nation. To the plain man, the average American, who though he lacks academic degrees is "rich in saving common-sense," it seems entirely clear that the whole is made stronger by strengthening the parts. Successful organization of government anywhere promotes similar success everywhere. It is an easily provable proposition that America is the most potent of all nations to-day in influence upon the ideals and hopes of humanity, simply because she has steadfastly worked out for herself the experiment of democracy. To supplant Americanism, with its forward-looking, brotherly and idealistic spirit, by any such inchoate internationalism as is making a wreck of Russia would be to do an immeasurable and irremediable wrong to all the sons of men, living and yet to be born. My own painful peregrinations about this strange land have made this truth luminous to me: America must be saved from the new mood that masters the people whom I see thronging every railway station on the present journey, for the two forces making the world unsafe for democracy are Prussianism and Russianism. Our precious heritage must not be ground between these upper and nether millstones.

The Liberty Trade-Mark

RUSSIANS are not unfriendly to America. On the contrary, what I have written does not imply in any wise a hostile design toward the great republic across the Pacific. Russia desires to realize for herself the type of life that the people of the United States have achieved Despite the anti-American propaganda of those who have since come to the top as Bolshevik leaders, the Russian people hold fast to their traditional friendliness for the nation which has always given them most of sympathy and support. This spirit is too deeply ingrained to be affected by any temporary agitation. Wherever I have gone, on the most crowded trains and boats or in the great cities and far-off towns and villages, I have seen the eyes of peasant and bourgeois brighten at the word "Americanski." No spot that I have visited, howsoever distant from the main-traveled roads, has been too remote to exhibit this same friendliness for America. Whenever beset by language difficulties the single word Americanski was sufficient explanation to insure good will and coöperation. No matter what the congestion of travel, place was always made, by officials and by crowds, for the man wearing the Stars-and-Stripes button on the lapel of his coat. Britain, France, Germany or Scandinavia has no such hold upon the popular imagination of Russia. Admiration, whole-hearted and undiscriminating, is our unique portion here. One reason why I go forward undismayed on this journey to bloody, battling Moscow is that I am certain of friendly treatment from whatever group or class I may run into. Even the returned Bolsheviks from the United States, my experience has shown, have lost the edge of their bitterness against "capitalistic" America, and are proud to assert their tie with us. More than once they have accosted me on the streets, hungry for talk of the land whose worth they better perceive now than ever before.

Unfortunately, the average Russian thinks that *svoboda*, or "liberty," as it is expounded to him by radical agitators, is synonymous with Americanism. Like the Chinese peasant who buys goods by their "chop," or trade-mark, the Russian is ready to swallow anything that bears the label *svoboda*. He cannot distinguish between freedom and Bolshevikism. The blessings of self-government and equality have been denied to him in the past; in his ignorance all new theories look alike, the tried and the untried. He asks only that they bear the *svoboda* trade-mark. Confiscation of land and industry and banks and press, without compensation or processes of law, is scarcely more of an innovation to him than the right of free assembly and free speech. Indeed, the former is more logical to his simple mental processes, because he is naturally more sensitive at those points where he has been most oppressed, and the land question has been the sorest burden upon this nation of agriculturists. Totally unused to the restraints and obligations of self-government, and dazzled to the point of blindness by the light of liberty in which he finds himself, the average Russian is quite unable to discriminate

between what is real and practicable and tested democracy and what is only the harebrained speculation of ill-balanced radicals. Can we be surprised that he is easily misled? His old leadership and landmarks of Czar and Church having gone, he is ready to follow the first *ignis fatuus* that catches his eye. All the while he fondly believes that he is traveling the way of the great Western democracy.

One evidence of this, the commonest of all, is the outspoken desire of Russians to go to America. Every traveler or resident American and every consul can substantiate this report. I personally have been asked by literally hundreds of Russians, from princes to peasants, to help them get to America. Doubtless I could sell my passport for a million rubles to a wealthy Russian resembling me. That gracious general, for instance, who hospitably shared his cabin with me on a Dnieper River steamer, was shrewdly insinuating, as he both pointed out his likeness to me and the fact that I could easily get another passport. The prevalence of this desire to seek in America the realization of life's best, humbles an American, who, perchance, has not fully prized his privileges. Our country is regarded as the Promised Land. The depth of the desire to go to America and the tendency to gauge all things by what is deemed the American standard are a revelation to the traveler. Even when, as often, it would seem nobler to want to stay by Russia and help her out of her dire lot, the spectacle of hearts hungry for our homeland is a moving one.

Especially among military officers and members of the "intelligentia" did I find this. Uncounted times officers of high and low degree, from generals to sublieutenants, have taken me aside to inquire how they might get to America. I recall one resolute Russian-Pole, a physician at a Persian military base, who would not take my assurances that the way is not open, and who insisted upon giving me his address, that I might make a way when I got to Petrograd. A strange and welcome report has spread, swift as the sunshine, among the Russian military men that the United States is asking for the help of Russian officers in training its new army; and apparently every man with a commission whom I met wanted to be among the chosen. At the far Garmush Front, looking out on Bitlis and Mush, the entire staff of one regiment was out to welcome the expected two Americans, in the hope that they had come to enroll officers for American service. Notably the officers who spoke English, be it ever so slightly, could not be convinced that they are not indispensable to the new American Army. As for members of the aristocracy—well, I could take home with me, if the frontiers were open, enough princes to furnish a season's sensation for every social center in the United States. The charming young prince in the compartment next to me at the present moment—whose manners are so exquisite and whose English is perfect, and who swears so prettily at the "damn swine" who now rule Russia, and who is so sure that the people will soon restore the Czar—what a catch he would be voted by society!

Why Our Gates Must be Shut

NO DESIGNING mamma will ever get a chance at him by my help. He is typical of his class. Not a word has he uttered about trying to help his poor, blundering, bewildered nation. He curses the revolutionists and prays for the restoration of czardom, and meanwhile is looking out only and always for himself. When I intimated my surprise that no member of the old aristocracy, who owe all to the autocracy, had tried to effect the rescue of Czar Nicholas and his family, whom the radicals will very likely kill, he assumed the attitude of a monkey on a stick and cried "Impossible!" I have grown just as weary of that word "impossible" from the lips of English-speaking intelligentia in Russia as I have of the translations of the word "tired" from the mouth of "Tavarish," the soldier. A more futile group of human beings than these same educated "leaders" of Russia I have never met; no wonder a few peasants and workmen with rifles have been able to rout them at every turn.

Aside from the loyalty of the masses to a social dream which they dimly visualize there seems to be no spirit of fidelity in Russia. Princes and dukes and rich proprietors are not loyal to the Czar or the old order to the extent of running risks. Nor are they faithful to Russia, the nation. I cannot find that they have any effective devotion to the class or group of which they are a part. In this respect the peasants and workmen are nobler, for they will fight for their class, even when they are in the act of turning their backs upon their country's foes. One is rather dazed by this individualism of Russia, so manifest from top to bottom. Large allegiances seem lacking. The spirit of obligation to the nation or to the world or even to a neighborhood is a negligible quantity. So far as personal experience goes I can only say that I have never met a Russian who displays any regret over his country's betrayal of the Allies by the collapse on the Eastern Front. As for realizing that this present mess in Russia is the severest blow ever delivered to socialism and self-government, these people simply have not the kind of mind which fearlessly faces facts, in all their implications and relationships. They prefer a dear delusion to an unpleasant reality. They grow delirious over shibboleths, but such matter-of-fact realities as death for myriads of their Allies and the prolongation of the war by Russia's recreancy leave them stone cold.

Have I been long in coming to the conclusion which is my message to America? Perhaps it is pardonable in one who is amid the roar of revolution, with illustrations in every direction before his eyes, that he should prolong his portrayal of conditions. America must have the facts before she can understand the conclusion; and I am a newspaper man, with no alliances or theories or fads to support, writing the thing as I see it. Surely the actualities already set forth have shouted aloud my first great conviction concerning Russia and America, which is that our gates must be shut after the war.

Our country is facing such an inrush of foreigners, especially of Russians, as is beyond our experience or our imagination. High and low are seeking to flee from problems and poverty. They want only to escape. This I have read in their present condition, so that to reach this conclusion I have not needed the countless personal appeals for assistance in getting to America that have been made to me. To these people the other name for America is Opportunity; and they want to make a fresh start. They are not thinking of what they may take to America but only of what they may get out of it. Russia is too formidable for them; therefore they will flee to America, where there are safety and comfort and prosperity. Some, it is true, have inquired whether America will be willing to receive them, after the way their country has been behaving. Most, however, regard us only as the land of the open gates.

Frankly, and as forcefully as is possible to my pen, I declare the conviction that we cannot stand this addition to our population. Our national digestion is already taxed to capacity. Despite the wrench to all one's previous ideas that the door of America should never be closed to any seeker after new life, the grim actuality compels the conclusion that self-preservation is America's first and highest duty to world-wide democracy. If America means to the world what some of us have clearly perceived, then our most sacred obligation is to conserve the American type for the American mission. Of what service will it be to the world if we sacrifice our national identity and character, and so lose our power to bear our unique part among the nations? Are there not such realities as eternal sanctities, like loyalty to God, to country, to home? An America, imbued with the Russian spirit, would not be the America that is now staking her very life upon the service of democracy and humanity. To Russianize America would be only to multiply mankind's misery.

America's gates must be shut. We do not need population so much as we need assimilation. Our late experiences with alien residents, as vague reports have brought the news to this remote part of the world, are surely sufficient warning that our national digestion has been overtaxed. It would be disloyalty to our fathers and to our children to admit now a mass of Russian-minded immigrants. When I write of exclusion I mean all classes of Russians—the private-yacht, titled, first-class aristocracy, that New York and Newport would delight to take up, as well as the unwashed Bolsheviks. The footless, handless, headless intelligentia, whose futility is more of a marvel than the unrained savagery of the workmen and soldiers, are quite as unwelcome as the ignorant peasants. We do not want to breed a generation of Americans from such self-centered, spineless, theorizing, morbid, law-defying, soul-pawing stock as has permitted the collapse of Russia. Our sacred duty to safeguard the American strain requires us to shut the gates against both Russia and Prussia.

The Poisoning of American Thought

IN THE long stretches of travel in Russia, on jolting freight wagons and Red Cross carts, on horseback and in bumpy automobiles and carriages, in crowded trains and lightless caravansaries and tents and army huts, one has time to think detachedly, when he can do nothing else; and thus I have recalled, by accumulated memories, how America has been toying with what may be termed the Russian spirit. Led, one is amazed to recall, chiefly by Russians, we have developed a large group of unconventional thinkers and agitators, who call themselves progressives. These people have scoffed at the conventional in art and drama and music and morals. They have given an erotic cast to much contemporary literature. Victorian morals have been laughed at, and free love has been extolled. Domesticity is absurdly *passé* in the minds of these "liberal" and "emancipated" folk; and nothing is good that is not new. The Pilgrim Fathers were bigots and narrow-minded fools; to have been an American for a century is discreditable. Our democracy is a farce and a failure, and we are in the grip of a foul-hearted capitalistic class. The I. W. W. are noble souls, pioneers of the new order of proletariat rule—such as Russia is now experiencing before my eyes!

This poison has pervaded many walks of life. Our higher institutions of learning are badly tainted with it; but the public-school teacher, thank God, has kept her balance and still believes in virtue, patriotism and the genuineness of the American democracy. The daily-newspaper press has been wholesome and has kept its head well screwed onto its shoulders. The pulpit, as a whole, has either been silent or else has followed the new fads, in the belief that this is the "liberal" and "broad-minded" thing to do. When one recalls how nearly a few cranks in New York came to sweeping the American churches into pacifism one is not willing to augment the number of ill-balanced radicals in the land, who put a vague and ineffective internationalism above the strong, proved principle of the patriotism of a nation of good will to the world. The Bible idea is service of all mankind through a "chosen people."

So my first message, cried across the wailing wilderness of this poor, suffering, groping Russia, trying to light her way forward by the actual fires of bloody revolution, which burn from Petrograd to Irkutsk, from Tashkend to Odessa, is that America should shut her gates and save the national type. Further absorption at the present time would denature America. We must be strong in order to serve. Sacrifice of identity is a poor way to improve the race. Nations, like individuals, must be before they can do. Had this benighted land of Russia possessed a few more real personalities she would have been saved from her present predicament. What the race needs at the present hour is not less individuality but more, both among men and nations.

Over and over again I hope to repeat, in print and on the platform, if ever I get back to America, that Americanism is the best internationalism. To imperil the integrity of the structure of the American state would be the greatest calamity that could befall the world. What would have come to pass in these later

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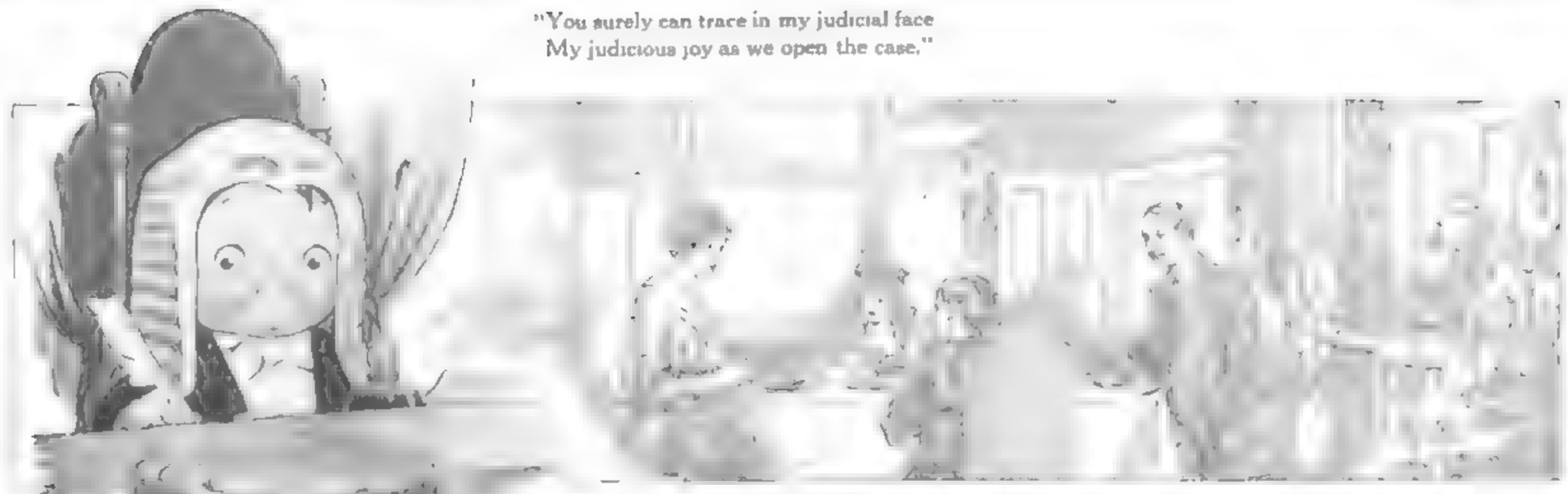
As Troops Travel in Russia in Midwinter



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Pea
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Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A New Hand at the Throttle

By Edward Hungerford

IT WAS in the dour morning of a particularly bleak and cloudy day, very early last January. Commuters were pouring through the great railroad terminals that line the Jersey City shore of the Hudson River, just across from the city of New York. It was in one of the gloomiest of these places; never more so than this winter's morn, with trains cold and crowded and much delayed, with tempers rasped beyond the point of mere irritation. One of the most delayed of the suburban trains had halted at the train shed. The last of its long trail of coaches stood well beyond the station platforms. Down from the steps of the last car a file of shivering mortals descended and picked their way across the bare and icy ground toward the end of the platform. Suddenly a man in a long ulster toward the end of the file stopped short. The others roundabout him stopped, too, for the man in the ulster was pointing.

Out of the gray mist and fog a locomotive slowly advanced—a shadowy thing, which at first glance looked as if it might almost be made of the mist itself. It was a big locomotive and it was a new locomotive—an astonishing thing. No; no wraith of an engine, but new and real—a taut, trim, modern engine, and so standing out against the motive power of the commuters' road, which, after three years of fearful toil, without time for adequate repairs, was close to the breaking point.

This locomotive was clean and fresh and ready for work. And upon its tender, instead of the road's familiar name, three mystic initials.

The man in the ulster picked them out aloud. "U—S—A," he read slowly, then added with a half grin. "Uncle Sam's on the job."

And so he was. The new engine—not a whale of a freight-puller, as our American locomotives go, but taut and trim nevertheless, was one of a fleet of several hundred, built for use upon the overburdened railways of France, but temporarily released for emergency service upon the overburdened railroads of the northeastern corner of the United States. And the papers that the commuters held tightly within their fingers were still telling of the railroad transformation—how, almost in the passing of a single day, the Government had reached out its long, all-powerful arm, had exercised its legal prerogative in time of war and had seized its transportation service.

For thirty days the situation had been growing worse. In the districts roundabout Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and New York it had become intolerable. Take industries in these manufacturing districts and consider them multiplied tenfold; their influx of fuel and raw material increased in like proportion; and so with their output. Add these industries one to another and see them in units of tens of dozens of trains, of hundreds and thousands of coal cars and flat cars and box cars. And, on the other hand, see all of these poured upon railroads that have been steadily growing weaker for the last ten or a dozen years—more rapidly weakened, however, in the past four months than in the three years that preceded them. Bear in mind their tremendous loss of man power through the draft, consider the gradual wearing down of engines and cars and tracks and terminals toward the breaking point, and wonder not then that we had congestion and much worse east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio.

Uncle Sam to the Rescue

THROUGHOUT the autumn we watched the bending of the rod of the railroad, just as we have watched it bend and then recover again through the two hard winter seasons that have preceded this. It bent farther this winter than ever before, the traffic was so much greater and the facilities with which to meet it so much the weaker. No wonder that freight moved slowly, more slowly, most slowly; and in many cases finally ceased to move at all; that upon the Jersey meadows outside of New York were 30,000 carloads of merchandise that could not be moved up to that port with its ships waiting to carry it overseas. No wonder that coal began coming in driblets to hearthstones that were whining for tons of it; that finally it ceased coming at all for whole days, while great and ordinarily comfortable American cities shivered and watched their death rates mount higher than they had mounted in many a year.

And after all this, the worst December and January that New York and the other sections of the East have known since Centennial Year with the East River so frozen that Henry Ward Beecher and a lot of less eminent folk walked upon the ice from New York to Brooklyn. Zero cold and a broken railroad morale; zero cold and a shattered and a scattered railroad army; zero cold and tracks congested, locomotives worn down and refusing to steam properly. How the rod bent, and might have broken had not Uncle Sam come to the rescue—as he might have come almost any time before and did not—and braced it up.

It did not break. If it had broken, the situation, bad as it was at the end of last December, would have been incredibly worse. For at no time did all the railroad men or all the railroad engines give up. The trains continued to move, even if they were hours and hours and sometimes days late; and as the weather relented the least little bit, coal began dribbling into the cities of the North Atlantic seaboard and was doled out, as we had read of bread and meat being doled out in Berlin all of two years ago. And Berlin then had seemed so far away!

As I write, William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, is arbiter and dictator of the destinies of all the railroads of the United States. He is a six-foot man—but the railroads that he controls stretch for more than 275,000 miles. He is one man, with the fairly modest title of Director General of Railroads, and yet there are 1,750,000 men to-day ready to do his bidding. Still McAdoo, Uncle Sam's human locomotive, is at first sight a fairly flesh-and-blood government official, who sits in a comfortable office for a goodly number of hours each day and meets the tremendous problems as they come to him, and even sees privileged folks for a few minutes in the course of a busy afternoon spared from his desk in the Treasury Department. Suppose you are one of those privileged folks.

"What are your plans?" you say to him, by way of a beginning.

A question seemingly hardly fair to one who so recently has come to what is undoubtedly the second biggest job in all the land. Yet McAdoo does not falter at it.

Mr. McAdoo Confident of Success

"MY PLANS are hardly definite as yet, even though they already are beginning to formulate themselves," he replied easily. "I have not been in this job for a month, and all this time we have been in blizzard weather."

He squares himself firmly before you, then begins:

"If we have no more than normal blizzard weather during the rest of the winter—the weather bureau tells me that the last two weeks of December and the first two of January were the worst in its fifty years of existence—I am confident that we shall not only meet this situation of not merely congestion but actual transportation paralysis, but shall overcome it. Two things will help toward its gradual relief: In the first place, we shall hope to gain a larger use of existing rolling stock rather than by any extravagant expenditures at this time for whole fleets of new cars. Our new demurrage orders will be of great help in this way—in assuring the prompt unloading and release of freight cars, instead of some twenty-five per cent of them being held for storage purposes, as was the case when the Government took hold of the railroads. In other words, we shall narrow our margin of idle equipment and by so narrowing it we shall gain the equivalent of many thousand new freight cars.

"In the second place, we are going to increase, gradually but surely, our motive power. We have the promise of close to 700 locomotives during the first three months of 1918. In January we have been receiving about five a day, but in both February and March we shall do better. I am promised more than 250 brand-new engines for each of these months. These locomotives I now have the right to take and to send to any railroad where I please to send them. It makes no difference about the initials upon their tenders. They will be used where they can be of greatest advantage. These things are going to help—the new engines and the release of the freight-car equipment—blizzards or no blizzards."

"And if they do not help far enough?" you venture to inquire. "If the railroad still continues to bend and to bend deeply under its overload of traffic? What will you do then? Will you begin steadily to embargo nonessentials?"

McAdoo gets the point, and does not dodge it.

"I am frank to say," he begins, "that if we come to a point where the railroads cannot both meet the war needs of the nation and carry nonessentials, we shall drop the nonessentials. But we are going to try to avoid some of the mistakes of the priority plans in the past. We are going to try to be sensible in such an emergency. Let me illustrate: Suppose the Pennsylvania Railroad was asked to carry one hundred carloads of ship plates to a yard somewhere up on the Delaware, and say another hundred carloads of cotton over to New England, perhaps to go into tents for the army. The ship plates and the army cotton would be for government use, and under the old plan would have priority over coal. The coal would go upon sidetracks and the cotton and the ship steel would go forward and ahead of it. But the shipyard and the cotton mill might be out of fuel. What use would steel plates be to a yard without coal to make immediate use of them, or the cotton to a mill whose boilers were cold and whose spindles were stilled?

"We are going to try to keep all our industries running by keeping them supplied with fuel and raw materials, synchronously. And I know that we can succeed in doing it."

That is putting it definitely. McAdoo usually is definite. When the question of the little railroads came up he expressed himself frankly and without reserve. The problems of these roads was indeed a perplexing one. In its sweeping action of the latter part of December the Government had included all of them in its one great federalized system; and within a fortnight it had felt that it did not need to bother with them and so would return them to their owners—a reconsideration that has been regarded by these owners with varying emotions. For as I write, the situation in Congress with regard to the compensation to be allotted to the carriers is confusing, to say the least. It changes each twenty-four hours and has continued changing ever since the Government formally took over the carriers some weeks ago. In England the Government took over the railways as a war measure, arranged their compensation, sent their officers back to their old jobs and completed every bit of the needful enabling legislation—all within forty-eight hours. But in the United States we have not learned as yet that the war problem is separate and distinct from that of our great social economic problem that is forever showing itself in one form or another. And we have mixed the capitalization and labor problems of the railroads in with that of taking them over as an emergency war measure, just as we mixed all sorts of social and economic problems in with the making of an emergency war-revenue tax.

So it is that the owners of the big road and the small one alike do not know to-day quite where they are going to emerge from the present situation—in a financial sense, at least. But the owners of the little roads—and there are many, many hundreds of them—are in the worst fix, because the Government has said quite frankly that it does not want them. It does not consider them in any way essential to its uses and wants; but let us get the words from the director general's own lips:

"I am not going to load up the Government with a lot of little railroads that are not worth their keep," he says; "roads that never have been worth anything and will not be hurt if we do not use them. I am not running an eleemosynary institution for orphan railroads; neither am I going to permit any raids on the United States Treasury for their benefit."

The Plight of New Little Roads

THIS is one of the reasons why an extremely farsighted President chose his Secretary of the Treasury to assume charge over the extremely difficult financial problem of the nationalization of the railroads of the United States. But which, nevertheless, remains cold comfort to the owners of the small roads. The trouble is that many of these—important in their local needs at that—are barely more than terminals. Unable to afford freight-car equipment of their own, they have been furnished cars sufficient for their needs on a rental basis by the big roads with which they connect. Particularly has this been true when they have happened to intersect competing roads, in which case the big line, to which the little fellow fed traffic, made it its business to see that he never lacked for car supply. Now these little roads can whistle for their cars. There no longer is any competitive situation to keep them supplied.

Nor is this all. A considerable number of them are in the fix of a certain new line down in North Georgia, some fifty or sixty miles in length, which had earnings in 1915 of but $60,000; in 1916 of $70,000; but in 1917 of $250,000. In other words, last year the road began to come into its own, to earn a little more than seven per cent on its cost of $3,500,000. But an averaging of the three years' earnings, as proposed when the roads were taken over by the Government, would give it a fixed income of about $125,000 a year, or over three per cent on the investment. And the alternative, which now looks likely, would be that the road would be handed back by the Government, and it not only would have to purchase freight cars but would find its opportunity for development actually and absolutely checked. The outlook for these little roads is not good. Already they are appealing to old Father Congress for aid.

Return to McAdoo. Though his plans may be vague, ask him for a word or two upon the human element in the situation that now confronts him.

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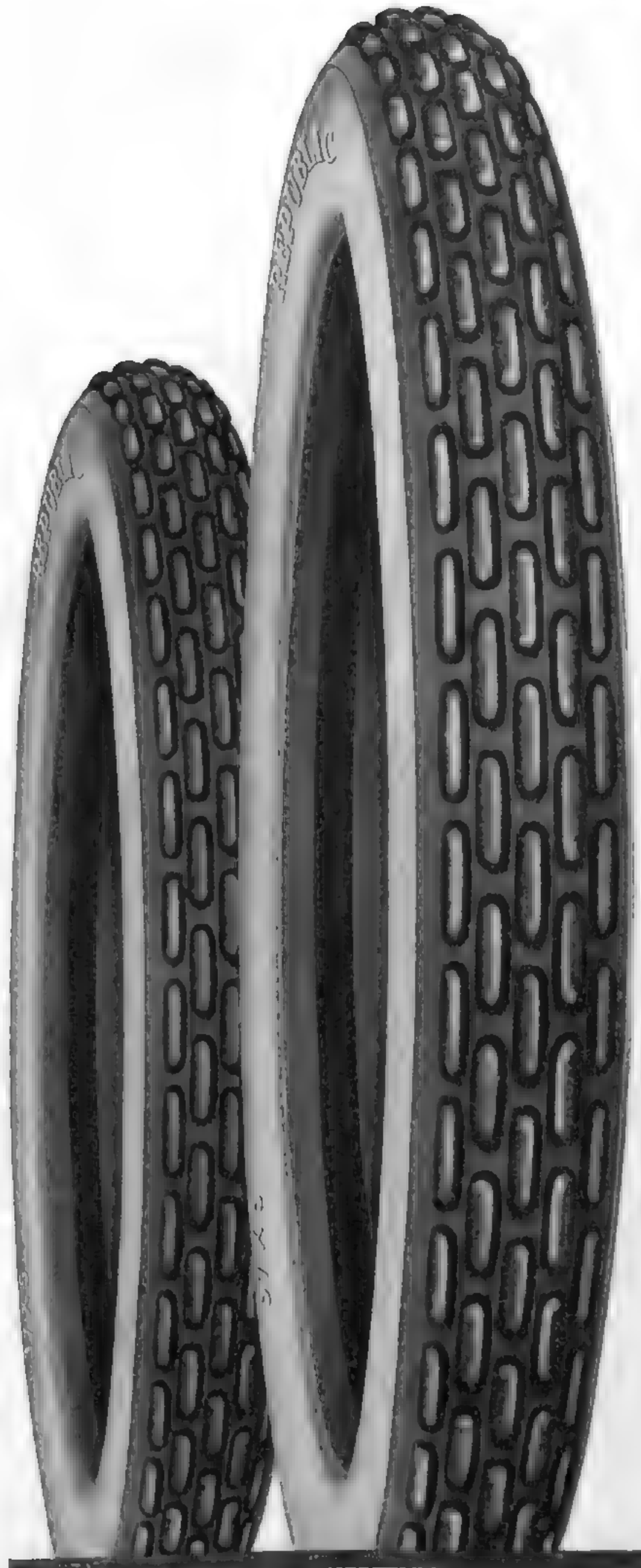

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REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 24)

"At the beginning," he says, "I am going to try to surround myself with the ablest and most experienced railroaders in the country. Before I am done with it I shall want my advisory board a sort of railroad cabinet, so divided as to include a man from each of the great interests already concerned in national rail transportation—one representing operation; another, maintenance and equipment; another, finance; another, traffic; another, public service and accounts; another, law; still another, labor ——"

At this point you halt the new director general. Labor? That has a new sound in railroading. In the past you have heard radicals suggest that a labor representative should sit as a member of the boards of directors of at least the larger roads, but you never expected, yourself, to live to see the day of such a social revolution. Yet here it is, and McAdoo adding:

"I am putting in men of no partisan views—partisan either to capital or to labor. In every case I have tried to select a man not only of great personality and strength but the sort of a man that will inspire confidence. I want men of broad vision."

And the man who dug the great tunnels under the Hudson River when everyone else had pronounced the project as chimerical could hardly stand accused, himself, of any lack of vision. Moreover, McAdoo's selections have in almost every case justified his words. He began by choosing as his right-hand assistant and general adviser Walker D. Hines, an extremely able New York lawyer, who in the forty-eighth year of his life is chairman of the board of the Santa Fé and its general counsel. In the average road the chairmanship of the board of directors is apt to be a sort of sanitarium for retired executives. Not so with the Santa Fé. Its president, E. P. Ripley—the man who was instrumental in bringing it out of bankruptcy and up to one of the greatest single systems in the United States—some years ago was seeking a young man who could represent the road in New York, and represent it with the proper authority. He found such a man in Hines, then barely turned forty, and has not since regretted his choice.

The Santa Fé has much good motive power—human and mechanical. McAdoo has chosen two of this first class—Hines and Edward Chambers, its former vice president in charge of traffic. These men formed the beginning of his advisory cabinet, which as I write is not yet entirely completed. But to them he has added several others already: W. S. Carter, chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Firemen and Enginemen; C. A. Prouty, chief of the Interstate Commerce Commission's Bureau of Valuation and Accounts; John Skelton Williams, comptroller of the currency, who was formerly interested in the management of the Seaboard Air Line; Carl R. Gray, president of the Western Maryland; and Judge John Barton Payne, the last as legal adviser.

Men With National Functions

THE functions of these men are national. In addition to them the new hand at the throttle of the American continental railroad system has begun the choosing of regional directors: A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central, for the extremely congested lines north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi; C. H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, for the lines of the South; and R. H. Aishton, president of the Chicago and Northwestern, for the remaining portions of the country.

Smith was the first of these men to be chosen. He received a telephone request one day late in December to come to Washington, boarded a midnight train and was in McAdoo's office the next day. The director general of railroads notified him that he had been drafted to work out the fearfully congested situation in the Northeast. Without a word of comment Smith turned on his heel, walked to a desk in the corner of the room, and picking up a block of paper began inditing detailed telegraphic instructions to the presidents of the roads in his new jurisdiction as to their part in the great drama of national control, whose opening scene was so close at hand. A little later he returned to New York, and at noon, on the twenty-eighth day of December last—the exact time set by President Wilson for the curtain to rise on government operation of the continental railroad system—stood in his window on an upper floor of the Grand Central Terminal, and looking down at the maze of tracks below him, trains coming, trains going, began the dictation of a short statement as to the history, the size and the strength of the property he headed.

"I want it to go into the record," said Smith. "The opportunity might not come again."

And he turned immediately to the work at hand. There was plenty of it to be done. The great city round about the terminal was on the edge of panic. There was a fuel famine, with no promise of relief. New York at last was paying the penalty of her medieval, not to say archaic, system of distribution. At last the war was very real and very close at hand. They were saying that many of the schools would have to close; that it was a possibility that the theaters would have to shut down each Monday night. New York did not then know that the worst was yet to come!

And all this while 300,000 tons of coal upon the Jersey side of the Hudson River opposite the city, while an ancient lighterage system struggled with ice hardly less thick than that which sufficed for the famous Beecher pilgrimage—of which you read but a moment ago—and could bring less than 30,000 tons of coal a day across the river. Nor was this all—no, not even a reference now to the freight upon the Jersey meadows; know now that the greater part of that accumulated 300,000 tons of coal was in cars and that production at the mines actually was being slowed down by the delay in the return of these cars.

"Open the Pennsylvania tubes to the coal trains!" shrieked the radicals of Manhattan. "Give us fuel trains and food trains instead of Florida Limiteds! Put them through at the rate of 50, 100, 150 a day, if needful!"

Some of these lost their heads. Smith did not lose his. Instead he gave careful heed to the terminal possibilities of the Pennsylvania—the traditional and very real rival of the road he himself headed.

"We shall make a freight use of the tubes," he said quietly, "but it will be a moderate use. I shall limit the length of the trains to thirty-six or thirty-seven cars, which really is no train at all. For I do not want to see one of those fifty-ton battleship coal gondolas jumping the track in a tube which was not designed for it, and so completely block the line. I am going to be in a position to hand the terminal back to the Pennsylvania in quite as good condition as I found it."

The Costly Traffic Jam

THEN he made further explanations. After all, the Pennsylvania tubes thrusting themselves across the island of Manhattan are, even in an emergency, of little or no freight use to it. They are too deep to be of freight service to that heart of metropolitan New York. To Brooklyn, with a population almost equal to that of Manhattan, to Queens Borough and to the Bronx they can be and already are being made of some slight assistance, even though the reaching of the last of these great populous areas is rendered doubly difficult by the fact that the tremendously busy main stems of the New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford must be both intersected and crossed against their flood-tide streams of traffic.

Yet Smith is not the sort given to explaining why things cannot be done. On the contrary, he began at once to do things. He issued immediate embargoes against the shipment into the New York district of anything save food, news-print paper, livestock, perishable freight and freight consigned to the Government. He did more. With a great map of metropolitan New York and its railroad terminals spread before him he began ordering freight concentrated west of Buffalo and Pittsburgh and south of Washington into the trunk lines that variously best serve the great group of cities which constitute the metropolitan district of New York. The Baltimore and Ohio, for instance, has exclusive terminal facilities upon Staten Island, which with its many shipyards and wharves is an important freight-consignment point. In ordinary times, when the situation was dominated by competitive conditions, a carload of freight offered the New York Central at Toledo or Detroit would be carried on its lines to New York and then floated to Staten Island by car ferry. In this noncompetitive war situation—in this hour when the continental railroad system of the United States is being born—such a car would be taken by the New York Central from Toledo or Detroit to the Baltimore and Ohio at some point west of Pittsburgh and by the shortest possible route.

Multiply instances such as these and you begin to see the relief on the tension of freight interchange in the port and railroad center of New York. Consider such a system applying to the New York Central, the only road reaching West to have direct rail terminals in upper Manhattan and the Bronx; to the Pennsylvania, with its direct rails over its Long Island property to Brooklyn and Queens; to the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley, dipping into Bayonne and Constable Hook on the west side of the upper harbor—and you begin to see not only a terminal saving mounting into many, many thousands of dollars each day, but, what is far more important, the first wedge toward breaking through the traffic jam at the chief port of the United States. And what that jam has cost not only New York but the nation, only the future will reveal. For throughout the period of railroad paralysis there, from 100 to 150 ships have rested idle at the docks of New York awaiting coal, so that they might take food and war supplies to our allies and our own forces overseas. And we are woefully short just now of ocean shipping. And this in a war when minutes count and hours are eternities.

Take the New York situation and apply it, in only slightly less degree, to Boston, to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to Newport News and Norfolk—other Atlantic ports as well; add to it all the fearful weather conditions, and you may see the railroad rod bending, bending until it was nearly doubled in its travail. And you may understand why McAdoo, with his ability to go straight to the root of a matter, began within the first few hours after his appointment to bring the coördinative power of the United States Government to his assistance by asking the Navy Department to send a battleship to break the ice in Chesapeake Bay so that merchant vessels might get to and from the busy port of Baltimore. And for the first time in all the dignified history of the United States Navy a battleship actually convoyed coal barges through the placid waters of Chesapeake Bay.

McAdoo has a genius for organization as well as coördination. As soon as he stepped into the office on the ninth floor of the new Interstate Commerce Commission Building that had been hurriedly set aside for the use of the director general of railroads he impressed into service the various working subcommittees of the Railroads War Board, but courteously and promptly dismissed that board itself.

Of the Railroads War Board you probably know already. It comprised some of the best executive talent in the service of our carriers: Fairfax Harrison, of the Southern; Hale Holden, of the Burlington; Julius Kruttschnitt, of the Southern Pacific; Howard Elliott, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford; and Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania; with Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio and E. E. Clark, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as members *ex officio*. This board, which came into active existence at the time of our entrance into the war, was committed to the idea of the single continental railroad in the United States; in fact, that efficient and economical idea had been in the heads of our railroaders for a good many years before the war. Only in those days any steps that they might take toward securing it seemed to bring them afoul of the Federal statutes, particularly the so-called Sherman Law, and in imminent danger of the penitentiary. It is only in the ten months since we became a large part of the war ourselves that many of these first steps could be undertaken; and then it was too late.

Two great things that McAdoo has the war board lacked. The first is the financial backing of the Government. No matter what plans for efficiency they might and did adopt—and that they were effective plans the statistics of their results most clearly show—the railroads lacked the financial resources to go out into a market where rising labor costs and raw-material costs were being reflected directly in tremendously increased costs for locomotives and cars and rails and every what not that goes to the making and maintaining of a railroad. On the contrary, they watched the value of their securities drop as they listened to the demands of their employees for higher wages.

Mr. McAdoo's Centralized Authority

AND then they lacked authority. They could not even compel their own member roads to fall in line and stay in line toward the formation of the single national railroad system. And as for the shipper, they could only go to him on bended knee and beg his coöperation. Now it is the shipper who will genuflect, and, unless I mistake the man greatly, an appeal to McAdoo through the local congressman is going to have but little real weight.

And of all the shippers the Government has been perhaps the worst of all. It is our own beloved Uncle Samuel who is a most obdurate and unreasonable old fellow when he takes it into his head to become a patron of the railroad. If he is a passenger and in gold lace and khaki he may come into the train and demand that it be stopped and started to suit his own convenience. That frequently is done! And as a shipper he was forever letting his boys—Food and Fuel and Ships and a lot of others, too—place priority orders upon their shipments—to the immense complication of the entire railroad situation.

But now that he has these railroads Uncle Sam is undergoing a transformation. At a fell stroke he has abolished priority orders and greatly increased demurrage rates; either of these steps on their part three months ago would have brought the erstwhile voluntary Railroads War Board to the very bar of justice. And a recent order from the War Department renders it absolutely beyond an officer's power to interfere with the running of a train for any purpose whatsoever.

The Railroads War Board began slipping in November. The early winter finished the job. The keen inspectors of the Interstate Commerce Commission at various terminals and division points began filing by telegraph their reports of delayed cars and trains, and the members of that commission, at the suggestion of the President, began framing a bill supplementing the measure of August, 1916, which permitted him to take over the lines in case of a national emergency, and outlining the plans for the step as well as for the protection of the security holders of the properties. The plan was in Mr. Wilson's hands early in December, and he decided that McAdoo—who stood in an impartial and aloof position from all the properties and who had had not only an electric-railroad experience, at least, but remarkable acumen in financial matters—ought to take the job. McAdoo sought to decline it. I honestly believe that he never wanted it. The President insisted. The weather grew more inclement, the railroad rod bent farther than ever before. Then, on the eve of Christmas, something

(Concluded on Page 29)

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$21 AND $25
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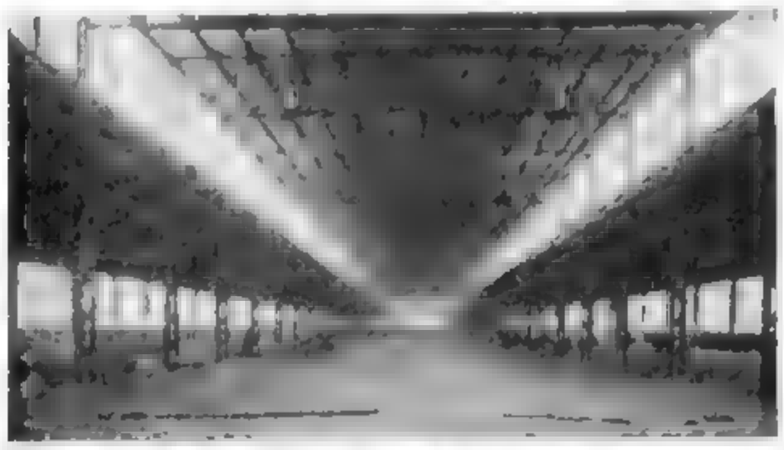
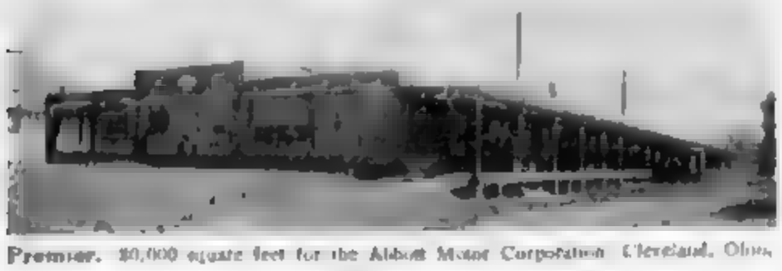
Gibraltar Type. 150,000 square feet for The Standard Parts Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Monitor and Gibraltar Types. American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company, Erie, Pa. Contract received August, 1917—followed by three repeat orders.



Monitor and Gibraltar Types. Interior of American Brake Shoe & Foundry Company shown above. 90,000 square feet of **Monitor** type—opened on 68,000 square feet of **Gibraltar**, showing facility of extension.

Monitor and Bessemer 60. Empire Steel & Iron Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Both types under one roof. Contract received 12th, 22,000 square feet of **Monitor**; right, 34,000 square feet of **Bessemer 60.**



Premier. 80,000 square feet for the Abbott Motor Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio.

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TWENTY-FOUR hours after you order any of our twelve types of **Economy Factory Buildings** our Construction Department will have a field force on your ground. Eight additional departments, each managed by a specialist, and all co-ordinated to maximum efficiency, will be instantly active on your project.

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Our General Building ability is exhibited in many cities by notable examples of our work. The masterpieces of the best architects and engineers are standing testimonials of our resources for handling steel, stone, concrete and other materials to the complete satisfaction of our principals.

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A Few of Our Clients

The Symington Anderson Co.	Rochester, N. Y.
The Standard Oil Co.	Cleveland, O.
The American Brake Shoe & Foundry Co.	Erie, Pa.
The Cleveland Trust Co.	Cleveland
The American Fork & Hoe Co.	Jackson, Mich.
The Union National Bank	Cleveland
The Sparks-Withington Co.	Jackson, Mich.
The Cleveland Museum of Art	Cleveland
The Hess Steel Corporation	Baltimore, Md.
The American Ship Building Co.	Cleveland-Lorain, O.
The Second National Bank	Warren, O.
The Tioga Steel & Iron Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.
The Stillman Theatre	Cleveland
The Willys-Overland Co.	Elyria, O.
The Symington Forge Corporation	Rochester, N. Y.
Defiance Machine Co.	Defiance, O.
Ferro Machine & Fdry. Co.	Cleveland, O.
Bridgeford Machine Tool Wks.	Rochester, N. Y.
The Jordan Motor Co.	Cleveland, O.
W. B. & A. Railroad	Annapolis, Md.

Two new booklets ready—"Building Construction" covers achievements in general work, Banks, Offices, Theatres, Stores, etc.; "Industrial Construction" includes *Economy Factory Buildings* and important industrial work. Either or both free on request.

The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Co.

1959 East 57th St., Cleveland, O.

Building Construction— Industrial Monumental Commercial

(Concluded from Page 26)

happened: A great American railroad stood in the shadow of bankruptcy. Other receiverships were to follow upon its heels. Such a calamity was unthinkable. The die was cast. The White House moved, and moved quickly. McAdoo accepted his new responsibility; and on December 28, 1917, he became director general of more miles of railroad than any one man—even the late E. H. Harriman—had ever dreamed of controlling.

Already we have seen him taking hold of the problem with a pretty firm grasp and understanding of its needs. At one stroke of his pen he abolished the priority orders, and at another he doubled demurrage charges—two vastly important executive steps toward a bettering of the entire railroad situation. The retiring war board of the railroads, confronted by the rapidly increasing conditions of congestion, sent an urgent request to the various roads to reduce their passenger services, and at once—a suggestion which in some cases was acted upon with more enthusiasm than judgment. There was many a division superintendent who finally saw a chance to take a death crack at that unprofitable, unhealthy, money-eating 11:08—or was it the 5:15? In other days a stern state commission had stood as a policeman over him to forbid, in the public interest, cutting off a train which had an average of seventeen passengers. But now—well, the state public-service commissions do not figure very heavily in the present situation. They may devote their energies and their talents for a while quite largely to trolley roads, lighting plants and other fairly local utilities. The Interstate Commerce Commission, on the other hand, is very much in it. It has been the guiding hand of the President in the entire critical situation and to-day stands back of him and McAdoo, and not so very far back at that. For remember, if you please, that even though the commission has grown to man's age and stature and responsibility old Father Congress still loves it as his little fair-haired boy. The influence which it wields at the Capitol is tremendous, and almost invariably very, very good indeed.

Rapid Transit for Big Men

ONE railroad, which has a very large share of the traffic between New York and Washington, asked a few months ago to have its fastest express between the two cities—an almost internationally famous train—made an excess-fare train, like the Merchants' Limited from New York to Boston or the Twentieth Century from New York to Chicago. The commission, on the very eve of McAdoo's accession, refused. The road withdrew the world-famous train, despite the fact that it was running to tremendous capacity, and announced that thereafter all trains between New York and Washington would carry but one parlor car.

Now it happens that this route is of tremendous commercial importance at this time, not alone for the movement of freight but for the movement of men, big and little, in government service as well as in essential private business, back and forth between Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, and the great territory that lies back of all of them. McAdoo saw the need of clean, comfortable, quick transit for these men and ordered the big train back again, even though it has not regained its historic name or quite all of its parlor cars, nor runs at quite so brisk a pace as heretofore. The director general, who believes, as all good, loyal Americans now believe, that useless pleasure travel should be abandoned—particularly in these winter months of coal shortage and rail congestion—also takes the stand that the business travel of a nation which, more than any other land, conducts its business at long range should be as far as possible unimpeded.

If McAdoo succeeds in his huge new task it will not alone be a great personal triumph for him but it will be the justification of a theory for which wise railroaders have stood these many years. If McAdoo should fail it may be because no one man was large enough to undertake the master problem of the operation of all the railroads of the chief railroad nation of the world. For the task is, indeed, a colossal one. To appreciate its immensity consider for a moment one question alone—the question of morale. A railroad president who started out over his system on the day that McAdoo took his new job found that his minor operating and traffic officers were unusually upset and distraught at the situation and its uncertain prospects. The morale of his own organization—an *esprit de corps* that had taken him many years to perfect—was completely shattered.

And the morale of the men on the firing line is a problem in itself. McAdoo has recognized it; First, by the appointment of a committee, headed by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, and himself a distinguished transportation expert, to adjust the wage situation, not only between the brotherhoods and the Government but of the unorganized rank and file of railroad labor as well; and secondly, by his plan for the appointment of a labor representative upon his advisory board.

The English railways, in a precisely similar situation, have had grave difficulties with the entire labor problem. When, in 1914, they were taken over by the government as an emergency war measure, they were guaranteed $250,000,000 a year over their costs of operation of every sort. This guaranty represented the interest on their debentures and the $160,000,000 that they were then paying in annual dividends to their stockholders—and a little to boot. Their pay rolls—included, of course, in their operating costs—were then some $230,000,000.

In the three and a half years that have followed the "nationalizing" of the British railways, that pay roll in five big jumps has been increased seventy per cent—or some $160,000,000. Part of this is in the form of the guinea-a-week war bonuses which have been distributed to the men of the roads, but it is all a part of pay-roll cost, and the English labor unions already have signified their intention of demanding that these bonuses be retained after the war. In the United States our railroad pay roll to-day is about $1,500,000,000. Apply but a ten per cent increase to this and you have a rather impressive figure of $150,000,000—almost equal to the entire British increase. But no one who knows the American railroader thinks that he is going to be content with any mere ten per cent raise. Three or four times that amount is more to his understanding of the situation.

The economic point of this problem is that when the British railways are returned to their stockholders at the end of the war they will have gained under government control a new obligation about equal to their dividend expenditure. Apply such an example to our American railroads and you have full food for thought. And I have justification for a prophecy that within the next decade we may see five cents fixed as the standard passenger rate per mile of the lines upon this continent.

Return once again to McAdoo. Before we are entirely done with the director general of railroads let us ask him a word as to the future of our carriers—a question of vast interest to every employee, patron or security holder of our railroads. In the past I frequently have described the railroad as the sick man of American business. Recently he has had a major operation. The first name of the doctor who performed the operation is Samuel, and his assistant's name is Woodrow, while the competent trained nurse's name is William. All of them report the patient to be doing finely, thank you; on the broad highroad to recovery, if you please. But that is not what is worrying the patient's relatives; they are wondering when, if ever, Doctor Sam is going to let him out of the sanitarium. Suppose he should refuse to release him ever? An absurd question? Not a bit of it. Folks have suggested not only the possibility but the benefit of such a thing. And at this particular moment it looms large indeed.

The Eggs Already Scrambled

LET us ask the nurse about the patient. He is not hesitant in his reply:

"I do not believe in government ownership," he says; "but I do believe that it will be impossible to turn the roads back to their owners under exactly the same system by which they were operated when the Government took them over. There must be some form of government control. Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that by the end of the war the public and shippers will be adjusted to dealing with the Government, and I am convinced that a thorough trial should be given at the end of the war before the railroads are turned back to their owners."

In this McAdoo is right. The problems of the return of the properties are not slight problems. In case the war runs to any considerable length of time it may be necessary to merge some properties so that their identity is almost if not completely lost. And it certainly will be necessary for the Government to purchase on its own account many thousands of cars and locomotives, which in all probability would have to be sold to the railroads in case it goes out of the transportation business on its own account.

"You cannot unscramble the eggs," the late J. P. Morgan once remarked when he was being asked as to the possibility of dividing one of the great industrial trusts back into its constituent companies. The scrambling of the railroad eggs already has begun. And the chief concern of the men who to-day are interested in the various individual properties is that they may be able to save the eggs from the pan before their identity is lost. Which is a very silly but fairly accurate way of describing the real condition of the sick man of American business.

The World's Biggest Trust Company

By DAVID LAWRENCE

HE WAS sitting in his law office in a little Pennsylvania city meditating how he might serve the Government. His Quaker scruples against war had prevented him five years before from accepting the peacetime portfolio of Secretary of War. But he thought of the many things which Quakers gladly do on the reconstructive side of war, so he volunteered his services along with thousands of others—and waited. Seven months elapsed without reply until at last came a telegram from the President of the United States himself:

"Please come to the White House at 5 o'clock tomorrow."

The next day the President said to him:

"I want you to take charge of all the German property in America and keep it intact."

And A. Mitchell Palmer, until recently a leader in the House of Representatives, acquired by executive order the formidable title of Alien Property Custodian, wherewith went more power over more private property than has any single other man in the country—bar none, not even John D. Rockefeller. Overnight Mr. Palmer obtained a large number of proxies in the Standard Oil Company, became the majority stockholder in a large candy factory in Connecticut which supplies chocolate to tens of thousands of candy stores and slot machines, the head of a huge lumbering operation in Florida, the majority stockholder in several big breweries, the manager of fourteen large insurance companies, the executor of several estates, the custodian of a large steel plant near Pittsburgh and another at Toledo, the temporary owner of a metal-and-mining concern with subsidiaries in a half dozen states and properties of tremendous value in Mexico, and among other things the administrator of an Austrian-owned concern which has supplied lead pencils to millions of American school children for many years. In a word, Mr. Palmer became the president of the largest trust company the world has ever known.

Not long ago an American trust company advertised that it had accumulated $80,000,000 worth of trust funds in a century; another boasted that it held $200,000,000 in trust—more than any other trust company. But within thirty days Mr. Palmer's staff had listed on their books between $500,000,000 and $700,000,000 in trust property, and before the war is over it may mount to one billion dollars in value.

Every conceivable kind of property is included, from an estate of two cents to the ships of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines, worth nearly $200,000,000.

Where did Mr. Palmer get the two cents? Before America entered the war a movement was engineered from Hoboken to raise funds for the widows and orphans of German soldiers. Little tin savings banks were distributed. When the Alien Property Custodian called for German property many of these banks came in. One of them contained two cents with the name of the donor—all of which was promptly listed, and when the war ends the fund will be transmitted to the proper relief organization in Germany.

For the United States doesn't intend to keep German property, whether it is two cents or $200,000,000. Mr. Palmer is not the owner really of the immense holdings under his jurisdiction, though he may exercise many of the rights of a proprietor. He merely holds funds and properties in trust—and the process by which he acquires them and the manner in which he administers them are parts simply of a policy adopted for a twofold purpose: First, to prevent during the war Germany's getting the slightest benefit from the property of her subjects in this country; and, second, to keep this property intact so that at the peace conference America will be able to give an account of her trusteeship and demand a similar accounting from Germany.

So absorbed were we at the outbreak of war in the dramatic events of mobilization that only the international lawyers really contemplated the many effects upon the commercial intercourse of Germany and the United States. While still neutral, trade was interrupted and business communication was dormant but not technically severed. With the proclamation of a state of war, contracts between citizens of the United States and Germany lapsed, financial exchange was forbidden, and persons who owed money to friends, relatives or business houses in Germany were

abruptly prevented from canceling their obligations, as were Americans and Germans resident here similarly cut off from their debtors in Germany.

Legal controversies galore already have arisen as a consequence, and for many years to come there will be civil suits over the thousand and one nice points and phases of law attending the disposition of private property during the war; in fact some of the best lawyers in the country have patriotically volunteered to aid Mr. Palmer, and his seven-story building on Sixteenth Street in Washington might well be christened The House of a Thousand Tangles.

Mr. Palmer is judge, jury, prosecutor or attorney for the defendant, as circumstances require. He presides over the largest court of equity ever established in this country. That word "equity" tells the story. It epitomizes the purpose behind his whole task, behind the policy of Uncle Sam. It is that no German citizen or subject hitherto engaged in business transactions in the United States, no Americans engaged in commercial contact with Germany, no American now within the jurisdiction of the armed force of the Central Powers shall suffer the loss of his property on account of the war.

The Alien Property Custodian, therefore, is saddled with a work of protection as well as conservation. Ramifications of his job are so numerous that Mr. Palmer himself cannot yet tell how much property he administers, what will be the ultimate disposition of it all, and what are going to be the rights, powers and equities of the United States Government when the reckoning comes.

But it is possible to clear up several things on which there has been misunderstanding. The fact that Hans Schmidt is not naturalized and to all intents and purposes is still a citizen of Germany, but has lived in the United States for years running a factory or a restaurant or anything else that is purely domestic in its character, doesn't entitle the Alien Property Custodian to bother him a bit. Hans Schmidt can keep on doing business as long as he likes provided he doesn't express such open sympathy with the Fatherland as to cause the neighbors to boycott his place. If his conduct has been beyond reproach but he nevertheless finds himself unable to do any business, can't sell his iron or his steel to the War Industries Board or to other organizations because of an antagonism to things German, he can voluntarily ask the Alien Property Custodian to help him. And Mr. Palmer will appoint some reputable citizen in the community to administer the business and give it a good standing once more and perhaps even a license to trade with the United States Government. The only thing Mr. Palmer would want to be sure about is that by no possible means would Mr. Schmidt's proceeds get to Germany or be invested in any German war loans. So long as the business was carried on in the United States and the money circulated here and no communication of any kind maintained with the enemy or Germans in other countries there wouldn't be the slightest interference by the Alien Property Custodian, but, on the other hand, every disposition to correlate Mr. Schmidt's plant with the industrial machinery of the nation.

A Square Deal for All

INDEED nationality hasn't anything to do with alien property in America. England applies the rule to nationality and Hans Schmidt would have had to liquidate and turn over the proceeds to the British Government if he lived in Great Britain. But America is employing a different principle. Residence is the test here—not nationality or citizenship.

Thus under the Trading With the Enemy Act, whence Mr. Palmer gets his power, a German subject living in the United States is not an enemy, while an American citizen living in Berlin would be, technically speaking, an enemy. So would an American living in Vienna, as well as a Belgian who remains in Brussels, where the German forces hold sway, but who has property in America. And this is not theoretical, either, for the Alien Property Custodian already has taken charge of one concern of Belgian ownership and the estates of several Americans domiciled in Germany either because they have relatives there and do not care to leave or because they are unwilling to hazard the journey.

There is, for instance, a certain concern which makes dyestuffs. It has an American plant but is owned by Belgian capitalists. They are not enemies, of course, but the question for the court of equity to decide is whether it is to the interest of the United States that the business shall be operated by the Government here. This would give complete control over the profits of the concern as well as over every detail of its communication with the owners in Belgium. It could happen, for instance, that the owners might be approached by the German military governor of Belgium and forced to subscribe to German loans; or the Belgians themselves might seek to obtain funds for their own use. This would draw the profits of the concern back to German territory. The United States doesn't want to deprive the owners of their money but they cannot have it just now; it will be held in trust until the end of the war.

There are about fifty cases of Americans temporarily resident in Germany whose property has thus been taken over by the Alien Property Custodian. American women who marry German or Austrian noblemen, of course, acquire the citizenship of their husbands, and about one million dollars in stocks and bonds belonging to the American wife of Count Von Bernstorff, the former German Ambassador, becomes without question the property, temporarily, of Mr. Palmer. But there are many American women who are merely detained in Germany and whose property is, for the time being, in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian. About thirty million dollars' worth is so held. Some of these American women may be perfectly loyal to the United States, but unless checked they would naturally endeavor through the devious routes of international exchange—through Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland or Holland—to get the equivalent of their dividends or securities back to Germany to use perhaps in some cases not in the interest of Germany but for themselves. Yet the money if permitted to reach Germany in large sums would be invested through German banks in war loans and aid German industries; and if there is any investing to be done the United States Government considers that the very best investment in the world just now is United States Liberty Bonds.

Fine Points of International Law

THE case of Mrs. Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis, widow of the late owner of the Diesel engine, hotel properties, real estate, stocks and bonds amounting to several million dollars, is a striking illustration of the operation of the law. Mrs. Busch had a summer cottage on the Rhine. In the summer of 1914 in accordance with her usual custom she went to Germany to visit her daughters and granddaughters. She didn't think the war would last long and accordingly lingered in Germany. When war came between the United States and Germany and the Trading With the Enemy Act was passed the property of Mrs. Busch was by its terms subject to the jurisdiction of the Alien Property Custodian. For the purposes of the law Mrs. Busch was an enemy, though in fact a loyal American. So a messenger was sent by friends to assist her in leaving Germany. As soon as she passed from German territory she would appear to have resumed her legal rights to the vast estate left her by her husband, though when I last talked with the lawyers at the office of the Alien Property Custodian they were still thumbing yellow volumes to discover whether the act was operative as of the date of its passage or whether Mrs. Busch could administer her properties without the supervision of the Alien Property Custodian.

Talk about nice points of equity—the "A P C," as Mr. Palmer is by abbreviation called, received from an American woman who lives in Georgia the sum of $281, which, she said, she owed her cousin in Germany. But Miss Jones did not want to send the money now—she merely wanted it placed in trust so that the debt could be paid at the end of the war. In her desire to make sure that in the meantime the money would be used to the best interests of the United States the Georgia lady specified that it be invested in Liberty Bonds, and inclosed $19 to enable Mr. Palmer to buy $300 worth of bonds, even. What the lawyers wondered about for a long time was whether they had a legal right to that $19.

It certainly wasn't enemy property within the meaning of the law, but they finally decided that the woman in Georgia had a right to list the debt as $300 as well as $281, and it is now recorded on the books of the Alien Property Custodian as $300, which with the accrued interest from Liberty Bonds will be paid to the relative in Germany when the war is over.

Not so easy was the instance of the man who owed 1600 marks to a firm in Germany when war was declared. Shall the Alien Property Custodian accept dollars for the debt? Obviously marks are not obtainable now, and if payment is accepted in the present value of marks, which is 16 or 17 cents instead of the normal rate of 23 cents that prevailed when the debt was contracted, the German owner would get approximately $272 instead of the $368 which he loaned to his American correspondent. Would it be equitable to the German to permit payment now in dollars or should the debt be carried as only partly canceled, the remainder to be paid at the price of marks on the day peace is declared? Our lawyers inclined toward the latter theory, but the American may argue that his was a six-months note and that he must be permitted to pay it at maturity. Of such tangles is the day of the Alien Property Custodian made up.

But there is quite another side to the payment of debts and the calling of loans. Many Germans and Austrians have loaned large sums of money to establish and conduct American enterprises. If free communication were permitted, the Germans, through their newly developed antagonism or through a desire to convert their property into ready money, might call those loans. To what extent shall financial operation by the Germans be allowed? In most cases such businesses either have been liquidated and the resultant funds held in trust for their German owners or their administration continued by the Alien Property Custodian's representatives.

Many corporations in the United States moreover are partly owned in Germany and partly in this country. Stock certificates held in Europe cannot be taken up of course, but many of the American owners have voluntarily come to the Alien Property Custodian either to have the business liquidated or to have it administered by a representative of the Government so that its tinge of German character might not operate to taint the concern itself. Mr. Palmer already has been asked to name boards of directors to sit in quarterly meetings and represent the Alien Property Custodian.

Usually the directors appointed are men of large business experience who have volunteered as a matter of patriotism to help the Government conserve alien properties. Mr. Palmer himself as the custodian of millions and millions of dollars' worth of property can sit in the stockholders' meetings of a number of corporations and vote to oust a president or general manager just as if he actually owned the stock. He must have such plenary powers—else he could not protect the equity of the German owner, he could not see to it that inefficiency doesn't creep in, to the disadvantage of the German owner or, if it is an essential industry, to the disadvantage of the war-making machinery of the Government of the United States at a most critical period.

In other instances, especially where the German-owned concerns doing a domestic business are incorporated under American laws, there is no interference, but of course the sending of dividends or interest payments to the owners is forbidden. The American managers of the companies themselves can hold the money in trust or request the Government to register and deposit it for them.

All this requires numerous depositaries throughout the country. Whenever the Alien Property Custodian receives real cash directly he puts it in the Treasury of the United States and it is invested in Liberty Bonds. When, however, dividends or bond interest or other funds accrue in the various cities where the enemy properties are located they are deposited in banks and trust companies. Mr. Palmer has designated more than 1000 branches of his office among the various trust companies of America.

Mr. Palmer's Legal and Banking Aids

THE Alien Property Custodian has the right to say whether the property shall be paid over, delivered or assigned or administered. Hearings are held before him in dissent but his decision is final. But though enabled to exercise legal powers over enemy property he is at the same time an arbiter or representative of German subjects resident in this country who cannot sue in American courts because of their nationality. He acts in their behalf and establishes their equity before legal tribunals.

When Mr. Palmer first took over the immense job delegated to him by the President he literally had no organization except his pen wherewith to express authority. Office room was at a premium, too. He took a few rooms behind a tailor shop on F Street and issued his first pronunciamientos calling for the registration of alien property. Then he commandeered an apartment-house building which was just being completed. And to-day he has several hundreds of employees and several bureaus.

Such an institution as the Alien Property Custodian's needs mostly a good system of bookkeeping and accounts. Homer Dunn, of a well-known firm of certified public accountants, was drafted to take charge of the Bureau of Audits. Every day now Mr. Palmer knows just what property is on hand and to whom it is charged.

In the Bureau of Trusts, which manages and operates trust properties, all the powers of a common-law trustee are vested. They can manage, sell or do anything in the interests of the proprietor and the Government of the United States. Ralph Stone, president of the Detroit Trust Company, as well as Frank Horn and Otto T. Bannard, of New York trust concerns, and J. Lionberger Davis, of St. Louis, are only a few of the many men loaned by various trust companies to assist the Government.

So also with the lawyers. Moritz Rosenthal, who obtained a reversal for the Standard Oil Company of the famous $29,000,000 decision, volunteered to organize the legal department, as did Lee Bradley, of Birmingham, Alabama. They have enlisted thousands of lawyers throughout the country.

The Bureau of Investigation is almost an institution by itself. It is directed by Francis P. Garvan, for many years head of the homicide division of the district attorney's office in New York City, and prosecutor of the Molineaux, Nan Patterson and Patrick cases. He cooperates with the several secret-service agencies of the Government in uncovering evasions of the law or in discovering the stray property of enemy aliens. Thousands and thousands of tons of goods were in cargo lots on board ships ready to sail or on railroad sidings when the European War broke out. Later, when relations between the United States and Germany

(Concluded on Page 118)

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Every weapon must be used against him, every aid given our armies and our allies, to bring our boys back home. Coal is needed, vast quantities of it. We can't transport it fast enough. Armies have had to retire and lose for lack of coal.

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My dear little friends:

For a long time I've been wanting to really talk to the children who read my "Bedtime Stories" every night and send me so many interesting letters. I've wanted to tell them lots of new things about Buster Bear, Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, and Old Mr. Toad. But there are some things, you know, that just can't be written down—they have to be told exactly the way I hear them when I go walking in the woods and fields and meet our furry, four-footed friends. Now Columbia Records and the

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have given me the chance to do that very thing—to really tell you my stories in my own voice at Bedtime.

It surprised even me how natural these stories sound on Columbia Records. My own little boy, who never wanted to hear anybody but me tell his stories, now often says to me, "Dad, let the Columbia Grafonola tell my Bedtime Story to-night."

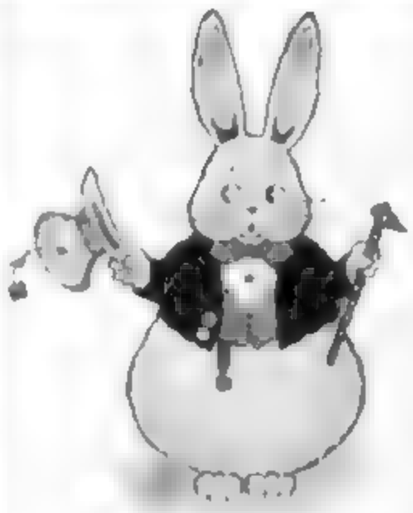
I want all my little friends to have the same chance. So the Columbia people have fixed it up with the Columbia Man in every town—in *your* town, too—and all you have to do is to cut or tear off the picture of Buster Bear that you'll find inside the dotted line down in the corner of this page. Just take the picture to the Columbia Man in the store nearest your home where they sell Columbia Grafonolas and Records. Give him the picture and he will play you any Bedtime Story Record you want to hear as often as you like.

Columbia Grafonola
Price $215
With electric motor.

I hope you will have a lot of fun, and maybe your father or mother will buy you some of these Bedtime Records for your very own.

Your good friend,

Thornton W Burgess



Peter Rabbit Plays a Joke

When you play a joke on someone, you'd better be careful you don't find, as Peter Rabbit did, that it's a joke on you!

On the back, "Little Joe Otter's Slippery Slide."

A7525—$1.25

How Old Mr. Toad Happened to Dine with Buster Bear

Nobody could be worse scared than Old Mr. Toad was at the beginning of that dinner, but he soon found out that Buster Bear had a soft heart under his rough coat.

On the back, "How Old Mr. Toad Won a Race."

A7526—$1.25

The Teaching of Reddy Fox

Granny Fox had a good laugh on Reddy, but she taught him a trick well worth knowing when he really meets Old Bounder, the Hound.

On the back, "Little Joe Otter Tries to Get Even."

A7528—$1.25

To the Columbia Dealer:

This youngster wants to hear some of Thornton Burgess's Bedtime Records. We know you will be glad to play any that are asked for. You might start with "Buster Bear Gets a Good Breakfast," or "When Old Mr. Toad Was Puffed Up." They are both on

A7527—$1.25

Columbia Graphophone Company
New York

Johnny Chuck Finds the Best Thing in the World

The happiest sunshine is always the kind we make ourselves—and Johnny Chuck discovered that it is just as true in the Green Forest as anywhere else.

On the back, "The Joy of the Beautiful Pine."

A7524—$1.25

The Sinking of the Rochester

By HARRY YORKE

THE submarine warfare is making history for the mercantile fleets of all countries, but the American steamer Rochester, torpedoed early in November when bound from Manchester to Baltimore, can fairly lay claim to experiences as vivid and notable as those of any other vessel engaged in the thrilling business of submarine blockade running. Certainly until another war comes along and the same set of circumstances rises again no vessel can do what the Rochester did, for she it was who, unarmed and unescorted, first dashed through the cordon of submerged assassins from England to Bordeaux, earning for her intrepid captain, Eric Kokeritz, the thanks of the French Government, and a decoration as well. This exploit was the cause of much chagrin to the German mind, and bitter cartoons displayed the German press opinion of the matter.

When next the ship came to America she was fitted out with a three-inch gun on each of the fore and after decks and a machine gun amidships, under the charge of Chief Gunner McCausland, of the United States Navy, and a gun crew of twelve. The Rochester then made a second trip through the danger zone, unescorted, again eluding the dangers of the British waters.

Her last voyage was full of incident, and instructively illustrates how the fortunes of war govern the fates of the brave mercantile sailors along with the fighting men. Also, the experiences of the crew furnish an emphatic answer to the question of whether the man of to-day is equal to his forebears in mind and body—in short, whether or not the human race is as degenerate as pessimists would have us believe. When the submarine history of the great world-war comes to be written it will be found that America's pages are bright ones, and that the Rochester's crew for one helped to burnish that priceless national diadem, happy tradition.

When America Comes to Reward Her Fighters It Will Not be Unbecoming to Grant a Special Order to All of Her Seamen Who Can Show That They Made the Trip Across the Treacherous Waters of the Danger Zone

Curiously enough the fateful last voyage commenced on the thirteenth of September, from Newport News. Hardly had the vessel left port when a fire was discovered in the coal bunkers. This meant putting into Baltimore, where the fire was put out. Shortly after leaving Baltimore another fire was discovered in the bunkers, and the captain intended making New York.

A violent storm rose, however, and prevented this, the storm being of such fury as to cause many on board to fear that the vessel would founder. The gun platforms were smashed by the mountainous seas, and the gun crews had to remove from for'ard into the cabin amidships, as their quarters were flooded.

The captain stood out for Halifax, which was safely made after one of the most tempestuous voyages within the memory of some of the oldest sailors aboard. At Halifax the fire was again subdued, and repairs effected, the time occupied being about a week.

Gallant Captain Kokeritz

I JOINED the Rochester here. I was desirous of doing my little part in the great war, and because of a physical disability the mercantile marine seemed to offer me my only opportunity. I was offered the only position open on the ship, and the most humble—mess boy. I took it, even though it meant being the humble servant of a mixed crew of firemen and sailors with but one English-speaking person, the rest being Chileans, Russians, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Italians and Rumanians. What decided me to sail was the captain. I liked him on sight, and events proved that I judged him correctly. Captain Kokeritz could not fail to impress anyone. Six feet or thereabouts, of strong and handsome countenance, an adopted Scandinavian son of America, he showed in looks and manner that the vikings of old still sailed the seas.

Subordinate as was my position on the ship it eventually proved by far the most advantageous if I really wanted an insight into the lives and characters of the seamen of the tramp service—the roughest in the world.

Friday, the twenty-eighth of September—mark the day!—was the date of our departure from Halifax. Sailor superstition dies hard, and among the crew many were the prophets who coupled the date of first departure—the thirteenth—with the day of final sailing, and predicted disaster.

We had not been many days out when it was ascertained that something was amiss in the after hold. Our cargo consisted of shells, cotton and corn, and on the hatches' being removed it was discovered that someone had turned the flood valves into the hold, and the corn and cotton were becoming heated, tending toward combustion. This coming after the two fires made matters look decidedly suspicious, and later a solution of the British authorities will be disclosed. The crew were at once employed in righting affairs and the hatches were again battened down. It is significant that the magazine for the gun ammunition was located in the after hold.

A day or two later the condenser became so defective as to necessitate the ship's heaving to for several hours on two occasions to effect repairs. On the night of the second occasion a mysterious searchlight about twenty miles to port caused considerable speculation, not to say anxiety. It was visible for about three hours, and as the submarines of the largest type carry searchlights of great power we avoided observation as far as possible. On another day a small schooner or fishing smack in an unusual latitude seemed to have no special errand, and as submarines are given to adopting collapsible masts and sails by way of disguise, the captain decided to let this particular craft, whether friend or foe, know that we were armed, and some gun practice on the after gun meant the speedy disappearance of the stranger.

We were experiencing pretty rough seas the whole time, the vessel rolling alarmingly at times; but she was an exceptionally stanch craft, and the only effect of the weather was to delay us several days. The engines were built for the Lakes service, and the salt water, in spite of the condensers, kept our speed down to less than nine knots. As it most fortunately happened, the delays proved a blessing in disguise, for a convoy we were to join went without us; and this convoy met with disaster at the hands of submarines.

It was exactly two weeks from leaving Halifax that we entered the dangerous waters of the zone—again a Friday!—and we made our way, unescorted by even one solitary torpedo boat, up to Manchester, round the south of Ireland, where the U-boats lurked like sharks in the Caribbean.

We arrived at Liverpool on Saturday, the thirteenth of October, much to the surprise of the shipping world, who had long regarded us as missing, our loss being published in the English papers as foregone. We sailed up the canal with the Stars and Stripes floating at the truck, and it was with many thrills we answered the cheers of the thousands of factory hands who left their work to line the banks and give Uncle Sam's sailors a welcome. The British are not usually effusive, generally making up in depth of feeling what the surface lacks, but for America there is now no phlegmatic spirit, but a royal and hearty greeting wherever the boys go.

On arrival at Manchester the British authorities made searching examination of the personnel of the crew, in view of the unexplained mysteries endangering the ship's safety. Advice had been already received from Baltimore that a certain alien was aboard who claimed American birth. Finally the third assistant engineer was taken ashore, and either interned or imprisoned. He claimed to be an American who had been educated in Germany. The latter part of his assertion was self-evident—the former he could not prove. If he was the party responsible for the avoidable troubles on the Rochester it goes to show to what heights and depths German treachery can lure its victims under the name of patriotism, as this man risked his own life as well as those of the whole crew in attempting to compass the destruction of the ship on the high seas. Truly, the German style is unique!

We discharged our cargo, and for the return trip left empty except for taking six hundred tons of coal for ballast. We were to be convoyed out of the danger zone for the first time in the Rochester's experience. The idea, I know, was distasteful to the captain, who gloried in defeating the designing U-boats without extraneous help. He is a man who does not know what fear is, as will be seen presently. Most captains regard a convoy as indispensable, but not so Captain Kokeritz.

Torpedoed Dead Amidships

WE DODGED from port to port until finally—on November third—we left through the north of the Irish Channel for Baltimore. Early on the following Friday morning we left the convoy and proceeded alone, a large body of ships going South, we going due West. At 8.30 o'clock one of the gunners on watch gave the alarm that a periscope had appeared about three hundred yards astern on the port quarter. The crew was paraded for boat stations, but as nothing more was seen it was concluded that the gunner had mistaken a bird on the water or some other object for a periscope. As the day wore on and every hour removed us more rapidly from the perils of the torpedo, the incident of the morning was quite forgotten by most of us, who began to congratulate ourselves on another safe voyage when so many gallant ships had failed.

It was just about dusk and preparations for supper were under way, when a terrific explosion fairly lifted the ship out of the water. I was in the galley at the time conversing with the cook, and he and I were hurled off our feet against the deck head, the lights in the galley going out at once, and the pots and pans being sent flying. I thought by the force of the explosion that either we had been mined or a secreted bomb had exploded. I rushed into the cabin and met the captain coming from his cabin.

I asked, "What's happened?"

He replied, "They've got us! Get to your boat at once!"

I ran to reach my cabin to get my life preserver but found the way barred by dense steam and smoke pouring from the engine room. I then ran round through the cabin again and along the starboard side, grabbed my life belt and a coat, and hurried to my boat station. Our cabin lay right above the point where the torpedo entered, and there was a scene of desolation inside. The locker doors had been blown out and things thrown everywhere. The torpedo had hit us dead amidships, where the coal bunkers were, and coal dust flew round in clouds.

Had we been standing still and the submarine given unrestrained aim it could not have accomplished more mischief. The engines were stopped instantly, the dynamo was wrecked, the wireless house was completely demolished—preventing our getting away an S. O. S.—and one of our largest lifeboats was blown to atoms. A steam pipe

burst and prevented passage across the ship on the after athwartship alleyway.

The explosion in the engine room traveled along the shaft tunnel right to the after part of ship—fully seventy feet—and expending itself on the after quarters blew the men off watch clean out of their bunks on to the decks outside their peaks. One poor fellow—a fireman—received terrible injuries to his leg, but he was got into the lifeboat.

The boats were soon lowered and everyone got aboard without mishap. It was found that the second assistant engineer and the oiler on watch had not appeared, and as by this time the engine room was a caldron of steam and smoke their fate could not be learned. As, however, they were standing right where the torpedo entered about half a minute previously, there can be no doubt that they were killed instantly.

The captain stayed long aboard the vessel, obtaining necessary instruments, clothing and other gear, and trying to ascertain how the men on watch in the engine room had fared. As the boat appeared to be on the verge of sinking he seemed to stay an agonizingly long time over these matters, and loud were calls for him from the lifeboats. I began to think that he had been overcome in the engine room. To our intense relief he appeared at last, bearing in his arms blankets and coats, which he threw down to the boats.

On the ship we had a little French poodle, a gift to the captain from admirers in Bordeaux. Her name was Susie, and she had presented the crew, the trip previous, with two bonny puppies born right in the danger zone. One of these puppies, named Bobbie, was a very pretty animal, and a great favorite with the captain. After all the clothes and other necessary things had been thrown down by the captain, he yelled "Look out! Catch Bobbie!" Next instant Bobbie came flying down into the gunner's arms.

A Rough Sea and a Good Boat

THE captain then hurried down the sea ladder and we pushed away from the ship about half a mile. Here the men were apportioned according to the capacity of the boats. The blowing up of the large boat by the torpedo was a severe loss, and when the final disposition of the crew was completed the captain had the large lifeboat with twenty-two men; the first and third mates had thirteen all told in their boat; and the second mate twelve in his. I called out to the cabin boy, William Hinman, who occupied Berth Thirteen on the ship and who was in the chief mate's boat, "Still sticking to thirteen, Bill!" He laughingly replied, "Rather! I'll be all right now," and he nodded to the mate.

We had many times discussed the question that now confronted us—of getting to land from the sinking ship—and Hinman said that with a capable sailor like the chief mate he would be afraid of nothing. The mate, Otto Gaelis, was considered by all to be a most competent man with a lifeboat. He had already had one experience of torpedoing, and on this occasion he showed great calmness and promptitude at the boats. I rather envied Hinman myself, though I was in the captain's boat.

Darkness closed on us just as the boats were finally fixed up. The transfer of men and material from one boat to another was a matter of some danger, as the swell caused the boats to ride into one another, and I felt our boat get an ominous bump on one occasion. In the early darkness of the November evening we bade good-by to our comrades of the fateful voyage, and soon we were alone. We could plainly see the ship against the horizon. She had not settled much since we had left her, and the captain remarked that he felt inclined to go aboard again and get some more clothes. Gunner McCausland advised against this on account of the state of the engines and the danger of an explosion. Hardly had the two begun to discuss the question when the conning tower of the submarine appeared in front of us about a mile or less away, silhouetted against the sky line. Immediately followed a flash and a report, and sparks of blue fire shot from the masts of the Rochester. They had begun to shell her.

The sturdy little steamer seemed to scorn them. The U-boat fired thirteen shells altogether, and still the ship floated steadily. It was a moment of memories for us. She seemed to be sending out a message to us over the waves to say "Men, copy me! Keep afloat till the bitter end, and defy the cowardly murderers!"

Complete darkness and distance soon hid her from our view, but not one of her crew actually saw her make her final plunge. She had been faithful to us to the last, and we, who in a short two months had seen stirring days with her, felt sad at bidding her good-by. I could tell that Captain Kokeritz was affected, and he remarked, "Well, that's the last of the poor old Rochester."

We noticed that the submarine was using a signal lamp, and soon lights appeared at two other points near where the vessel was. Then a searchlight flashed out. Were they looking for the boats? There were evidently three submarines, and a few minutes of intense anxiety followed the appearance of the lights, as it seemed that the pirate commanders wanted to ascertain how the boats had fared. We had no desire to enlighten them. Their shelling of the ship had been conducted with entire indifference as to whether the lifeboats were in the range and line of the shells.

Further, the U-boat has latterly made a special point of endeavoring to capture the captains of the torpedoed ships, with objects best known to the Huns themselves. No captain has so far been able to say exactly why, for none to my knowledge has succeeded in subsequently escaping from the pirate clutches when once captured. It is believed that their fate is that of most prisoners of rank in German hands—dishonor or death. Merchant captains can be safely intrusted with national honor, so we did not want to see our esteemed captain go to his death, and the oars were manned, and we rowed for dear life away from the U-boat flotilla, and in the direction of land.

Land! How far away was land? I ventured to ask the chief engineer, William Donnelly, who, fifty-six years of age, was the typical good Irish-American, with an honorable and strenuous record behind him. He had made the trip in the Rochester at the sacrifice of excellent employment ashore, because he felt he would like to be able to say that he too had done his part as far as possible in the championing of right against might. He was the most optimistic man—especially for his age—I have ever met, and all through the voyage his example of industry and courage had been a beacon to the doubting.

In reply to my query he replied in his rough but kindly basso: "Not far, my boy, not far! It's about two hundred and ten miles. But we'll make it, my lad; don't worry your heart about that. We'll make it all right!"

His cheery optimism was a tonic to us all at such a time, for now that the primary dangers were over our thoughts at once turned to the next and gravest question, whether we would make land. The captain said nothing regarding distance from land or anything connected with our protests. He did say—and it was a comforting statement: "Well, men, we've got a dashed good boat under us."

And it was a good boat: a good, honest, illuminating sample of what a conscientious American boat builder down Newport News way thought might be necessary to protect the lives of his seafaring countrymen. The captain specially selected his lifeboats from this builder for their excellence of construction in every respect, and many times in our long voyage to land did we all bless that boat builder of Newport News, to whose faithful skill we owed our lives.

The first night was calm, and the captain ordered us all to sleep. He took the tiller and sat up all night keeping a lookout. We were well out of the beaten track of shipping, and to expect to be picked up was hopeless; but nevertheless all eyes were constantly straining for sight of a vessel. In the morning all hands were up at daybreak, and as the sea was calm the oars were got out and an hour spent in rowing.

I omitted to mention that we had salved the machine gun and some ammunition. After we had rowed about three miles a light breeze sprang up and the sail—a lug—was set.

Gunner McCausland was at the helm, and after a few minutes he remarked, "What in thunder is wrong with this craft? I've gone clean round the circle and the needle is still fixed south by east!"

Weathering the Gale

THE captain soon solved the puzzle. The machine gun was reposing on the thwarts near the compass and was deflecting and keeping it fixed steadily at one point. The next minute saw the machine gun meeting an unhonored fate—it was jettisoned, much to the regret of McCausland, who loved this old gun as if it were his child.

From this on, steering was successful, and we all felt quite exhilarated to find that we were making such good pace that our little craft had a tiny wake. We made about two miles an hour for three hours, and then the wind dropped and the sail was lowered. We hoisted the canvas again about five hours later, and soon were making about five knots, and the wind increasing. Watches were taken by various members of the crew and gunners, and things went smoothly until midnight. We were then wakened—those who were asleep—by the voice of the captain stentoriously ordering the sail to be lowered. The wind had increased to a gale, and it was highly dangerous to continue sailing. As the boat gave an ominous lurch the sail was hauled in, while the waves lashed the boat with vindictive fury.

How we weathered that storm is now and always will remain a mystery to me. There was just enough light from the gibbous moon, obscured by cloud, to disclose to us on either hand a towering horizon of water. The great waves would swoop down upon us from the north, lift us high on the crests, and sweep away south, leaving us buried in the very heart of the swelling waters, and drenching us with spray. Many of us were clad only in overalls, some having no boots or socks, and we commenced to feel the cold water chilling us through and through.

The violence of the waves was such that the captain ordered the sea anchors to be put out. These are the refuge of the vessel *in extremis*, and consist of two large canvas buckets, which are put out at each side of the bow, to which they are made fast. Their only purpose is to keep the head of the boat to the oncoming sea, to avoid swamping.

We were so crowded in the boat that not all of us could even sit down at one time. Two had to take turns standing up, and then the rest had to sit huddled up tight, facing one another with their knees pulled up tightly under their chins. In calm weather the gunwale was only a few inches above the surface of the water, so it is not difficult to picture how terribly perilous our plight was in one of those storms that only the North Atlantic in winter can boast.

Of inestimable value to us were two electric torches we had with us. But for the light given by these I doubt if the reefing of the sail and the placing of the sea anchors could have been carried out successfully. There is every reason to urge that electric torches should be made a compulsory accessory to every lifeboat equipment, as not only are they most precious aids to seamanship on a dark or wet night, but they can be used for signaling also. We had our wireless operator, Harry Parsons, of Baltimore, in the captain's boat, and he kept a torch in reserve in case we passed a vessel at night. Without some bright light we should never be noticed in the heavy sea that was constantly running.

The Sea Anchors Adrift

ON SUNDAY morning the sea abated slightly, and we took in the anchors. It was too rough for sailing, however, and in the afternoon the gale increased almost to hurricane force. We could now realize more fully the danger we were in, as the daylight disclosed the magnitude of the waves. They were great green-backed rollers, crested deep with curling breakers, and ranged from thirty-five feet to forty-five and sometimes fifty feet above us.

The anxiety that filled me most was caused by the unmerciful pounding the boat was getting on her port bow. This was the weather quarter, and I was sitting with my back against the laths in the peak on the port side. The noise of the waves was like thunder as they struck the boat, and yet she stood it like an iron ship; and what was more, she rose to the sweeping waters like a bird of the ocean, and shook them aside like a living thing. Needless to say, bailing proceeded continuously. We also had a small hand pump aboard, and this was of great service while we had strength enough to use it.

Sunday night saw the sea anchors out again, and we shivered through the hours of darkness, wondering what was to be the end. Monday morning broke dull and cold, but the sea went down sufficiently to permit the sail's being used, so the captain ordered the anchors to be hauled aboard.

The boson called out from for'ard: "The anchors are gone, sir!" Our precious protectors had broken adrift!

The captain murmured, "That's a nice pickle."

There was nothing now to do but make as much headway as possible while the weather was any way reasonable at all, and with the sail partly reefed we bowled along all day Monday, making quite eight knots an hour, and sometimes more. The highest degree of skill was demanded of the steersman and on one occasion an escape from capsize was averted by a miracle. The speed sent showers of spray over us time and again, but because we were doing such good sailing no one minded the drenching and spirits were high.

Tuesday saw us still bowling along at a merry pace, and as we all supposed that we were torpedoed only some two hundred miles from land anxious eyes looked out for land, because we knew we must have covered considerably more than that distance in the last thirty hours.

Our limbs were beginning to become exceedingly tender under strain of contraction, inertia and constant drenchings, and our allowance of water—half a pannikin a day—had given out the day previously. The captain wisely would not permit us to eat the canned meats in the lifeboat store, as they were salt. Instead we subsisted on water biscuit and two small tins of beans, with the addition on Sunday of one tin of meat not of too salty a flavor. Therefore on Tuesday thirst began to become a danger. In the afternoon a hailstorm had its uses, as the stones were caught in tarpaulin and canvas and eaten to assuage the pangs of thirst.

Tuesday night brought disappointment through no land being sighted, a cloud bank early in the day adding to this feeling through its deceiving us into the belief that it was land. The hail and rain, with a rising sea, completed a feeling of acute mental suffering plus much physical discomfort. Still, nobody complained, and all that was discussed were the prospects for to-morrow.

The captain ordered the lookout to keep an eye open for any light. We had made wonderful sailing time all day—almost incredible in the crowded condition of the boat. The night was fearfully squally and cold, and no one could rest or sleep.

About four o'clock in the morning the cry went up from the for'ard watch, "Light ahead."

(Concluded on Page 37)

Dealer's Coupon—*Mail Today*

GEO. D. BAILEY CO., 1120 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Send me _____ Bailey Ball Thrusts
(Regular Discounts to Apply)

Name _____

City _____ State _____

Jobber's Name _____

Ford Owner's Coupon—*Mail Today*

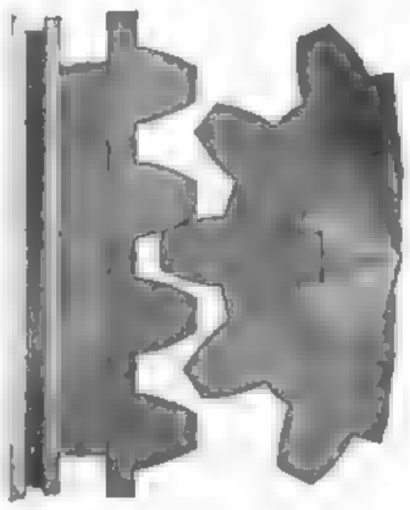
GEO. D. BAILEY CO., 1120 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Inclosed find $3.75. Send me a Bailey Ball Thrust [illegible] return the same if not entirely satisfied after [illegible].

Name _____

City _____ State _____

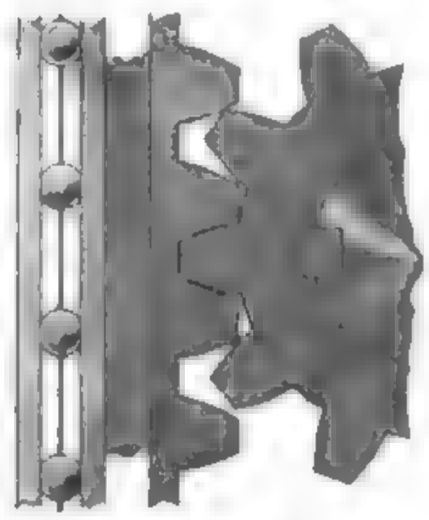
Dealer's Name _____



With the Ordinary Washers

This shows the gears partly out of mesh because the washers at left side have worn thin due to gear thrust. This results in drive being taken on one tooth only and on weak part of that tooth—resulting in loss of power, noisy gears, jerky "back-lash" and in stripping of gears.

Actual Size



With Bailey Ball Thrust

Gears are always properly meshed—ball bearing stands up under pressure and holds the gears snug. The drive is exerted firmly on strong part of two teeth instead of on one, no noise, no lost power, no jarky "back-lash" and no stripping or breaking of gears.

Prevents Ford Rear-Axle Trouble

YOUR Ford need not be "laid up" for rear-axle repairs a single day this year if you replace plain thrust washers (parts Nos. 2528-9) at gear side of differential with a Bailey Ball Thrust Bearing—because—

Friction creates wear and wear causes trouble. Plain flat washers having a sliding instead of rolling contact, grind together, create tremendous friction and naturally wear thin—but the Bailey Ball Thrust bearing with its eighteen ever-rolling micro-chrome steel balls, creates no friction—hence no wear.

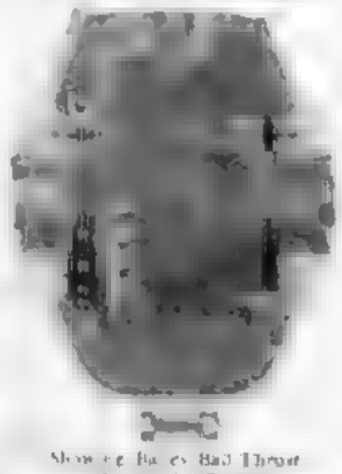
Plain washers wearing thin allow driving gears to shift away from each other. The drive is then taken on one tooth instead of two and on the weak part of that tooth. The constant strain resulting therefrom soon tells, and at an unexpected moment "zip" go your gears and your axle demands a visit to the repair shop. Besides, the sliding or grinding contact of washers causes metal particles to work into oil and grease, destroying their lubricating qualities and causing rapid deterioration of other working parts.

Repair expense, new parts, loss of time and perhaps business—even accidents—may result from failure to have your friction-producing washers replaced by a Bailey Ball Thrust which, because of its construction from the finest materials—heat-treated and ground to an ultra-exactness—fits to a thousandth part of an inch. It must of necessity make gears mesh properly, run quietly, smoothly, and consequently without an ounce of power wastage, thereby effecting a decided saving of gasoline.

Each Bailey Ball Thrust has the strength to meet six times the maximum thrust (or pressure) and so we can and do unqualifiedly stand back of and guarantee every bearing installed, and we insist that our dealers repeat this guarantee to the car owner. The Bailey Ball Thrust must and will stand all wear and hardships imposed.

Go to your dealer or repairman. He deserves your patronage—and being a practical man he realizes the outstanding features of this bearing and the great amount of service it will render. He knows also that every other car except the Ford is equipped with ball or roller bearings to take this gear thrust.

Save yourself rear-axle trouble and expense for 1918 by being forehanded. See your dealer today and if by chance he has not a Bailey Ball Thrust in stock, write us immediately for one, enclosing the price $3.75, giving his name. We will give him credit for the sale. Please bear in mind that ordering a bearing does not obligate you, for we will cheerfully refund the amount should you decide not to keep it.



Showing Bailey Ball Thrust at side of differential

Such well known organizations as the Standard Oil Company, U. S. Post Office, public service corporations—in fact fleet owners, large and small, everywhere—are installing Baileys. Let us show you how to make a profit out of Bailey Ball Thrusts in added power, and by savings of fuel and repairs. Use the coupon or write for further evidence.

GEO. D. BAILEY CO.
1120 S. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

Bailey Ball Thrust is also a replacement for those Chevrolet 490's having plain washers

BAILEY BALL THRUST

Coal—

Facts from the Fuel Administration

Production

In 1916 approximately six-hundred-million tons of coal were mined in this country. By working under great pressure during 1917, and in spite of shortage in labor, the mines increased this record output of 1916 by fifty-million tons. The nation, however, is still short of the amount required for the conduct of the war by fifty-million tons. This coal cannot be mined. *It must be saved.*

Increased Consumption

The great increase in consumption is caused by the necessity of—

Transporting our troops to France and keeping them warm when they get there.

Heating properly the Army Cantonments in this country.

Coaling our navy under war conditions.

Producing large quantities of guns, small arms, ammunition, explosives, aëroplanes and other army and navy supplies.

Building ships to replace those sunk by German Submarines.

Conservation Imperative

To help supply the fifty-million tons we are short is the patriotic duty of every American.

This can only be done by the saving of coal at every possible point.

Travel no more than is absolutely necessary.

The less passenger traffic there is the less coal the railroads will burn.

Use gas whenever possible for cooking and heating.

A ton of coal manufactured into coal gas gives as much heat as four tons burned in your stove or furnace.

Do not heat unoccupied rooms or have the temperature in other rooms higher than necessary. A mean temperature of 68 degrees is recommended.

A shovelful of coal saved daily in each of 15,000,000 homes means a saving of fifteen-million tons a year.

Reduce the use of gas and electric light.

SAVE *that extra shovelful!*

★ ★ ★

The Government wishes the country to be thoroughly informed regarding the facts set forth above.

The Hercules Powder Company is glad to give them wide publicity both as a patriotic duty and because of the intimate relations which exist between it and the country s coal supply. A large part of the explosives employed in mining the coal used to warm our homes, turn the wheels of our industry and commerce, and forge the weapons of our armies is manufactured by the Hercules Powder Company. And without the use of explosives only a small part of the six-hundred-million tons referred to above could have been produced.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago
Denver
Hazleton, Pa.
Joplin
Memphis
New York
Pittsburg, Kan.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Salt Lake City
San Francisco
St. Louis
Wilmington, Del.

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The alarm seemed too good to be true, and everyone jumped up to catch a glimpse of the thrice welcome sight. No light was immediately visible.

"Where is it?" asked the captain.

"Dead ahead, sir. It's out now, but it seems to be a flashing light, and very slow."

We waited many minutes, and then suddenly over the billowy seas we saw the powerful gleam of a large light, apparently about twenty miles ahead.

"Haul down the sail," ordered the captain.

The next problem was, How were we to anchor till daylight? The sea anchors had gone. Four of our eight oars were lashed together and attached to about six fathoms of light rope. These were put out on the weather side and steadied us up for the time. Our great danger now was that we might be carried up onto a rocky coast. We had no means of knowing exactly where we were, though the captain had set a course for the north coast of Ireland.

Great was the enthusiasm that filled our hearts after the five nights and four days of bitter weather and mental strain, to know that the precious coast was within reach. The captain ordered the rudder to be unshipped to prevent the boisterous waves carrying it away. The steersman was carefully lifting it off its pintles when lo! an angry wave snatched it clean out of his hand and it went out of sight in a minute or two. The captain said nothing, but his feelings were expressed in his looks. However, the mischief was done and we had recourse to an oar to steer with. At daybreak orders were given to take in the substitute sea anchor.

The mournful announcement came from for'ard again, "The anchor's gone, sir!" We were now left with only our sail and four oars, one of which must be used at the helm. The coast line was about twenty-five miles distant and looked stern and forbidding. Our fifth morning saw us therefore making for the long-expected land, and though seriously handicapped by our losses we hoped and believed we would make a safe landing.

The nearer we approached the shore the less inviting it appeared. Huge basaltic cliffs ran along on each side of a low but steep rock bank, on which was perched a lighthouse. The sea was becoming very violent, and the captain decided to run before it and look for a likely landing spot on what looked to be the north coast of Ireland.

We had gone about twenty miles and were just north of the lighthouse when we saw over the line of billows menacing us on our port the masts of a steamer. The captain immediately ordered a course to be set for her. This meant a hazardous dash along a beam sea of tremendous power. As we neared the vessel we saw she was a patrol, and she also was making for us. The boat shipped several seas that well-nigh swamped her, and as none of us were strong enough to use the pump we bailed furiously with buckets.

Arriving alongside the steamer, line after line was thrown from her before one was secured and made fast to the boat. The few succeeding moments were fraught with exceeding danger. The patrol steamer was a mere tug, and the seas lifted her high on the wave tops, and to get aboard from the lifeboat in our exhausted condition seemed an impossibility.

Our orders were to jump and cling to the taffrail whenever the lifeboat rose on a wave as it left the steamer.

Willing hands were ranged along the steamer's side, and the good fortune we had experienced on the lifeboat did not desert us in our last hour. In the scramble for safety we were all successful, and it was with thoughts and feelings beyond words to describe that we found ourselves stowed below in the cheerful mess room of the patrol, with hospitable British sailors ministering to us with hot tea and sandwiches, and listening with amazement to the story of our long journey over the wintry ocean. They knew the weather that had raged round that region during the four days past and could scarcely credit that a crowded lifeboat could possibly live in the seas that had prevailed.

It was then that we learned from our chief engineer—who with the captain had purposely withheld the truth in order not to discourage us—that we were four hundred and twenty miles from land when the Rochester was torpedoed! Four hundred miles, fifty-two degrees north latitude, winter, North Atlantic, and a crowded lifeboat—a proposition that few hardy mariners would care to tackle. We learned also that the boat had sprung a leak the second day out; and this fact the captain had also withheld.

We had also rescued the injured fireman, who bore his intense suffering without a murmur—the poor fellow died three weeks later in hospital; and little Bobbie came through in great style, eating ship's biscuit and drinking his tiny ration of water out of the pannikin with the spirit of a true hero doggie.

Bobbie was given to the patrol crew as a mascot, and they were exceedingly pleased.

Our party was at once hurried to Londonderry—it was off Lough Swilly that we were rescued—and it was ascertained that everyone except the captain had both feet frostbitten, some of us very badly. The captain, however, who had spent day and night at the tiller, and who displayed seamanship, courage and tact beyond praise—he never spoke an angry word though often there was provocation—was stricken with pneumonia.

The frostbite caused us intense suffering without a moment's cessation for many days, and at the present time its effects are severe, rheumatism also accompanying it in an aggravated form. We were anxious to learn the fate of the two other boats, and it was not until Friday that we heard that the chief mate's boat had made the west coast of Ireland ten hours before we were picked up and that, of the original crew of thirteen, nine had died, four being buried ashore.

Dave Caldwell, a New York man who was third mate, was among the survivors, and he later told us that two of the men went mad and jumped overboard, the rest simply sitting in their places and passing away from exposure, among them being poor Hinman, of Berth Thirteen, who died just before land was reached. We could readily understand this in view of the severity of the weather.

The boat in charge of the second mate was, alas, never destined to reach land, and twelve gallant American seamen or gunners are now sleeping their last sleep where the solemn music of the ocean will be their requiem. The storm of Sunday night no doubt proved the *coup de grâce* of this unfortunate boat.

Thus of the crew of the Rochester twenty-four all told made the supreme sacrifice; and but for the spirit and constitution of the remaining twenty-five the toll would have been even greater.

The recounting of our experiences should bring vividly home to the American people what their mercantile marine is doing toward upholding the country's name on the high sea.

Britain has decided to award to merchant seamen injured in blockade running a decoration for war service. Why only injured seamen should receive this distinction is not clear, and seems as invidious as granting a war medal only to a wounded soldier, leaving the unwounded nothing but his army pay to show that he too was willing to lay down his life for his country. Far above any pecuniary emolument to any patriot is the nation's emblem of the warrior, and when America comes to reward her fighters it will not be unbecoming to grant a special order to all of her seamen who can show that they made the trip across the treacherous waters of the danger zone, where not only torpedoes and mines have to be feared but many other risks are now involved which do not exist in times of peace.

THE OVERFLOWING MELTING POT

(Concluded from Page 22)

days of the war had there been no President Wilson to give clear utterance to the ideals of civilization, and no America to take up arms, without a vestige of self-advantage, for the sake of the whole world's welfare? Has there ever been a national service to humanity equal to the present international leadership and international interpretation by the United States? By being our best selves and by vindicating our noblest ideals America has been a savor of hope and life to all the little and oppressed peoples on earth. That truth sticks out in the Caucasus, for example, as clear and beautiful and preeminent as the peak of Mt. Ararat itself. Even Russia feels in her subconsciousness that America will have to help her out of this slough of bewilderment and despondency into which she has fallen.

One other great word is being said to America by this Russian upheaval: Not only should the gates be closed against immigration for a period of years following the end of the war, but there should also be undertaken a cult of patriotism. What it means to be an American, and how American loyalty may be shown in widest scope, are lessons that are to be newly conned in the red glare of a world on fire. All the tides of aroused national spirit that are sweeping the United States should converge into a mighty and directed wave of intelligent patriotism. This is not jingoism or the apotheosis of the state which Prussia has attempted; it is an interpretation of the meaning of America in terms of world service.

Fortunately the textbooks for this study are to be found in the addresses of the President.

True Americanism is the best internationalism. That proposition strikes its roots down deep into our national history, where lie the dreams of the makers of this nation, that it should be the example and inspiration and helper of all the oppressed peoples of earth. Even farther back it goes, to the conceptions of our Christian founders that, as the Christmas angels taught, peace on earth can come only as a consequence of good will among men. So they sought to make America the nation of the brother heart, the friend of all lands. No other country has such a shining record of altruism on the pages of its history. Just as in the past our country has sent its missionaries to all the benighted portions of the earth and has championed, even by the sword, the rights of the weak and the persecuted, so to-day it has again gone to war to vindicate its good will to men. This pursuit of the whole world's welfare is the only sort of internationalism that will promote the cause of human progress. Certainly a common mind and a common weal cannot be secured by fomenting class hatred, as the internationalists do. "Good will to men," which is of the fabric of a better social order, does not result from attacking all who by birth or achievement do not belong in the ranks of manual laborers. All this is obvious to a normal American. That is why this time demands a clear, reiterated definition of Americanism.

There is a sort of trusteeship about being an American. A traveler in far lands feels this as he is daily called upon to talk about his country, which is the guardian and interpreter of democracy. America should stand steadily for the tested old ideals of brotherly good will. Throughout all the smitten earth she should send forth the real message of Americanism, and the unbridgeable difference between democracy and Bolshevikism, or internationalism. There is no classism in real democracy. This war has made clear that the patriotism of many rich men is unsurpassed even by that of the high-souled sons of the soil who fill the troop ships bound for France. Right here in Russia I have met Americans, serving without pay on Red Cross and other commissions, who are representatives of big business, yet whose devotion to the cause of human liberty in Russia exceeds that of any Bolshevik. One of them, I know, has quietly given more than a million dollars since his arrival, for Russian objects. He has let his own business take care of itself, because, first, he is an American patriot and wants to do his part for Uncle Sam; and because, secondly, being a patriot he wants to be of help to these people who are struggling and groping toward liberty and self-government. Yet he is the sort of man against whom those radicals who are shooting up Moscow orate and write as the arch-enemies of mankind! Their doctrine of classism damns him because of his bank account; democracy, on the other hand, says that even the rich man and the man of ancient and honorable lineage may be a true patriot. Instead of drawing horizontal lines to separate class from class, as do those misguided internationalists, democracy draws vertical lines, to divide men according to their character, conduct and capability. Already in this war we Americans have got a new, strong grip upon the truth that all classes of our people are sincerely patriotic. We do not hate anybody by classifications, neither the radicals nor the rich, nor yet even the Germans. Classism is the ultimate form of Prussianism, and so the very antithesis of Americanism.

There has been plenty of time for musing upon these things, even since I began to write this article. The train is nearing Moscow, and at every station we hear fresh tales of the death and devastation that have been wrought in Russia's most beautiful city by this outburst of class spirit, which, however, is but the logical consequence of the long oppressive rule by a self-centered and ruthless class at the top. Every aspect of the disorder in Russia cries aloud for a new cult of patriotism in America. In the light of conditions here we are newly summoned to bestir ourselves against any form of autocracy, be it of wealth or privilege or political party or educational aristocracy.

Equally we must stand guard against un-American mobocracy. In our latitude of criticism we may make an idol of free speech. Shall men with an alien lisp to their tongues be permitted to stand at our doors and cry that our fathers were rogues and our mothers unchaste? Let us dare to be militant in protecting the sanity and the good name of America.

The wheels of this neglected and odorous car are singing the refrain "Do something about it! Do something about it!" Patriotism should be practical in America to-day. By the score of methods which naturally suggest themselves, we should actively promote the American spirit—by a rereading of our country's great history, by an intensification of the national spirit in our schoolbooks, by pageants and plays of patriotism, by pictures and mottoes and songs, by pilgrimages to our national shrines, and by a dissemination, through pulpit and press, of the news of what our country stands for and is doing in the world to-day.

Almost as important as the sending of troops to France is the present duty of promulgating the great verities of the American spirit throughout our own land and the remotest corners of the habitable globe. For a clear apprehension of the real nature of democracy is necessary to save the world from classism, of both top and bottom extremes. The best service that America can render poor Russia to-day is to be herself—sanely, strongly, sympathetically. The distant fitful glare in the sky above Moscow is a summons to the republic on the other side of the world to keep the clear, steady lights of democracy burning brightly, for all the world's seeing.

THE MASTER

By ARTHUR CRABB

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

HE KNEW that his name was Norman Dean, and that was about all he did know about himself. The first thing he could remember was that he had a very solemn and unpleasant grandfather, a very quiet and very unfriendly grandmother and a very kind and gentle governess. To be sure, the governess may have seemed kind and gentle only by comparison with his grandparents, but all things being relative that made no difference. He was never really sure that the two old people were his grandparents, but he had always called them so and taken it for granted. He had never known his mother, though he had been told who she probably was. If anyone ever knew who his father was he never told Norman Dean.

The man whom he had called grandfather was named Arthur Lee. He had had one child, a daughter, a very beautiful girl named Marjorie. As near as Norman Dean could tell from a word gathered here and another there, Marjorie Lee had suddenly disappeared and her father had changed from a happy, genial gentleman to a morose, silent, sad old man. Within a year Norman Dean, a new-born baby, had appeared in the great Lee mansion. No one had ever heard that Marjorie had known a man named Dean, no Dean had ever been known of in connection with the Lee family, and there never had been a word of scandal, except that Marjorie Lee had disappeared, no one knew where, and the baby had come to the Lee house. Neither Arthur Lee nor his wife ever told a soul whose baby it was or what had become of Marjorie Lee. The house contained no hint of her after she left it, unless the baby was hers.

The next thing that stood out in Norman Dean's memory was going from his governess to a boys' school. He should have gone to school sooner than he did, and he was not prepared to meet other boys. Trouble had started for him immediately and kept up till Malcolm Robb had appeared. Norman was eight; Malcolm was twelve, and he established a protectorate that was worth while for both of them and that lasted till plain friendship on an even footing took its place.

The next vivid recollection of Norman Dean's was the death of his grandmother, followed almost immediately by the death of his grandfather, which was in turn followed by his becoming a boarder instead of a day scholar. Walter Lee, who became his guardian, wasn't such a bad great-uncle, but he was a bachelor and didn't have much time to waste on small boys. Walter Lee died while Norman was in college, which simply meant another guardian for a year or two and didn't make much difference.

When he was twenty-one all the Lee wealth became his and he was one of the richest men—if not the richest man—in Alden; and Alden is a large city and has very many wealthy men. At thirty-five Norman Dean was the Master Crab. Someone had called him that when he was a very young man and it had stuck, though the "Master" part was usually dropped and he became plain The Crab.

People said he was the coldest, hardest, most cruel, meanest man in Alden. He never had, so far as anyone knew, looked at a girl with a thought of marrying her; he had never given a cent to charity and had never done a generous deed in his life; he had few friends, and most of them were queer people who toadied to him for what there was in it. His private life wouldn't bear inspection. Altogether, people said, he was a pretty bad character. Of course people don't know everything, but this time the evidence was strong enough for all practical purposes.

But people had to admit that he had brains. It took brains to run the great steel mills that had come down to him from the Lees, and they knew that if the steel mills ever shut down it would be a very sad day for Alden. However, not only had the steel mills never shut down but they had grown and grown, and Alden had grown with them; so when people said unkind things about Norman Dean they were very careful who was listening.

Norman Dean was born on the thirteenth of March—that much his grandfather had told him—and on his thirty-fifth birthday he gave a party. It was a very warm, dismal day, with rain early and fog later. Norman left his office and walked through the dripping city to Orchard Street and along that elm-lined avenue to his house, a rather large house for one man to live in alone. It was of red brick with white marble lintels and steps that had a black iron balustrade. There was a heavy outer door to the vestibule, with a white door inside, and the outer door had many panels in it and small diamond-shaped metal inserts in each panel. Norman moved one of these and the inner door lock clicked and the door opened about an inch, saving fumbling with gloved hands in pockets for keys or waiting till someone answered the bell.

"Take Him," Exclaimed J. Mary Todd, "Before I Lose My Arm!"

As Norman went in a large red setter came flying from the back regions of the house, and, having arrived, became dignified, putting his paws on Norman's chest and his head where it could be properly patted. This ceremony completed, dog and master went upstairs, both to descend shortly, the master in a dinner jacket. The dog extended himself before the fire, the master in a chair, with a foot against the dog's head. Beside him on the right was a table with a reading lamp properly arranged, a line of heavy books in holders, pipes and a jar of tobacco. On his left was a stand holding matches and a receptacle for ashes.

Norman pressed a button on the table and a colored man came into the room.

"Is everything all right, Johnson?"

"Yas sah, yas sah! What will there be for drinking?"

"Nothing to-night, except a Bronx cocktail for Mr. Lord."

"Yas sah, yas sah! Everyt'ing look particular fine to-night"—and Johnson departed.

Norman lighted his pipe, took a book from the row and read. Eventually, after wasting half a dozen matches, he realized that more tobacco was necessary. He put his book, open, on the arm of the chair, refilled his pipe, lighted it and the book fell to the floor. He leaned over to get it and struck his eyebrow against the sharp edge of the brass match holder on the stand beside him. He knew that it was a deep cut and clapped his handkerchief on it. He went upstairs, washed the wound, came down, called Johnson, and told him that he was going to Doctor Thorn's, and to explain if anyone arrived before he returned. Johnson helped him on with his coat and he went out, the setter following. He walked to the next corner and down the street to the doctor's. When he went in the setter remained on the doorstep.

One stitch and a little plaster did the work and Norman went home. He forgot all about the setter, which of course was only natural, as the setter knew where he lived and had undoubtedly gone home.

But Red Clover III hadn't gone home. At that moment he was riding in a ragman's cart through a part of the city with which he was entirely unfamiliar and which he couldn't see anyway, for he was securely tied and a very unpleasant and foul-smelling bag was over his head. But Red was no common dog and wouldn't submit to such treatment forever. Later on, a transfer being about to take place, there was a fine mix-up of setter and ragman, and when they separated the only thing Mister Ragman had for his trouble was a finely lacerated right arm.

When Norman reached home it was just seven o'clock. He found Mrs. Malcolm Robb occupying the chair that he had but recently vacated. When he entered she sprang to her feet and went toward him.

"Norman, are you all right?"

"Quite; it is nothing. My friends will suffer a lot more than I. I suppose it isn't pretty."

"You're sure—I've been worried."

"Very sure; and by the way, I want to see you sometime, alone. There isn't time now; you couldn't stay after the others have gone to-night, could you?"

"Of course; but should I?"

"That is for you to say; any time soon will do."

"You have so little time, Norman. I don't mind if you don't."

"I! Hardly, Peggy. Here are the Lords."

Mr. Lord was treasurer of the Lee Bridge Company, a man who hid behind a simple, jovial exterior a fine genius for straightforward finance.

Norman Dean's birthday party was complete and they went to dinner.

Mrs. Lord had a way with her. Halfway through dinner she exclaimed: "Norman Dean, I positively hate you!"

The abuse came out of a clear sky.

"And I love you, making a perfectly proper average."

"I mean exactly what I say. You have no right to give anybody such food. Every time I dine here I don't enjoy a meal for a week afterward. You ought to be suppressed. You disgrace—you—you—you make every housekeeper look like—like I don't know what."

"Johnson, Mrs. Lord will have a little steak."

"Steak! That's not steak: that's some kind of a fillet nobody else ever heard of."

"Perhaps it is; I don't know. I thought it was steak."

"Umph, don't know; that's a likely story!"

"Have you ever been in his kitchen, Mrs. Lord?" Peggy Robb asked.

"I never have."

"You'd better not let her, Mr. Lord, if you value your peace of mind. It's a marvel, all shiny white, and has loads of things I don't even know the names of or what they're for."

"I imagine these potatoes came out of one of them."

The subject was eventually changed. Mr. Lord was not unaware of the perfection of the edible creations set before him. He had once remarked that he never had known the real taste of anything till he had dined with Norman Dean.

"And you eat so much and it tastes so good that you're sure that it must be terribly bad for you and that you'll surely die; but it never touches you, no sir, not a bit more than your own family meal!"

All of which is simply an indication that Norman Dean took infinite pains to enjoy life.

Dinner was finished and they played bridge until eleven o'clock. The Lords departed and left Peggy Robb alone with Norman. He moved a chair for her toward the fire and lighted his pipe.

Peggy Robb, a widow for three years, was a large woman, well proportioned and very good to look at. Perhaps she was beautiful, but if she was her beauty took a place far down on the list of her virtues and attractions. Her voice was soft and finely modulated; her brown eyes had as much sweetness and goodness in them as a hundred ordinary pairs of eyes; her smile had no deceit in it, but told as much

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Saving the Money That Slipped Through Their Fingers

How an Investment of $2.00 Grew to $7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

By Arthur H. Patterson

MR. AND MRS. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years, and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over $400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at $3,500 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of $1,800 and $1,700 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of $1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly $750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning $2,000 a year. That was in 1907. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The $750 which I inherited went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was always a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just $400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."

I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on $1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50%, and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes 17%, we chopped to 5% that first year, and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1910. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and $653 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of $250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to $2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

****

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is designed to keep track of the income and expenses of the average family in a systematic manner. Each book is made to contain the records of four consecutive years.

No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary to properly keep a Woolson Book. The lifetime experience of an expert accountant is in the book. He devised it for his own household and planned it so his wife could keep it.

Two minutes daily is sufficient to keep it written up to date. At the end of each week and month and year you not only know where every penny went, but you will have an analysis and comparative table of all the various expenditures, showing just what it went for. Every detail of money management is provided for by a simple, easy system that a 12-year-old child could handle.

This book has proved truly a godsend to thousands because it has taught them a sure way to manage their finances. With it you know every minute just where you are money-wise. It automatically shows every penny of income and outgo; just how much for groceries, dress, rent, medicine, amusement, car-fare, etc.—and all this instantly and plainly. It is not complicated or tiresome. In fact, once you have started keeping a Woolson Book you will find it fascinating as a game and a miser for saving money.

The publishers are desirous, while the interest of the American public is fastened on the problem of high-cost-of-living, to distribute several hundred thousand copies of the new greatly improved edition, and are doing it in this way:

Merely write to them and ask that a copy be sent you without cost for a five days' examination. If at the end of the time you decide to keep it, you send $2.00 in payment, or if you wish to return it, you can do so without further obligation. Send no cash. Merely fill in the coupon, supply business reference, mail, and the book will be sent you immediately.

GEORGE A. WOOLSON & COMPANY
118 West 32nd Street
New York City

George A. Woolson & Company,
118 West 32nd Street,
New York City.

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, your Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I agree to send $2.00 in five days or return the book.

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SEP 1918

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as was in her heart and no more. As she sat before Norman Dean in her very simple black gown, her arms and shoulders dazzling white in the lamplight and against the dark chair, with her graceful figure and glowing cheeks, he knew exactly what a desirable woman she was.

"It's a long story, Peggy. I'll make it as short as I can without leaving out anything:

"Three or three and a half years ago we submitted bids for a bridge across the river at Oldham. It was a big job and we were the low bidder. We were not supposed to be, for there was a bad crowd handling it and one of them was on the pay roll of a company whose name has nothing to do with the story. The right had been reserved to reject all proposals, as it always is, and when the other fellow wasn't low they decided to exercise the right. We didn't care much and probably couldn't have stopped it if we had. There was lots of work and prices were going up.

"Things drifted along for a month or so when a change came. Two or three big buildings that we had expected to furnish steel for were abandoned and the Oldham bridge contract looked lots better than it had, for we could make a good deal of money on it. One day I happened to mention it to Malcolm, and he asked a lot of questions about it. Finally he told me he was pretty sure that he could get us the contract if we wanted it. I didn't have to tell him that we wouldn't buy the contract from anybody—he knew that—but I told him that if we got the work within a month the company would pay him a commission of twenty per cent of the net profits. I don't know how he did it; I never had a chance to ask him; perhaps he had dug up something in his law practice which helped, but anyway, within a week the contract came along, was signed and the work went ahead. Last week we settled the last account and closed out the job. We made exactly $199,971. The Lee Bridge Company therefore owes you forty thousand dollars.

"I could have told you all this a year or so ago—even longer ago than that—but there was a chance, up to the last minute, that there might be a lawsuit, and that might mean anything, though everything was really straight as a string; and I didn't want to disappoint you."

Peggy Robb looked at him with eyes that would have bored through armor plate had there been a flaw in it.

"Norman, is this true?"

"True! Why, of course it's true!"

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

"Why didn't Malcolm ever tell me anything about it?"

"Did Malcolm ever tell you anything after he came home that day and went to bed with a high fever?"

"No; there never was time to tell me anything."

"Exactly. He had just come back from Oldham. That is why I have never known what he did."

Peggy Robb looked into the eyes of Norman Dean, through them and beyond into his heart and soul and mind; and the Master Crab knew it and laughed. He was not the Master for nothing.

"Shall I send you a check for it, Peggy, or shall I invest it for you?"

She made no objection; there was no objection that she could make. The facts were clear—Norman would not lie—and her heart beat fast for the small boy at home in the cradle, the boy that Malcolm had never seen. Forty thousand dollars meant that she could do things for the boy that had always seemed impossible. Even then she had wondered how he could ever be sent to college.

"As you think best, Norman. I trust you more than anyone." He walked with her to her apartment house. A cold wind had sprung up, driving away the fog and drying the pavements. She took his arm and held close to him as they breasted the gale. When he left her she said nothing more than good night, for she was a woman of few words; but there was no need for spoken words, for they understood each other. She did not even tell him that she had enjoyed his birthday party.

He walked home, opened the door, threw off his coat and looked at his watch. It was half past twelve.

Bedtime—too late to read. He was sleepy and yawned, stretching his arms above his head.

"It wouldn't have been necessary if it wasn't for her foolish pride," he thought; "but it was a damn good lie. I'll say that for it. It's worth while to be able to lie like that."

"Marse Dean, you-all know where is dat Red dog?"

Norman's arms dropped. "No; why?"

"Ah cain't locate 'im nowhere. Ah been all over de house and round de neighborhood and Ah cain't find hide nor hair of 'im."

Then Norman remembered and looked at his watch again. It was still half past twelve—too late to advertise in the morning papers, naturally. Red Clover III was a good friend, whose loss would be no light matter; but Norman's name was on his collar and word would come if Red didn't—unless, of course, there had been foul play, in which case it would be well to notify the police. Norman telephoned the police and went to bed.

He slept until eight o'clock, at which hour exactly he rolled out of bed and placed himself in the hands of Mr. Henry McFee, who massaged him to a fare-thee-well. There followed a bath, heavy knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, presaging golf for the sake of the open air, and breakfast—no light meal—served by Johnson.

The morning papers were arranged on the table and beside them was a telephone, a small one-piece instrument not in common use. Norman had discovered that most telephone calls came while he was at meals and had provided accordingly. He was reading the papers, smoking a cigar, and was about to summon Johnson to order his car when Johnson came on his own responsibility. "Telephone, sah! I dunno who is it. She won't gib no name an' say she wanter talk to de Lawd o' de Manner his own self."

"The what?"

"Dat's de way I gets it, 'Lawd o' de Manner.' She say to get a move on me quick too."

Norman reached for the telephone.

"Yes, this is Mr. Dean."

"Mr. Norman Dean?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to meet you. Don't hang up; I've got something really important to tell you, but I don't get a chance to talk with the Four Hundred often, and I want to make the most of it while the talking's good. Go ahead and say something!"

"Who are you? I don't recognize your voice."

"You haven't got anything on me; I don't recognize yours. Say, it's you, is it—no kidding?"

"Yes, it's I all right."

"And not a secretary or a butler or one of those things?"

"No, it's I, sure!"

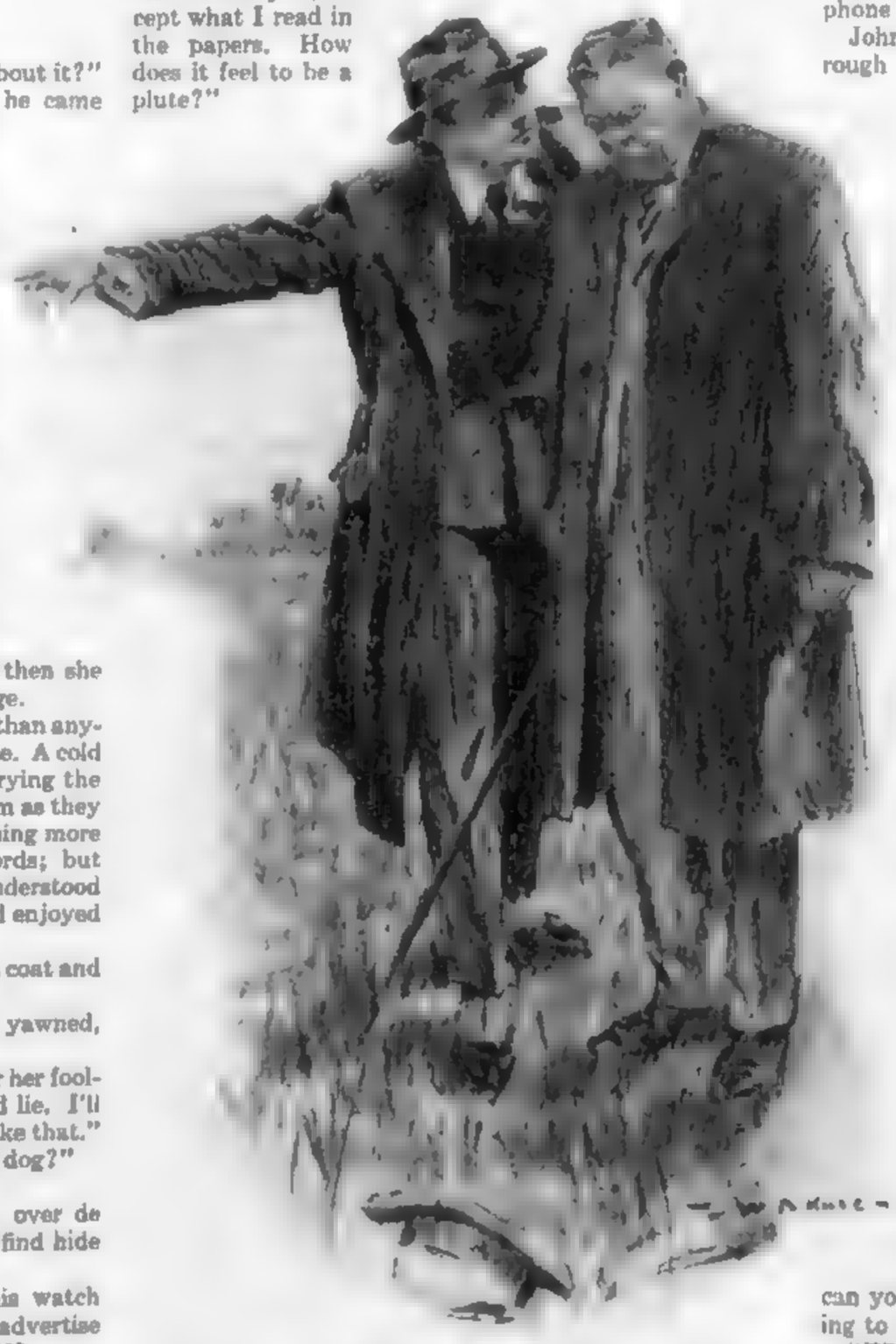
"Say, you don't sound so different from ordinary people."

"Don't I? That's nice."

"Well, I suppose I've got to come to the point. My name is S. M. Todd."

"What does the S stand for?"

"Say, that's nothing to you. The M stands for Mary—S. Mary Todd. Now you know as much about me as I know about you, except what I read in the papers. How does it feel to be a plute?"



"If Ever You Say a Single Word of Me, Every Cent You Have Will be Taken From You, This Farm Will Go, Your Family Will be Driven Out"

"How does it feel to be S. Mary?"

"Not so bad. It's a fine life if you don't weaken."

Norman laughed; the voice was soft and rather pleasant.

S. Mary must have heard him, for she said, "I didn't know you ever laughed."

"I don't often; maybe once or twice a year."

"That isn't enough; you ought to make it three times, anyway."

"All right, I'll try."

"How many laughs have you left for this year?"

"Two, now that the limit is raised."

"Well, then, now's a good time to use one of them. I suppose I've got to tell, though I just love talking to you; makes me feel swell. I've got your hound."

"Oh fine! Thank you very much."

"But if you want him you'd better come quick or he won't be here—or the house either. Say, where do you keep him when he's at home?"

"Oh, round the house, of course."

"Say, you must just hate your house!"

Norman used up his last laugh.

"Where do you live?"

"Millbrook Terrace. Do you know where that is?"

"No; I'm sorry, I don't."

"Oh, that's all right. I've never been able to find the terrace part of it myself, and there's no brook. The mill part may belong to the gin mill on the next corner but one. Anyway it's nothing but a tony name for Sixty-fourth Street north of Washington. You go up Washington to Sixty-fourth, turn right, and we're in the middle of the block on the right. You'll recognize the house all right by its moving round and the family being on the roof."

Norman used up one of next year's laughs.

"I'll be there in a jiffy!"

"Say, you're not coming yourself, are you?"

"Of course I am."

"I never expected that. I thought one of these here limousines with a couple of generals up front would draw up at the door and a tiger step out and press our simple button—with a sort of bored expression, don't you know! Say, you're kidding me this time, sure."

"Say, I'll give you one guess who's doing the kidding. I'll be there as quick as I can."

"Christmas! I'm really going to see you, am I? Don't hurry then; give me time to put on my jewelry. Goo'-by!"

"Good-by yourself!" said Norman Dean as he heard the phone click at the other end of the line.

Johnson summoned the car, and produced a cap, a large rough fur coat and gloves, for it was cold outside; and Norman went on his way to Millbrook Terrace. He didn't know anything about that part of the city—it might be middle-class, it could hardly be more, or it might be slums. As to the girl, Norman supposed she was a bright, fresh kid with a sense of humor of a sort. She might be eighteen, of the flapper type, with fancy shoes and twisted hair and the customary slouch and plenty of powder.

Twenty-one North Sixty-fourth Street was easy enough to find. It was the north half of a double house, with just room between it and the next-door house for a fence, two narrow paths and a margin or two of grass. There was a front yard large enough to park a baby carriage in and leave room for a strip of flower bed. The street was lined with trees, for Sixty-fourth Street is well beyond the barren district.

Norman rang the bell and the door was opened by a small boy.

"Is Miss Todd in?"

The boy nodded his head.

"I'm Mr. Dean. Can I see her?"

"C'm'in! I'll tell her."

Norman went into the hall, while the boy, leaving him without further ceremony, disappeared. Norman walked into the parlor. Suddenly he heard a racket—a noise which he understood perfectly—and Red Clover III appeared, dragging S. Mary Todd behind him.

"Take him," she exclaimed, "before I lose my arm!"

Norman spoke to Red Clover and quiet reigned. The girl looked at Norman and he looked at her.

"Are you Mr. Dean?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm much obliged for coming for that. What do you feed him on to make him act like that? What's the matter—been fighting?"

"No indeed! I seldom fight." He explained the plastered eyebrow. "You see if it hadn't been for the accident I wouldn't be here now."

"Now of course I don't want to be glad you hurt yourself; but you can't blame me if I do, can you? I never expected to have the privilege of talking to you all alone like this."

"Why all this delightful sarcasm, Miss Todd?"

"I don't know the meaning of the word."

(Continued on Page 42)

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NEATLY CONCEALS ALL SURFACE WIRING

WIREMOLD

(Continued from Page 40)

"But you know the art of being sarcastic."

"Me sarcastic? Say!"

A problem confronted Norman Dean. The house was nothing to boast of—it was worth perhaps thirty or forty dollars a month. Its furnishings were cheap, but there was a tone of comfort about it. There were many signs of healthy home life. The girl herself was a decided surprise. She was rather above average height, dark, broad-shouldered and slim-waisted. Her dark hair was neatly coiled on the back of her head, her complexion was excellent, without a sign of paint or powder, though her skin was a little pale. She had a fine, strong mouth with red lips, a nose with a little upward tilt and a very pretty chin. Her neck was very graceful and very white. She was not particularly handsome, but her face was attractive and its expression was pleasing.

She was simply dressed. She wore strong, low, masculine shoes, black stockings, a black skirt and a white silk waist.

A gold chain about her neck carrying a small gold watch was her only ornament, except a small seal ring.

Her hands were white and soft, her fingers long and slender, the nails pink and in perfect trim. No lady, however proud her estate, could have done better. She was twenty-six.

Norman certainly had a problem to solve if he cared to undertake the job.

"Where did you find him?"

"We didn't find him, he found us. He had a rope tied to him and he got the rope snarled up in the fence. I don't know how he did it or why he wanted to come in; he's been trying to get out hard enough ever since."

She walked over to the dog lying quietly enough now with his eyes on Norman, satisfied that after a hard night all things were right again.

"You're not such a bad sort, really, are you?" she said.

Red Clover looked up at her, pounded the floor with his tail and made no objection to the point of her small boot rubbing against his ribs.

Norman had heard a brand-new tone in her voice. The other note had gone, but it came back quickly.

"Say, it must be great to be able to support a pup like that."

"Do you mean that you think it is expensive? It isn't. His tastes are simple. I have some puppies that will be very much like him. Would you like one of them?"

"My! Wouldn't that be just grand!" Even S. Mary laughed at her own exaggeration. "But don't send him until I tell you. There's enough troubles to take care of round here for the time being. One of them let you in."

"What was the trouble's name?"

"I'm not sure, I didn't notice. It was either Sam or Malcolm or William."

"Malcolm?"

"Sure! I guess dad thought we ought to have one swell name in the family."

"What does the S stand for?"

"Sarah. My name is Mary."

"Well, Miss Mary Todd, I am very much obliged to you."

"Don't mention it! That's nothing between friends; I'd do ——"

"So we're friends, are we?" His suggestion did not seem to surprise her.

"Friends—you and me? I think your car's waiting."

Norman Dean was annoyed, but he didn't press the point. There was another question to be solved and he wanted to be tactful about it.

"I notified the police last night that Red was lost, strayed or stolen."

"Honest, I didn't steal him! Call off the cops!"

"That's not the point. I offered a reward for him. You are entitled to it, of course."

"A reward? Oh, isn't that nice! How much is it?"

"I think I said a suitable reward. What do you think would be suitable?"

"Umph. He's some dog; I can see that, and I don't know much about dogs. How would a hundred do?"

She was looking straight at Norman Dean.

"Or maybe a hundred and fifty? I guess that would be about right."

Norman needed no further word to solve the problem of the girl. She had solved it for him.

"Jelly, You're a Wonder! You Would Make the Most Beautiful Magazine-Cover Girl Blush for Shame"

"That will be very satisfactory," he said. "I will send you a check for it."

The blood rushed to S. Mary's face. "Say, do I look as poor as that? We're not millionaires round here, but we haven't reached the point where we take pay for being decent—not yet! Good-by!"

The door closed on Norman and the problem was still to be solved, if he wanted to do it. He went to the country club and spent the day, vaguely conscious that he had made a mistake about something.

Sunday was a cold day, Monday a colder one, and as he walked to his office he had a bright idea. He stopped at the huge department store next to his office and selected a very simple fur coat, for which he paid four hundred and fifty dollars and which he ordered sent to Miss S. Mary Todd, with no card inclosed. Two days later the coat turned up in a box at 1407 Orchard Street. Pinned to it was a note: "Awfully nice of you, but I'd rather have a reputation and be cold than be warm without one."

Of course there are good and bad reputations, but Norman Dean understood. He had the coat stowed away in the cedar chest.

A week later he received a wedding invitation and again stopped at the convenient department store. He always gave dinner plates for wedding presents. He knew exactly where they were, exactly which ones he wanted and exactly how much they cost. It was a very good store and sold very good plates. It was early in the morning, and, as no one was at that particular counter, Norman looked about, and came face to face with S. Mary Todd.

S. Mary smiled and said, "Can I do anything for you?"

So that was it, was it? S. Mary was a shopgirl. The problem was again in a fair way of being solved.

"I want some dinner plates. I don't know the name of them, but I can show them to you."

She walked to the counter; Norman followed and pointed to the plates. She wrote the address, the charge, the price and a lot of other things in a book, and the transaction was complete.

Norman said "Thank you," and turned away without further comment.

"How's the hound?" The words came perfectly clearly, though they sounded almost as though they had been whispered, and Norman was fully twenty feet away. He turned and found the girl laughing at him.

"Very well, thank you. How are you?"

"Never so well in my long, hard life. I'll tell you something if you won't tell: I've just had a raise; I'm in charge of this department now. I had to tell somebody and you happened to be it. Maybe I'm not pleased!"

"It sounds nice."

"It is. For instance, I get five per cent on the plates you just bought."

"I'm glad of that. Shall I buy some more?"

"There you go—trying to apoil things."

"I'm sorry. I don't want to spoil things. Look here, is there any chance on earth of our being friends?"

"Not a chance!"

"Why not?"

"I should think you'd know without being told."

"I do, in a way—that is, I can see why you might think it wouldn't do, but I don't agree with you."

"There's no need of doing any agreeing; just beat it!"

Then without thinking in the least what he was saying he spoke straight from the inside out: "What sort of girl are you, anyway?"

"I'll give you just one guess—and you be dead sure you guess right. Scoot!" And S. Mary Todd went round the corner and disappeared.

Norman Dean scooted, and a very few minutes later remarked to himself sagely: "She certainly is a queer one. I'd be a fool to get mixed up with her."

That ended S. Mary Todd so far as Norman Dean was concerned; anyway, he fully believed it did.

The Orchard Street residence of Norman Dean, the Master Crab, was next but one to the corner of Willow Street. Numbers 1401–3–5 had been absorbed by a sixteen-story apartment house, in which Mr. Dean held the equity—a fact known to very few of the good people of Alden, Mr. Dean's identity being hidden under the name of The Willow Street Realty Company.

Between Number 1407 and the apartment house was a solid brick wall extending to the fourth floor of the latter, at which point Number 1407 ended and the windows of the apartment house began. When that wall is described as solid no great untruth is foisted on an innocent public, but actually that wall wasn't quite solid. The first floor of Number 1407 was perhaps five feet above the pavement, whereas the first floor of the Willow Apartments was not more than six inches above the same pavement. Thus it happened that the second and third floors of the house and the apartment were almost, if not exactly, on the same levels.

In the third-floor apartment on the Orchard Street side lived Mrs. Thomas B. McKenna and her daughter, Elizabeth. The McKennas' bedroom was one room removed

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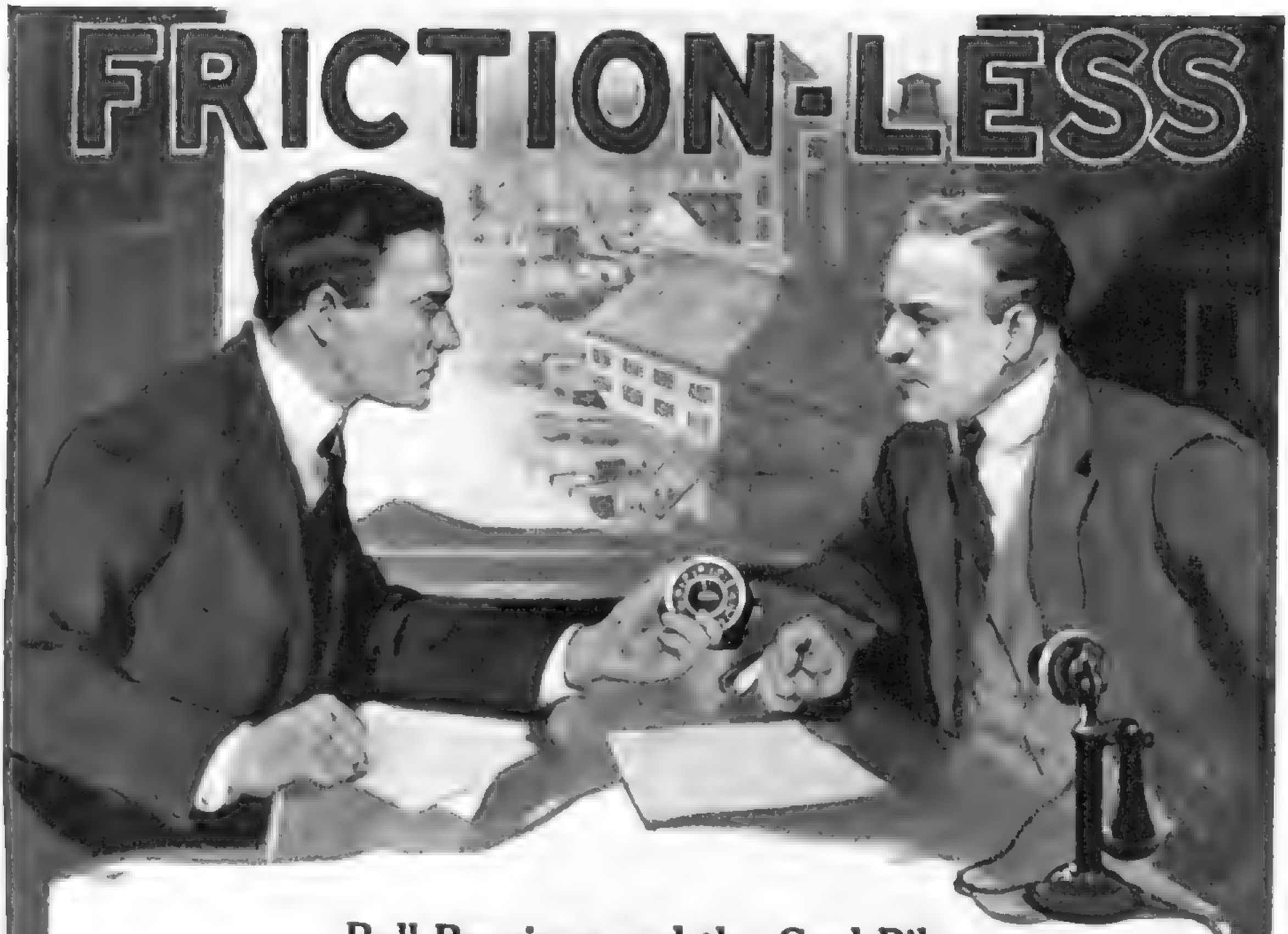

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United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear That Make United States Tires Supreme.

(Continued from Page 42)

from the solid wall. Next to it and to the wall was a small room containing a table, a desk with a typewriter in it, a safe and a closet. It was a peculiar closet, a sort of massive wardrobe built against the wall and containing many old coats on hangers. It was quite wide, plenty wide enough for two rows of old coats. If anyone had examined it closely he would have noticed that the back of it was divided down the middle, the right half overlapping the left, and that both sides disappeared in the ceiling. But no one would ever have discovered that by pressing the right half upward and then to the left it would slide in that direction almost two feet and expose a door with a knob and lock which could, if you had the key, be easily unlocked and pushed open, thus giving easy access, after the panel had been pushed back in place, to the third floor of Norman Dean's house at 1407 Orchard Street.

The third floor of Number 1407 had only two rooms and a small hall. Of course years before, when the house was built, it had had half a dozen bedrooms and storerooms and maybe a bathroom; but the old walls were gone, and now a post here and there supported the roof. The doors to both of the present rooms were of drawn steel, grained to match the mahogany doors. The windows had iron bars across them on the inside, and the glass was rough and could not be seen through. Most of the light came through the skylights anyway; and these, too, had steel bars across them. One of the rooms had nothing in it but a large table, a lot of chairs, a hatrack, half a dozen cuspidors and a water cooler. It was not a pleasant room.

The other room was very different. There were tables, desks, chairs, cabinets, filing cases, pictures, rugs and other things which made it businesslike and comfortable. It was Elizabeth McKenna's workshop. Only a very few people knew that there was such a room, and fewer still that Elizabeth ever entered it.

Her duties were numerous. She checked and vouchered all of Norman Dean's bills and paid them with checks signed E. McKenna. She handled all of his letters; no feminine handwriting was proof against her letter opener, and Norman never saw a note until she had opened it and looked at the signature. Norman Dean never gave a cent to charity, which was understood and held against him in Alden, but Elizabeth McKenna had all sorts of ways of sending money, without the recipient's being able to discover where it came from.

But Elizabeth had another job; and thereby hangs a tale.

The Willow Apartments extended two hundred feet along Willow Street from Orchard, and then came Jasmine Street, which was an alley, but blossomed into a court as soon as it passed the apartment. This court was just the width of Number 1407 Orchard Street, and on it were the service entrances of both the apartment and Number 1407. All day long many people and many trucks came and went in and out of this court, and long into the night men and women, mostly servants, passed through it. It wasn't surprising that many people should go in and out of the apartment house, for it was very large; but if anyone had ever stopped to think about it he would have wondered why after dark so many men went into the back entrance of Number 1407. They couldn't be delivering things at that time of night; there were no pretty maids to attract beaux; and surely Mr. Dean's friends would not go in that way. If anyone had wondered about all this he would have been still more surprised if he had known that nearly all of these visitors, instead of going directly into the house, turned sharply to the right and went up two flights of dark stairs to the bare room on the third floor, where Norman Dean was waiting for them.

They were a queer lot. Some of them seemed to be common laborers; some—more genteel—might be clerks; some looked like professional politicians and some like plain thugs. There were two or three who looked like gentlemen, though of a pugnacious type, with small cold eyes and aggressive chins. Each and every one of them made his reports, received his instructions, got his pay and went away, to return the next week. All in all it was a strange crowd, but curiously enough every one of them had a code of honor that was impregnable, each one knew his way about the city, and there wasn't one of the lot who wasn't as sharp as a steel trap.

There were twenty-five of them altogether, and they worked like a fine machine under the hand of the Master Crab and the eyes of Mike Tiernan and Thomas Mabry, who had learned many things in many places and were the gentlemen of the crew.

All this had been going on for nearly four years, and for that time Elizabeth McKenna had been typing, tabulating and filing the reports. Many times Norman Dean would sit in the third-floor office and read page after page of what she had written. Then he would press a button hidden under the table, and in a few minutes the door in the solid wall would open and the girl would come in. Norman, in a very comfortable chair, smoking, his eyes half closed and his head thrown back against the cushion, would dictate often for two or three hours.

Sometimes the summons would come just after breakfast, sometimes late in the afternoon; but unless it had been agreed otherwise beforehand she was always waiting and ready.

When Norman Dean was thirty-five the great work was nearly finished. In the fall Alden would elect a mayor, to serve for four years. Alden wouldn't select the man it would elect; one citizen who didn't care what the reform papers said about him would do that, and Alden would simply decide how large his majority would be. It had always been so within the memory of man, except once, and then no one had ever been able to explain it; but that had been sixteen years ago and wouldn't happen again for a long, long time, certainly.

"I Don't Believe What They Say About Him Is True," She Thought; "But You Never Can Tell"

But Norman Dean had ideas of his own on the subject. Five years before he had laid a plan before the city; it was a simple little thing and wouldn't have made much difference to anybody if it had gone through, but it hadn't gone through. A city street could not be closed, even way out by the Lee Bridge Company, unless five thousand dollars was forthcoming over and above the proper costs. The Lee Bridge Company never had and never would have that sort of five thousand dollars or any other sum; and Norman Dean told Jim Carter so. Jim had shrugged his shoulders and said, "That's up to you, but the boys has got to live."

Five years later Jim Carter didn't descend to discuss details like that; he sent one of the boys to do it for him, but the oath that Norman Dean had sworn that day as Jim turned and went through the door was about to bear fruit—or five years of hard work and a barrel of money would be wasted.

S. Mary Todd passed out of Norman Dean's life, after a very short acquaintance, in March. She entered it again, abruptly, in May. Norman Dean found a letter from her at his office one morning:

I'd like to talk to you sometime, if you are not too awfully busy and if you'd be willing to do something for me, if you can. I hate to ask you, but I have to do things I hate once in a while.

The problem had come back. Norman wondered what had happened. Perhaps she had changed her mind about being friends, had come to the conclusion that he might be worth cultivating and was just breaking the ice.

He wrote her a note, simply telling her to call him on the telephone, Orchard 500, and to ask for phone Number 77. Very few people knew that magic number. He sent a boy with it across the street to the department store. S. Mary lost no time, but called him before the boy had time to get back.

"Here I am!" she said. "Are you going to let me see you?"

"Of course!"

"I was afraid you wouldn't. You must have all sorts of people asking for favors."

"None of your sort. What time will be convenient for you?"

"Say, you fix the time: I'm doing the asking."

"All right; what time do you stop work?"

"Half past five."

"Then I'll meet you at quarter of six at the northwest corner of William Street and Washington Avenue. I'll take you home and we can talk on the way."

"My, that will be fine! Don't forget!"

"I won't, don't worry!"

Norman Dean was rather pleased. He had an account to square with S. Mary. He'd forgotten about it, but she had reminded him of it. A crab likes to square accounts.

She was waiting for him when he reached the corner, and stepped into the car beside him, and for a few moments he was very busy driving through the traffic. When they turned into the broad drive through the park she exclaimed: "Isn't it nice to go home this way instead of being battered round in street cars? It's just ge-rand!"

"Yes, and a little fresh air does one a lot of good."

"I should think it did."

They drove on for some minutes in silence. Then she said: "Well, I'm not here to look at the scenery. I might as well break the news."

"Break away! I hope it's nothing serious."

"I'm looking for a job for Sam—he's my oldest brother."

So that was all there was on her mind. He was disappointed—he had hoped for something interesting.

"How old is he?"

"Eighteen; he graduates from school next month. I might as well tell you the whole story and have it over with: He's a nice boy and pretty smart, but he hates work. He's gotten along in school too easy. He's dead stuck on clothes and girls, he's fine at figures and likes to draw and fuss with machinery—and that about lets him out. It looks to me as though he might turn out fine or might go to the devil, depending on what sort of start he makes. I'm asking you for advice as much as for the job. You must know a lot about kids starting in. There isn't any trouble getting him a job; the trouble is to get him the right one. I could get him into the store easy enough, but he'd spend all day fussing the chickens."

Sam wasn't particularly interesting, but S. Mary was.

"Why is this your responsibility instead of his father's?"

"The whole darn family is my responsibility."

"So," thought Norman, "this young girl has a whole family on her hands, and I haven't a relative on earth. Queer the way the Lord arranges things."

Then he asked. "How many are there in the family?"

"Father; me; Sue—she's two years younger than I am; Sam; Malcolm—he's fifteen; and Bill, twelve."

"What does your father do?"

"Works. He's had the same job for twenty-five years, with one raise—from seventy to eighty dollars a month."

That was enough for Norman. "Your mother is not alive?"

"No; she died last fall."

Norman saw that S. Mary was wearing black. Probably the mother had been a good deal of a woman.

"Does Sue work?"

"Yes; she's a stenographer, and nuts on the men. She can just about take care of herself."

"And so you're the family manager?"

"I'm all of that, and, believe me, it's some job! What I want for Sam is a place where he'll have to work and where he'll like the work, with a boss that will get him over the first bumps. I know one kid isn't much, but I've got to do what I can for him."

"Does he know that you're talking to me about him?"

"Say, do you think I'd let the family know I'd been getting fresh with you!"

"You're very far from being fresh, young woman. When does school close?"

"The end of June."

"I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll put an advertisement in the News on the first of July. You see it and tell Sam to apply for the job. I suppose he will?"

"Oh, he'll do anything I tell him."

"I'll see that he gets the job and the right sort of a job, and he won't know how he got it or that I'm watching him. I'll keep you posted."

"Say, you're all right! I'm terribly much obliged."

"Not a bit—it's nothing."

"Yes, I know it's nothing all right—not. Would you mind letting me out here? I'll walk the rest of the way." They were but a block or two from Sixty-fourth Street.

"Of course, if you wish; but I'm not ashamed of being seen with you."

"And I'm not ashamed of being seen with you; I'm proud. But a girl like me gets talked about enough anyway, without setting the stage for it in plain daylight."

"So we're not to be friends?"

"What good would I do you as a friend?"

"I don't know, but I like you, S. Mary."

"And I like you, but the president of the Lee Bridge Company hasn't any place in my private life."

S. Mary walked up Sixty-fourth Street. "I don't believe what they say about him is true," she thought; but as she went through the gate she said quite loud enough to have been heard: "But you never can tell. They're all bad!" Which was nothing less than a slander of the whole male sex.

Two mornings later a quiet stranger was walking down Sixty-fourth Street at seven o'clock, just as William Todd, Senior, emerged from Number 21. The stranger boarded a trolley with Mr. Todd, changed cars with him later on and followed him almost into the room where Mr. Todd worked, which happened to house some of the employees in the freight department of Alden's largest railroad. Later in the day the Master Crab called the General Freight Agent on the telephone, and a week later the General Freight Agent called him. When Norman hung up the receiver he shook his head and said "Hell!"

So it came about that Mr. Todd, Senior, kept on the even tenor of his way and was perfectly content.

"So the president of the Lee Bridge Company and Miss Todd won't mix socially." Thus cogitating, Norman left S. Mary Todd and drove slowly home. It happened to be an off night for him and he rather enjoyed off nights, for there were not many of them. Often he worked an eight-hour day at the office and half a dozen hours at home. Work, exercise and bridge one night a week were pretty

nearly all of Norman's life. He played golf and racquets for exercise regularly and boxed spasmodically and kept in fine physical condition. The people of Alden who knew anything about it thought he must be a very lonely man; living alone in a big house was certainly lonely. But it had not occurred to him that he could ever be so lonely until about a year before the afternoon he took Mary Todd home.

Years before he had become convinced that he was an illegitimate child, which probably meant that his father was at best a good-for-nothing man. Norman supposed that he must have gotten his brains from the Lees. As far back as he could remember it had seemed to him that there had been some sort of social ostracism for him. It is possible that there had been some doubt in a few squeamish minds as to how he should be received, but there had never really been anything more than that. The trouble had been his own pride. He had wanted the others to make advances to him and he had presented a very unpleasant exterior for them to advance upon. He had a cutting tongue on occasion and an air about him that made people think he didn't like them. It hadn't taken much of that sort of thing to separate Norman from the rest of the world. He had all the friends he wanted, but if ever a man was not hail fellow well met that man was Norman Dean, and Norman was glad of it. It saved him all sorts of trouble.

He had been perfectly happy and thought he always would be, but he had found that he was mistaken. When a man works hard at work and play and does all of it with men, sometime or other he is going to wake up and desire the society of women. Norman did so when he was thirty-four, and he probably knew less about women and love than any other man in Alden.

It had started by his being led away into a grove by a perfectly sweet and wonderfully handsome young woman who wanted to be kissed. Norman kissed her that night and two or three more afternoons and got tired of it. He didn't understand her, but he found that she had no more mind than a fly and that she wasn't worth wasting time on. But mind or not, she had taught Norman a thing or two, and he began to hunt round for a woman. He made the mistake of following the pretty faces and had half a dozen disappointments.

Norman didn't realize that he was doing a perfectly natural thing, but doing it a little later than it is usually done. He was looking for a wife. Not realizing what was going on, it didn't occur to him that the usual way is to have the girl appear and to think of making her a wife afterward.

For six months Norman had kept up the search. Never before had he appreciated the beauty of soft white arms, the lure of tiny slippers and silken ankles, of beautiful necks and shoulders and blooming cheeks. He had found himself looking at women on the streets and ignoring the men. He had found himself thinking of this woman or that, when he meant to think of something else. If a smart woman who wasn't too plain had come along then, she could have had Norman by crooking her finger.

Then suddenly he had discovered that Peggy Robb wasn't Malcolm's wife any longer, but a marriageable woman. It came as a great shock; why hadn't he thought of her before? She needed a husband; she was the sort of woman who was meant to be taken care of. She was poor, she had only two or three thousand a year for herself and her boy and it was hard sledding, for there had been much more than that before Malcolm died. She was a finely built woman, very good-looking, and loved children. She had been his friend for years, the best friend he had among women. Furthermore, she was a good woman, an intelligent, refined, educated woman, with no queer ideas, with a clean mind and fine principles. She was the sort of woman to whom no man would ever think of telling a story that was even infinitesimally off color.

He had set out to win Peggy, but he had never been able to stand up and say: "Peggy, I love you. Will you marry me?" It wouldn't be true. Then he tried another plan, and half a dozen times he had gone to her flat with his mind made up to say: "Look here, Peggy; you and I like each other; why don't we get married? I'll be good to you and you'll be lots better off than you are now. What do you say?"

The trouble was when he got there and looked Peggy in the eye he knew perfectly well that there was only one way to ask her to marry him, and that was to tell her he loved her; but whatever else he might be he wasn't that sort of liar.

Then the old obsession that he was an outcast and not fit to marry any decent woman got hold of him and he drew back into his shell and cut out all thought of marrying Peggy or anyone else. But Peggy needed help, so by cooking up a fine tale he saw that she got it. He was that sort of liar.

Then S. Mary appeared; and if ever two women were unlike those two were—S. Mary and Peggy.

When, after leaving S. Mary two blocks from her house, Norman reached home, he set about preparing for an evening's loaf. He donned slippers and smoking jacket, he found a book that looked as though it had lots of snap and go in it, he ate a very satisfactory dinner and he decided that it was cool enough for a fire.

He began to read at eight o'clock and discovered that the book was just what he knew it would be—a conglomeration of impossible trash. He tossed it on the table and took up another, which proved to be a treatise on the manufacture of tool steel, written in German. He tried a page or two of it, but it was hard going. He gave it up, called Peggy Robb on the telephone, changed his coat and slippers and went to her rooms.

He stayed till half past eleven, much to Peggy's surprise. He went over Peggy with his eyes from head to foot; he listened to her soft, low voice, listened to her well-chosen words and intelligent ideas. He knew she was as near a perfect woman from the toe of her black slipper to the topmost strand of her crown of beautiful hair, by way of her heart and brain, as a mortal woman could be. And that ended it.

He might be everything that people said he was—he didn't care one way or the other what people thought—but he wasn't the sort for her, and the hell of it was, and he hated to admit it, she wasn't for him. Even the Master Crab couldn't make love come simply by wanting it to.

Norman went home to bed and slept like a log. He got up the next morning, resolved to forget women, and went to work. He worked sixteen hours a day for two weeks, counting golf as work, and in the end was nervous as a witch. He wanted excitement of a different sort and he didn't know where to get it; he wanted something that would make him forget the price of steel, designs of trusses and crooked politicians.

It was five o'clock, and so far as engagements were concerned he was free till the next day. He stood looking out of his office window at the department store.

He had much less trouble getting S. Mary on the telephone than he expected.

"Want to ride home to-night?"

"Yes! Who is it? Don't tell me, I couldn't mistake that voice. Say, there's nothing wrong, is there? You sound terribly cross; you're not expecting to work it out on me, are you?"

"Perhaps I am cross and want you to cheer me up."

"Me cheer you up—gee!"

"Try it."

"All right, I'll meet you at the place I did before."

This time Norman did the waiting.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but it couldn't be helped—one of those things, you know, we poor girls have to stand for. Gee, I'm tired!"

She was dressed as she had been before, in black, simply and very becomingly. There seemed, too, to be a suggestion of sunburn.

"Been away, Miss S. Mary?"

"Just down to the shore over Sunday. Some friends of ours took Sue and me down in their motor." S. Mary had forgotten herself, but only for a minute. "But gosh, they haven't a car like this one! They only have a flivver."

"Do you like to ride?"

"Oh, I just love it!"

"Well then, suppose instead of riding for just a few minutes we make an evening of it?"

"My, that would be fine, but I've got a date."

"Break it!"

"Nothing doing; I don't believe in breaking dates."

"Let's go to-morrow."

"Sorry, but I've got another date to-morrow."

"Thursday?"

"I'm going to the movies Thursday. I promised dad."

"Friday?"

"Oh, I'll go to-night! Say, how long would you keep that up?"

"Will you really go to-night?"

"No, I won't; what's the use?"

"There's no use unless you like driving through the country at the most pleasant time of day and eating a meal at the golf club, and you don't dislike me enough to spoil it."

"Me dine at the Alden Country Club and feel every woman in the place stickin' up her nose and archin' her aristocratic eyebrows at the girl from Huntington's Department Store who used to sell her hats? Not on your life!"

"Sally, I could tell you things about some of them that would make you ashamed to—to even sell 'em hats."

"Why certainly, I know a few things myself; but they wouldn't know I knew; and besides, maybe there might be a few decent ones."

"I suppose there is no use arguing; if you won't you won't."

"Say, wouldn't I like to, though—but it just can't be done."

"Why can't it?"

"You want me to tell you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Did you ever read the story of The Prince and the Goose Girl?"

"I seem to remember it."

"They lived happily ever afterward, didn't they?"

"I believe they did."

"That's my idea of a fairy tale. The guys who fly round in the air on horses, the ladies who wave a wand and change lions to doves, the witch who changes a pumpkin into a victoria—are real, everyday people, compared with that Prince. You can see 'em on the screen anywhere, but the other—that's a dreamy fairy tale. Do you get me?"

"I get you, Sally."

"Why Sally? That's the second time."

"I like Sally better than Mary or Miss Todd."

"Well, it's nothing to me—if you keep off Sarah. Let me tell you something else: I'm no kid; I've seen and heard a thing or two; I've been working ten years; I've got this suit, an old one for rainy days, and one for parties that I made myself. A week ago I went to see a girl that used to work with me. She's the handsomest woman I ever saw, and always was. From the time she was in long skirts the men just swarmed round her; she could 'a' had a dozen dates for every night, and there was a flock of fellows who wanted to marry her. Now she has a big apartment up on the Drive, fixed up fit for a queen. And clothes! I'll bet she's got a hundred evening gowns. She wanted me to take a couple of them. She has her own automobile and three or four servants, and she'd be first in a beauty show, with nobody second.

"We used to be pretty good friends and I guess she still likes me. Anyway, when she offered me the dresses and I wouldn't take them, maybe I looked queer -and she spilled over. She says she goes round all the time feeling as though someone was just behind her carrying an ax, and that sooner or later he's going to swing on her. And the worst of it is she loves the man. He told her he loved her and she held out as long as she could for marriage. He couldn't, or anyway he wouldn't. Let a woman get in love and she hasn't any more head than a flea!"

"And you think I'm that sort of man?"

"All I know is that you are a man and you've got all sorts of money. Also you've got lovely manners and a winning way with ——"

"Nobody ever accused me of that before."

"Maybe not, because you like to make believe you're a crab; you think it's smart, I suppose; but people talk about you and they do accuse you of pretty near everything on the calendar."

"Do they?"

"Do they! I should say they did. I've heard all sorts of things, and I used to believe 'em."

"Do you now?"

"No, I don't, if it makes any difference to you."

"It does make a difference, a big difference."

"And as I was saying, you can marry pretty near any woman you want, and I'm dead sure you don't want to marry me. Being a woman, and therefore a poor weak thing, I'm not going to take any chance on falling in love with you. Here's where I get out." Get out she did, and waved good-by to him.

"Back to the mines," she mused as she went into the house and began to set the table for dinner.

July first came and Sam went to work, never suspecting that a very keen and powerful pair of eyes were watching him. As July wore on the papers began to devote a column or two on the front page to city politics. Walker, of the News, began his hammer, hammer, hammer for good government, knowing down in his heart that the vote would be about two to one against reform, which might or might not be good government. Jim Carter wasn't worrying—there was no sign of active life in the opposition, his own machine was running without a vibration, the treasury was full to overflowing. Jim Carter was another name for the Republican party in Alden, and he actually had no more to do with the Republicans than with the Eskimos nearest the North Pole. Another four years of prosperity, one more successful election for the sport of the thing, and Jim could retire to his farm and his horses for the remainder of his days.

The Democrats were trying to find a candidate for mayor who was willing to go through the formality of running and were having hard sledding. The primary part of both tickets would be a mere formality; the two men would be selected by a few gentlemen in secret session. Jim Carter already had his man.

There were half a dozen newspapers in Alden, of which only three amounted to anything. The Courier was the organization sheet and had a circulation as large as all the rest put together. The Times was a ladylike magazine that talked about itself a lot, reached the better class of women, and looked upon the world, and especially Alden, with the same point of view as an old-maid school-teacher with a lot of healthy boys in her class. Politically it supported anything that looked like reform. The News was the real paper of the city. Somehow or other it had paid its way, and old man Walker, who owned it and ran it, was as independent as a hog on ice and a whole lot more able. He had lived in Alden all of his sixty years, loved it and gave his life to doing all he could for it, and gave his readers all he could for their cent a day and five on Sundays. The Major, for he was so called, was no fool, and had many years of good work before him; and he was a Democrat in Alden and out of it. Furthermore, Alden, taken by and large, was very fond of him and respected him; and he was an important part of Norman Dean's plans. As sometimes happens in this imperfect world, Alden had a district attorney who was worthy of the job, and he, too, was to be important in the great work.

On the first day of August Major Walker received a letter. It was short, unsigned and on a plain sheet of paper. A duplicate of it was received by the district attorney.

It was nothing more than a statement that John Regan, Superintendent of Public Buildings, had built a house for himself within the city limits, and that it had to a very large extent been constructed of materials belonging to the city and by men on the city's pay roll, and that the city had never received a cent from Mr. Regan for either the material or the labor. Then followed a list of the names of the men who had worked on the house, with the dates; the quantities of cement, brick, lime, lumber and such things, and from which of the city's store yards they had come; and the fittings that had been used, such as bathtubs and lighting fixtures.

Three days later Norman Dean saw the headlines of the News as he sat down to breakfast, and smiled. The millstones had begun to turn and the grinding would be fine. After breakfast he went to the office on the third floor, took some papers from a file and rang for Elizabeth McKenna. When she came he handed the sheets to her.

"Take a ride this morning," he said, "and post these somewhere out in the country. Don't forget that the envelopes are never to be the same. It would be a good scheme to make envelopes from strong wrapping paper."

The next morning the Major had another trail to follow. This led to Olive Street, in the suburbs, where the concrete under the

(Continued on Page 49)

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests No. 3

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what service he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

Traction-Surface

We all know how quickly the small eraser on a pencil wears away, as compared with an eraser that is broad and flat.

For the same reason a non-skid tread, made up of comparatively small projections, cannot resist wear so well as a tire having a broad, flat traction-surface.

It is therefore important in considering the merits of various non-skids, that you determine how large a surface comes in actual contact with the road.

An excellent way is to lay a piece of wire screen over one unit of the tread, comparing the number of squares that touch the raised portion with the number that cover the portion not raised.

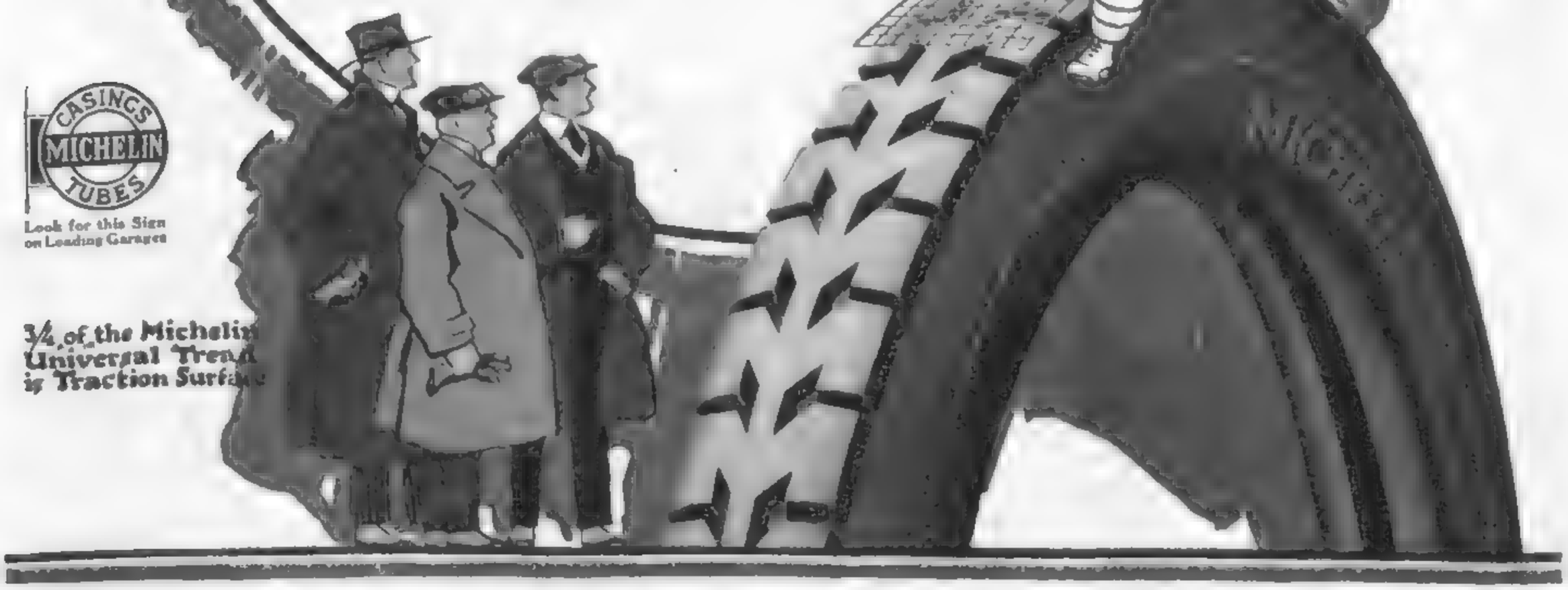
In the Michelin Universal, for example, three-quarters of the entire non-skid tread comes in contact with the road, thus forming a broad, flat traction-surface that means extra service.

Make the "screen test" for yourself. It will confirm Michelin's superior construction.

Better quality and greater quantity of materials and recognized structural advantages give Michelins their remarkable durability. Yet Michelin Tires are not high priced.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
Milltown, New Jersey

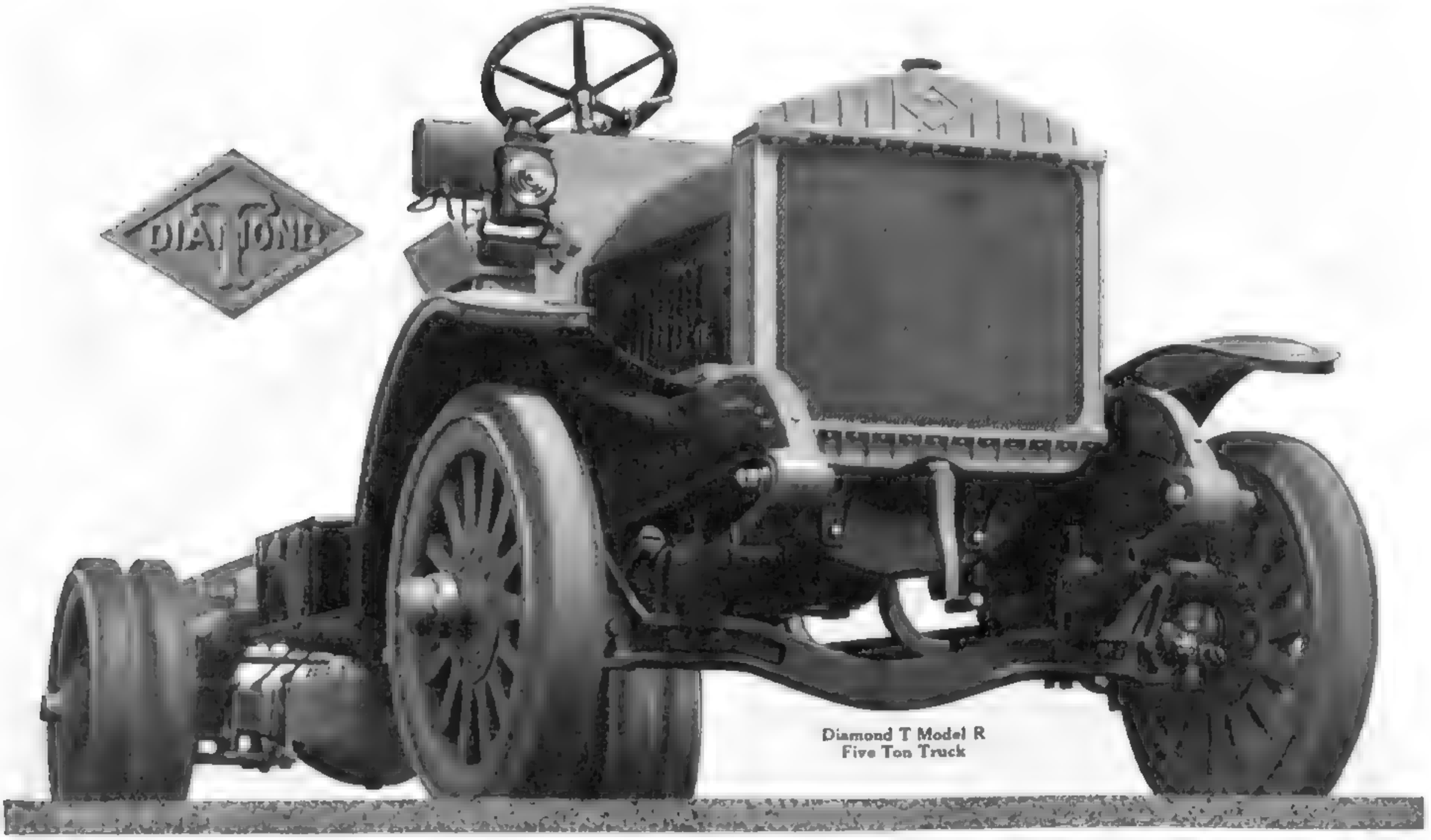
Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine St., W. Montreal, Canada



CASINGS MICHELIN TUBES

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

¾ of the Michelin Universal Tread is Traction Surface



Diamond T Model R
Five Ton Truck

DIAMOND T

The truck that gives super-service

Why do Diamond T owners look as though they wondered what you meant when you mention "the truck problem?"

Why does the Diamond T stand up to all the jolts and jars and bumps and bangs—resisting all the misuse that ruins the ordinary truck?

Why does the Diamond T meet every strain and stress put upon it, in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads?

The answer to each of these questions is simple:

Diamond T Trucks typify *inbuilt* quality—reserve strength—extra power—untapped energy.

No Diamond T Truck has yet worn out. Performance—*continuing* performance—day after day and year after year, is the measure of motor truck value. It means lower operating expense and slower depreciation in worth.

Get the Diamond T built for *your* needs. Five sizes—one to five-ton. *Immediate shipments.*

Diamond T Motor Car Company

4519 West 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

Dealers: There is some unoccupied territory. Our selling franchise is profitable to those who satisfy us that the interests of Diamond T will be properly represented by them.

Send a "Smileage" Book to your Soldier, today

(Continued from Page 46)

asphalt was only four inches thick though the specifications required six.

Norman went downstairs and out into the street. Major Walker had taken the bait and would take more. It would go to him slowly for a while, so that he would have time for investigation, then faster and faster. There were forty complete statements with positive proof of each; and each proof would catch and hold one of Jim Carter's boys. Proof would work its way up and up to Jim Carter, slowly but surely, so that he might have plenty of torture until he finally knew that his last hope had gone. Perhaps sometime not far off the Master Crab would walk up to Jim Carter and remind him of that day five years before, when he had tried to make a crook of him. Jim Carter's face would be a fine thing to see then!

But what was the use; what good did all this make to Norman Dean? What did he care for good government or bad? He had all of the world's goods he wanted, more than he knew what to do with. He hated people and people hated him. Why should he help the people? They didn't want to be helped. If they did they could help themselves; they could throw Jim Carter and his crowd out without the slightest trouble; but they liked Jim Carter.

Why had he worked for four years on a fool thing like this? First, to beat Jim Carter, but mostly because he hated the people, and he wanted to show the people what fools they were. The showing had commenced, his work was finished, there was nothing more to do but to send a few sheets of paper through the mails and watch the poor devils go to jail, and to sit by and laugh at the people. That was poor sport; the real sport was over, the doing of the thing; the game was the thing, not the prize.

Norman walked past the building that housed the Bridge Company's offices and went on toward the river and halfway across the New Street Bridge. There he stopped and gazed downstream, where three miles away on the left bank was the Lee Bridge Company's plant, with its huge stacks and its cloud of smoke. The sight of the familiar outline suddenly brought him back to life.

"What the devil am I doing here!" he exclaimed. "I must be crazy!"

He turned and walked rapidly back toward his office. The game was played out, sure enough. Back to the mines for him. But his mines were not setting the table for dinner.

As he walked he began again his unconscious dreaming. The big game had been played and was finished; but there was a smaller game left, a game that wasn't serious but was amusing—S. Mary Todd. Hell on earth! He could boss thousands of men and turn a city upside down, but he couldn't make a dent in the hide of that slangy young shopgirl. He couldn't, eh? He'd show her whether he could or not!

He would have liked to have Peggy Robb, but that couldn't be worked out. It was well enough to think of the things he could do, of the fights he could fight, but that sort of thing was out of his line. He couldn't offer Peggy Robb a poor sordid substitute for what Malcolm had given her. If he had been able to tell her honestly that he loved her with all his heart and soul, he believed that he could get her, but it would have to be a fair fight in the open and not a knife in the back.

Perhaps he was ashamed of himself and his birth and didn't dare love her; perhaps he was afraid that if she took him Alden would treat her as it treated him. He gloried in Alden's hatred, but he could not take it to Peggy. But the other girl—the other girl who said that he wasn't such a bad sort to talk to once in a while, but who thought too much of herself to have more than that to do with him—he'd make her come off her high horse!

When he reached his office he called the plant, asked for Sam Todd's boss and heard what he had hoped to hear. Then he telephoned S. Mary, and again later on she sat down beside him in his automobile.

"It's a long time since I have had the pleasure of hearing you call me names. Have you thought up any new ones?"

"I call you names?"

"Suggestively, at least."

"You wrong me most unfairly."

"Sally, cut out your made-up language. It was amusing the first time I heard it; now it's tiresome and very annoying. You slip up once in a while and speak naturally, and it's very pleasant; the other isn't. Also your attempts to laugh at what you think is my place in life are very foolish. You understand what I mean?"

"What do you want me to do—say 'Really!' and 'How interesting!' and 'Oh, I say!' every time you speak? I'd be a scream if I tried to talk like your female friends. I know the language right enough, but I haven't the voice and the what-do-you-call-it—presence—to put it over; or the ideas—or maybe the lack of ideas, I dunno."

"Try talking to me the way you talk to a man friend who makes dates with you and whom you like."

"All right, I'll try. Any other little thing you want?"

"Yes, but it's not little. Do you remember telling me that I could have no place in your private life, by which I suppose you meant that you and I could buy and sell china together but couldn't eat off it together?"

"Yes, I remember."

"That's got to be changed."

S. Mary shot a glance at Norman. A man can put a great deal of meaning into his voice that is not in the words he speaks, and she heard a note then that she had never heard before, and her heart sank. It seemed to her that he had said that he could do with her as he liked and that she knew she would be powerless to stop him. But S. Mary was no coward, and the fright his quiet words had sent through her departed as quickly as it had come.

"Really! How do you like the way I said that?"

Norman paid no attention to her.

"Yes, that is going to be changed; we are going to be friends. You are going to treat me just as you do any decent man you know. You are going to forget that I'm rich, forget the Bridge Company, what people say about me—everything except that I am a plain, ordinary man who has never harmed a woman and isn't going to begin on you. If people talk I can't help it; it won't hurt you. You are going to dine with me, lunch with me, ride with me, go to the theater with me, do other things that good friends do together—and I am going to make you whether you like the idea or not. No, that isn't so; I'm not going to make you or ask you to do anything that you won't actually enjoy the doing of. I've got to take the chance that you don't dislike me. If you do that ends it."

"No, I don't dislike you, Mr. Dean; I won't lie to you. But I'm surely wild to know how you are going to do all of these things."

"If you will treat me as though I were a white man I will give you four thousand dollars to be used for sending your brother Sam through college—Columbia, Harvard, Tech or any place where he can get a first-class engineering education. I'm not predicting that he will be a world beater—it's too soon for that—but he's worth taking a chance on. He's not the first boy that I've sent through college. He's nothing to me; it's up to you."

Simple, wasn't it? It looked simple enough to S. Mary. He wanted her and was beginning to turn the screws. He was clever; this was the beginning. She was looking straight ahead of her, but she could feel his eyes boring through her. It took some thinking out, that idea.

"How long can I have to decide?" she asked without looking round.

"As long as you like, but you might as well decide now. You'll decide for me and Sam sooner or later."

S. Mary suddenly noticed that they were not moving, but were at the side of a little-used road in the park.

"It's not much to ask," he continued; "not much to ask you to come out in the open and say whether or not you believe what people say about me."

"Is what people say true?"

"What difference does it make whether it's true or not? What counts is what you believe."

Suppose he was a white man and people lied; suppose he was like all great men who always had the same old stories told about them—why, then he wasn't asking anything at all, he was offering everything to her.

She turned and looked at him—squarely at the face that had been caricatured in the Courier and had been twisted about in every paper in Alden, the face of the devil, the driver, the heartless, soulless maker of money—and she didn't see a thing but a pair of eyes laughing at her.

"You win," she said; "or I do, whichever it is."

"We both do, Sally; and Sam. Where shall we go?"

"It's nothing to me."

"The golf club, then."

"That means clothes."

"It does not."

"It means a fresh waist."

"That's for you to decide. I know some people who'll eat with us."

"Look here, you're going a bit fast."

"I can't go too fast; there's not going to be any talk, Sally. Don't hide; let the light in—look the world in the eye and tell 'em to go to hell. Besides, Mrs. Lord is the sort of woman who will like you all the more for selling her a hat or a soup tureen. She's worth knowing."

"All right, me lord; lead on, I follow."

S. Mary changed her waist and her shoes and stockings.

"Well," she said, "it's either vamp, or an angel having a darn good time, for me. I wonder which. I'll find out soon enough."

Earlier in the day Norman had gone to Arthur Lord. "Want to take part in a little comedy for charitable purposes tonight?" he asked. "In other words, if you have nothing on will you eat with me at the country club, with the madam's approval?"

Arthur Lord was agreeable. So was Mrs. Lord when he talked with her over the telephone.

"If I don't turn up ask someone to fill in. I think I'll be there, but I'm not sure. What I am sure of is that I want you there if all goes well. Remember, it's for charity."

Mrs. Lord hung up the telephone and mused. Certainly Norman was a queer man. His right hand and his left never met.

"I wonder what he's up to now."

S. Mary walked up to Anne Lord, smiled sweetly and held out her hand. Norman saw on her face a do-or-die expression that entirely escaped the others.

"I'm in for it and I've got to make the best of it, but don't you get gay with me or I'll show you a thing or two," the expression said; but S. Mary met a lady and within an hour had made a friend. Even fine ladies have hearts and understand a lot of things. The evening was a success from start to finish. When Norman left her at her house she said, "Ah weel, me lord, if that's the worst that's going to happen my great sacrifice won't kill me."

S. Mary could talk in more different languages than an interpreter at Ellis Island.

Alden was wild with excitement. Alden had had plenty of muckraking before, but never had Alden had the calm, methodical finger of proof point day after day to the city's malefactors. Day after day the net was cast, and always the fish were landed. High and low men sought refuge in confession, asked for immunity in exchange for evidence; and each was met with a cold refusal. A general exodus from the city commenced and was quickly halted. Men with warrants turned up in unexpected places and turned back the panic-stricken victims.

The district attorney, Major Walker and the other million or two people in Alden wanted to know who had done the thing. The News told the story, but the News could not tell the name of the man who had saved Alden. The News begged him to come forward and announce himself; the Major racked his brains; men, women and children pondered over the subject—and never one of them ever thought of the Master Crab. The Crab himself laughed, laughed at the fools.

Then one day a shabby individual appeared in the Major's office and asked for advertising rates, two lines here and there scattered through the paper. The cost was determined, the amount paid and the shabby one turned over the copy: "Major Cyrus Walker is the man for Mayor"—over and over again. Then billboards suddenly burst forth with the same legend, other papers printed it, the street cars had it, and Alden found its man.

The story of the shabby man got about—he had ordered all the advertising and paid for it in cash and had disappeared before anyone woke up and suspected that he might know the name of the city's deliverer.

There would be no campaign, no fuss, no feathers; the Republican party was in jail, and the man to reclaim Alden had been thrust into the sun. Jim Carter knew that the end had come, that there was no fight left in him. Somewhere from the darkness a snake had crawled into his tent and struck, and the snake's poison had been deadly. If he could but find the snake he would be happy, for if it was his last deed on earth he would break its back in a thousand places, tear it to pieces and tear each piece into a thousand more.

October was almost gone when Jim Carter did find the snake, for it came to him when he was standing alone watching the sunset over his broad acres. No help was near, and the snake was a tall man with powerful arms and a great neck, with deep chest and heavy thighs, with cold blue eyes and a square jaw.

"Do you know me?"

"Yes; how could I help knowing you?"

"Do you remember the last time you spoke to me?"

"Yes, I remember well; I'd not be likely to forget you or it."

"I did not forget, either, that the boys had to live—on blood money."

The man looked at the Crab, his small eyes close together, searching the face before him. Slowly the truth came to his weary brain, the blood came to his face, his features twisted like a wild maniac's.

"You, eh? So it's you—you ——" And oaths unthinkable flowed from his fury-driven tongue.

Jim Carter, livid with rage, raised his heavy black walking stick, held it above his head in both hands and advanced upon the snake, who laughed and, as the man swung blindly downward, stepped quietly aside and let the stick go weakly past him. Then before Jim Carter knew that he had missed he heard a voice that cut like a million knives:

"I have told you, so you'll know that I have kept my word. You'll go to jail, which will be bad enough; but if ever you say a single word of me, every cent you have will be taken from you, this farm will go, your family will be driven out—for I know where you got the money to buy it and the money to run it and the money you have put away. And I know who killed Frank Bannon and why he was killed, and you know I know. One word of me and—I think you understand."

They found him there, an old man, broken and bent and muttering to himself, and led him away—captive.

The snake that walked like a crab laughed at the man who had grown old in a month, got into his car and drove away. He had chosen his time well, for the law had sent for Jim Carter, and Jim would follow where the law led, knowing that he had been whipped by one man, and not by Fate, against which no man can hope to prevail. The final scene had been set, the play finished—and so far as the Crab was concerned the game was done.

But the other game was still on, and that night was the night. Norman looked at the clock on the cowl and drove faster along the broad smooth road, on to the corner where S. Mary sometimes waited. To-night she had a suit case with her when she came, and they went on to 1407 Orchard Street. A colored maid, trim in black and white, opened the door and taking S. Mary's bag led the way upstairs. Young colored maids in 1407 were something new and suggested events of moment in the establishment.

A half hour later Norman, in evening clothes, went into his small library and with the habit of years strong within him lighted his pipe, took a book and reached out with his foot for Red Clover III. It was to be a great night if all went well, and he knew that it could do nothing else.

Ten minutes later he heard light footfalls on the stairs, and rose and stood with his arms behind his back before the fire. S. Mary came into the room, smiling and silent, and stopped just within the portières of the doorway.

"*La première, monsieur!*"—she laughed and made a mock curtsy.

Norman looked her over with a critical eye that found nothing but satisfaction.

"Sally, you're a wonder! Indeed you are!"

"Sally is a terribly skeered child," she said.

"Nonsense! Forget everything except that you're happy and the world is yours. Turn round." She turned so that he saw her profile.

"You would make the most beautiful magazine-cover girl blush for shame."

"Flatter away. It's all lies, but I love to hear it. Am I happy, Norman?"

"Don't you know whether you're happy?"

"I feel as though I were dreaming, with something that you might call sub-subconscious telling me that I'm likely to wake up any minute. I feel as though I were sitting at a damask table groaning with solid gold, and eating peacocks' tongues and drinking liquid diamonds; as though I had a crown upon my head and lords and ladies all round me; and as though the floor were very slippery—thin ice in a fair way of melting and dropping the whole kit and boodle into the lake. That's the way I feel, but I know the water isn't deep, and that somebody will throw me a rope if I can't get ashore."

She was beside him by the fire. "Am I right, Norman?"

"You're a fine little teller of fairy stories, and a wonderful fairy yourself."

"A black-and-white fairy! They don't grow. Am I all right?" Clothes again.

"You know that you are or you wouldn't talk about it."

"And it's all bought and paid for—by little me, which is the best thing of all."

"Better than the other way, isn't it? Thank God there can't be any other way!"

"Once I thought there could be, but I know now. Oh, Norman, I am happy; everything is going so wonderfully! I made over two hundred dollars last month. Think of that!" There was no question that she was a very happy girl. "And I won't disgrace you to-night. I'm not a bit afraid. Isn't it time they came? I hope the Lords come first. What's that?"

It was the Lords in the vestibule.

Hours later Peggy Robb stood before her mirror. "I wonder," she muttered—"I wonder what the game is. I don't understand. I wonder whether someone is going to be hurt—badly hurt." Peggy Robb wasn't thinking of herself.

While Peggy was gazing into her looking-glass Norman Dean and S. Mary were on their way to Millbrook Terrace. Neither had spoken for a long time. They stopped at Number Twenty-one and Norman carried her bag to the dark house. She held out her hand.

"Was it all right, Norman?"

"It was more than all right, Sally; it was perfect, splendid."

"Oh, I'm glad!"

"I'm glad too. Look at me!"

She looked up at him and closed her eyes and Norman kissed her. She did not resist, but let him have his way. When he let her go she said, "I wondered how long it would be before you did that."

"Do you mind?"

"Mind! No, I don't mind. I love it! Any girl who says she doesn't like to be kissed by a decent man is either a fool or a liar. Maybe she doesn't do it, but it isn't because she doesn't want to. Good night!" And the door closed between them.

Norman went home and arrived there after twelve o'clock. He was not sleepy—he had never felt more wide awake. He threw a log on the fire, lighted his pipe and contemplated the flames. The house was very quiet, the house which only an hour before had been full of laughter and chatter. The dinner had been a success certainly, and S. Mary had done nobly. It had been no task such as a small child has when she goes to her first party, with a line of conduct and the proper speeches learned by heart. Sally's ship had sailed through the seas with a steady helm, with the sun shining on her white sails and a white foam at her prow, beautiful to behold and proud of herself. She had been happy, and not the least part of her happiness had been the pride that she had seen in Norman's eyes.

She was a smart girl, and something more than that. She had a fine intelligence, a keen wit and a fine understanding of human nature. She had talked golf with Major Walker, and he never suspected that all her golf had been played with four clubs on the public links until Norman had taken her, a short month before, to more exclusive greens. She had talked politics with the whole lot of them, and knew more to talk about than any of the other women. She had found her way through suggestions of wild scandal in high life, and she had not given one indication that she had never heard of most of the people they talked about. Norman had heard George Wells trying to find out who she was. She had laughed at him. "A little country girl from the world beyond, come to the big city to crowd a year's gayety into a day. It's a big task to be as gay as that." That was all that Wells could discover.

"She must have had a wonderful mother," Norman thought; "she never got all her brains from that father of hers. And she's pretty, the bright-eyed, clear-complexioned, subtle sort of pretty that grows on you. And I never suspected how graceful she was till I saw her in that gown to-night. She kept her figure hidden away all these days. I wonder why."

Norman watched the fire burn lower and lower, till there was little left of it but glowing embers.

Why not? It was a pleasant thought; in fact it had a great deal to commend it. Sally would make a fine wife; she was a comfortable sort of person, who would be perfectly happy sitting by her fireside, quietly, without silly chatter and all sorts of small troubles. She could make her way anywhere they wanted to go together; and if a month or two had made such a change in her what would a year do? She would make a fine mother, too; could more evidence of that be needed than what she had already done for her small brothers? There would be no bringing of children into the world grudgingly and then neglecting them, letting spasmodic nurses and governesses pass the burden from one to another. And she would grow old gracefully; there wasn't a coarse line in her face, and her strong slim body would always be straight and fair to the eye. Her straight white teeth, her clear skin, her bright eyes, her glorious bosom—all told of health that she would pass on to his children.

And Sally would have no kick coming no matter what he was. She was a shopgirl, with an eighty-dollar-a-month father. She would leave behind her eight or ten hours a day of hard work, would drop the burden of an unnatural family; she would live among people who were her equals, and not among the cheap, common, half-poor people that she had known. She would have comfort, luxuries, kindness, happiness. Could anything be more satisfactory or fairer to S. Mary?

Norman rose, put the screen before the fire, and saw an old photograph of Peggy Robb on the mantelpiece. Like all ornaments in a room that are seen many times a day for many years, it had not attracted Norman's notice for months. She had sent it to him when she became engaged to Malcolm, his best friend. He looked at it for a minute or two, put it back in its place, turned off the light and went upstairs.

"I'm sorry, Peggy, old girl, but it can't be done. It would be nice if it could, but things weren't arranged that way."

The next morning he called S. Mary on the telephone.

"Well this morning?"

"Perfect; and crazy to have some of them come in to buy china. I've got a desk now and don't go on the floor much, but if I see one of them appear I'll just naturally have to sell her a teacup. I'm through lying forever—to myself or anybody else."

"Will you take lunch with me to-day?"

"Um-umph. What time? Selecting my own lunch hour goes with the desk."

"One o'clock, at the women's entrance of the Alden Club."

"Norman Dean, glory be! Very well. 'Look the world in the eye and tell 'em to go to——' I've forgotten the last word."

They met at one at the Alden Club. The first half of the lunch was simple and pleasant.

"Will you take dinner with me to-morrow night?"

"I have no engagements for to-morrow night. Say, wouldn't that be just lovely—and I ain't got a date either."

"Sally, stop! You promised."

"I did, didn't I? I'm sorry. I—I didn't want you to forget whom you were inviting, that's all."

"I know whom I am inviting. Will you come to my house? It is the most comfortable place I know."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Norman, tell me something: Would Mrs. Robb have gone to your house to dress yesterday before the dinner?"

"No, Sally; but Mrs. Robb would not have let me kiss her good night. It makes lots of difference who the people are. You wouldn't let your boss kiss you, would you?"

"I knew it was wrong to let you kiss me, but I couldn't help it. I didn't want to help it. I don't believe it was very wrong."

"Will you come?"

"Would Mrs. Robb?"

"I'm not asking Mrs. Robb."

"If you did, would she?"

"I don't want Mrs. Robb to come, but I do want you."

"You wouldn't ask me if it was not right for me to say yes—would you?"

"Suppose we compromise; suppose I go to your house to dinner."

"You asked me first; I accept."

Right or wrong, it was only for once. Norman couldn't tell her in a public dining room—or outdoors in the dark—what he had to tell her, could he?

"Business clothes," he said. "I'll meet you as always."

It was a fair October night, the last day of the month. The air was mild, the stars bright.

"Let's drive through the park for an hour," he said; "it will be good for our appetites."

It was after seven when they reached 1407 Orchard Street, and dinner was waiting. So was the colored maid.

"You are the first woman who has ever dined with me alone here, Sally. Gee, but I'm glad it's you! Ain't it just sweet, Lady of der Manor? My! Don't I love it, though!"

"So good of you to ask me, Mr. Dean, awfully. Oh, what is this? How interesting! I saw Reggie to-day; poor Reggie, he's terribly cut up. Norman, Norman, this is none of I! Let's eat."

They ate, and had coffee before the fire. She was fascinating. Red Clover III put his head in her lap and looked up into her eyes, just as though she were a member of the family.

An hour passed with very few words spoken, but Norman's eyes never left her. The game was nearly played out. It had begun as an amusing sport—too easy to win, perhaps, to be real sport. It had come to this, which was not amusing now, but very serious.

"Sally, how does it happen that you've never married?"

"That's simple; but how about you?"

"Yankee, answering one question with another."

"We're just where we started, aren't we? Why haven't you?"

"I've never wanted to."

"Aren't you ever lonely here, all alone?"

"Of course! But I liked being lonely, until Red ran away, or sometime about then. And you?"

"I lonely? Good heavens!"

"No, of course not; but that's no excuse."

"No one ever wanted me."

"A fine story! Someone wants you now."

She turned from the fire to him, wondering whether she understood.

"Will you come here and live with me?" He got up from his chair and stood before her, looking down at her crimson cheeks and frightened eyes.

"That wasn't in the bargain, Norman," she said. And then she sprang up and threw her arms round his neck. "Oh, Norman, forgive me, forgive me! I did not mean that. I could not believe that, that ——"

"That I want you to marry me?"

"You—want—me—to—marry—you!" Each word was an exclamation.

"Of course, Sally."

She sank back in her chair and covered her face with her hands. He sat down beside her on the arm of her chair and laid his hand on her head.

"Don't be frightened, Sally dear."

"S. Mary! My name's not Sally. You've made that up, like all my other dreams. You're not playing fair. I've been a plaything for you, something to amuse you. I knew it; I've known it for a long, long time, and I've tried to remember always that it was and never could be anything else. And it has been so hard not to hope, not to dream—and it has been harder never to be frightened. We made a bargain and I've tried to pay—to do my share to——"

"The day of bargains is over, S. Mary; we have come to the place where the way divides or the place where two roads become one. It all depends which way we're traveling, little girl."

"And all this show and all this work and all this worry have been just for you to discover whether I'd do, whether I could stand prosperity and the bright light of society—your people."

"I have no people."

"I know all about that; it's nothing. And you really want me—me—to come up, for always, from down below, to have all this?" She waved her hand about her. "Never to work, never to think of money, to bear children for you, to be the mother that you must always know and have with you, to be the mother of children that you must love and be responsible for and who must take up your work where you leave it. Do you want that, Norman?"

"I am asking you to marry me, and marriage means that. Won't you say yes?"

"I don't know. Oh, Norman, I don't know. I never, never thought that you would ever ask me."

"Don't you like me, Sally? Don't you trust me?"

"You know I do; it's more than liking you—I worship you—I admire —— Oh, that's a poor word! I love your strength, your kindness, your mind, your gentleness. It would break my heart if I knew that you were lonely or that you were unhappy, but Norman dear, there—there is—something—else."

She hid her face in her hands again, and he thought he heard a sob.

"Tell me—what is that something else?"

She looked at him again, straight in the eyes, her own bright with tears. She took his hand between hers.

"I'll tell you, Norman, and perhaps you'll understand: Years ago when I was a little girl, sixteen about, I knew a boy and fell in love with him. He was a boy of my own kind, from among my own people—a tall, light-haired, blue-eyed boy. I fell in love with a dozen other boys, but always came back to him. We grew up together, and every time I came back to him I loved him more. Perhaps I went with the other boys because he did not love me. He treated me just as he treated lots of other girls and I wanted him to love me. Then suddenly he changed, and before very long I knew that he loved me. When I was twenty-one we were engaged, but we could not be married, for even then I was earning as much as he was, and there would not be enough for us to live on. He had a mother to support. So we put it off and off, and then mother lost the little money she had and all mine was needed for the family. I could not leave my family, even if he had had enough for us two.

"When I was twenty-three I broke our engagement for him, because I knew that it would be a long, long time before I could marry him and it was not fair to ask him to wait. I could not marry him now. He went away and I stopped loving him. I have never talked to him since, but I see him sometimes on the street. He has never married, either. When I see him and sometimes for weeks after it seems to me as though the whole world were wrong, as though my heart would break. I get over it and I don't love him in between times, but I'm always looking for him, for somehow that suffering is the sweetest thing on earth. You have never made me feel that way, Norman."

"Remember, the world changes, Sally. That was a long time ago, a very long time ago in your life. You were very young then; you are very young still. Don't say no now; wait and think. Perhaps you will—forget. And I will wait for you. What is the boy's name?"

"Perry McDonald."

Again they sat before the fire. Reluctantly, under the spell of her words, he sank dejected into his chair. Was there no woman in the world to comfort the Master Crab? None? None? None?

And then suddenly she sprang up and stood before him.

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Kiss me," she cried; "make me love you!"

But her lips were cold, and he knew that her heart was cold. Finally she broke away from him.

"Let me go—away, where I can think. I'll try, Norman. Oh, I'll try so hard—and if I come back to you I'll come ready to give all that you deserve, all that I wouldn't—be worth—having—without."

Alden lies in a point where two rivers meet. On the east the river is small and bridges cross it almost at every street, but on the west the river is broad. Ferries had carried people and vehicles across it for years and years, and people had become so used to changing cars, to delays in fog and to general inconvenience that it all had become part of their lives and, like death and taxes, a thing to be endured as cheerfully as possible, with regret but without complaint. The great railroads that came into Alden sent their trains in from the north, and wherever they might be bound sent them out again the way they had come

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Your Satisfaction, First to Last!

THAT IS THE WORKING SPIRIT of a great manufacturing institution, from the gathering of the crude rubber, to the final inspection of the highest development in tire construction—the *FISK CORD*. Here is everything you can demand—a big tire, with looks, endurance, resiliency, speed, economy, safety, comfort, luxury. All that, combined with the known value of Fisk quality and country-wide service facilities.

FISK CORD TIRES

MADE WITH BOTH
RIBBED AND FISK NON-SKID TREADS

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and turned them south or west after they had left the city and could cross the river where it was narrow. All this cost money and time, and there had been talk, talk, talk—of a great bridge to the west. Finally the talk had changed to action, and the railroads and the city had drawn plans, talked some more and had let contracts.

The man on the street had had some vague idea that the greatest bridge in the world would soon be building. He had a vague idea that it would cost millions of dollars, maybe as many as a hundred millions, and would take ten years to build; but the mind of the man in the street stopped working when it tried to think of more than five or maybe ten million dollars, so he made it as large as he dared, because it sounded well and showed that Alden was no piker city.

The bridge itself—the high steel towers, the spans from the approaches to the towers and the great span between the towers—was all being made and erected by the Lee Bridge Company. It was a very large contract and a great engineering undertaking, but the man in the street knew nothing of all that—except that it was wonderful to think about and more or less mysterious.

Another thing that the man in the street never suspected was how little the Lee Bridge Company had to do with it. No one had consulted it about the design, or what material should be used or how much of it. Alden had advertised for bids and had let the contract to the low bidder, which was the Lee Bridge Company. The railroad had a hand in that part of it and it had been a little too big for Jim Carter to monkey with; his part had been the condemnation of property and the stone and concrete approaches. That part had been a gold mine for Jim, which was no business of the railroads.

The contract for the steel work was no scrap of paper—it included page after page of specifications, describing just what the chemical composition of each piece of metal should be, just how strong an inch of each piece should be, and so on and on. It left nothing to the imagination. It went on to say how each piece should be made fast to the next, how the rivets should be driven, and that the span across the river should be carried out from the towers, each piece carrying those that were farther out, so that navigation on the river should not be interfered with.

There was a roomful of blue prints which showed how long each girder and truss should be, and how many steel plates, angles, channels and rivets there should be in each, and how thick each part should be and how much it should weigh for each linear foot. The contract did not stop there, for the city sent dozens of men to the Bridge Company's shops, who examined every bit of metal that was to go into the bridge, tested its strength, analyzed it, twisted it out of shape, measured it, weighed it. And when all this was done and found as it should be, each piece was so marked with white paint.

Above the river were more of the city's men, who watched each piece put in place, who tapped every rivet with a hammer; and if one did not ring clear as a bell a circle was drawn round it and a new one had to be driven in its place.

Thus the city had said to the Lee Bridge Company: "You do as we tell you, follow our orders, and we will be responsible for the results; we will pay you for the material and your work, but we do not want any advice."

So the work had gone ahead and the two arms of the great span were reaching out and out across the river. Men could shout from one to the other now, across the two hundred feet of empty space that was soon to be filled. Riveting hammers sang all day long; hoisting engines puffed far out on the span; derricks lifted and swung members of the great span into place, and a locomotive hauled car after car of steel out over the river where the derrick chains and hooks could reach it. The work was going well; there were few rejections of materials—and those for minor defects, to be safe and to make every man sure and proud of his work. The Bridge Company inspected quite as closely as the city, for it, too, must be sure that it was beyond reproach.

Norman Dean left S. Mary at her house and drove home. It was a Friday night, the Friday before election day, the night he had asked her to be his wife. He left his car in the garage, went into 1407 Orchard Street, pushed the burned-through logs in the fireplace together and, turning his face bedward, sighed.

"Sally, Sally, is it impossible for you too? Am I to lose the biggest game of all? Think, girl, what it means for you and yours! I've played square with you and I always will. It's your chance. Take it! I wonder whether you will take it."

The next day at noon the whistle blew on the Alden side of the great span. Men dropped their tools, banked forge fires, shut off steam in the hoisting engine, the riveting hammers ceased their incessant chatter. Men came sliding down from above and found comfortable places to eat lunch, and Mike Hennessy came along with his train, being halfway when the whistle blew.

Mike had intended to stop at the bumper lashed to the track and the girders beneath. He did not stop; he went on and on, and down, down, down—into the water that had been so far below him. Thirty-five other men went down with him, and the whole great web of steel, a mass of twisted junk, tangled in the river and above it, crushed against the granite pier. A man here and there, of the thirty-five, hung by some miracle to a strand of the ruin. One or two were caught in an enormous vise and crushed into another world; two or three were pinned by arm or leg or body and held fast, making a race between rescue and eternity; and one, a young, light-haired boy, was caught and held so tightly that he could hardly move a finger, caught by tons and tons of steel that no man or multitude of men could bend or break.

The news flashed through Alden and out to the world. Strong men trembled, great engineers bowed their heads and sobbed, and women felt their hearts stop beating and the world grow dark. Norman Dean staggered and turned a chalky white when the news burst on him; he held firmly to his desk and a picture of horror flashed across his brain.

Then the reaction came and he shouted: "McGregor, Tull, Hendricks, Watts, come!" His cries echoed through the rooms and the men came, and they raced with ambulances and patrol wagons across the city.

As they went on the city became a flying mass of dull humanity, tortured and drawn by torture to the river bank. The Master Crab flew on, through the thin line of policemen already there and out along the approach, with his men behind him.

They stood for a short moment, overwhelmed by the glorious victory that Nature had won over man, and then the Crab became the Master. He spoke quiet words to the men about him, listened to their answers, nodded his head; and the salvage of human beings, and those who had been human beings, began. Swiftly, efficiently the new organization, rising from the one that was almost gone, set to work. Tugs worked their way into the tangled mass, divers disappeared, cables crossed from tower to tower high in the air and men suspended from them went down to the men waiting below. Acetylene torches ate their way through binding weights, and men, courageous beyond belief, crept slowly on with oxygen, with jacks, with air and chipping hammers. Ofttimes rescuers needed rescuing. When darkness came many searchlights, diffused so that they would not blind, drove night away.

Hour after hour flew by, each tolled off by the clang of gongs on ambulances bearing away the men brought back from out there. Day broke and men of mighty muscle and iron nerve dropped out and others took their places, but the Master worked on. Great cups of strong black coffee, food taken from the common fare, drunk and eaten on his feet, kept him on his feet. Another day and then another night, and as the hours grew small the last of all the living, the last of all but those crushed on the river's bed—the tall blond boy with blue eyes—came back, back to the breaking dawn, with a smile on his lips and the light of heaven in his eyes.

The Master watched him come, borne gently. He was the last; the Master's work was done. They came toward him with the boy, and the boy saw the Master. He tried to raise himself on the stretcher and fell back, smiling at the Master. His hand reached out and met the Master's hand, and then the boy went on.

"Who is he?" The Master spoke to Dobby, who knew the men.

"Perry McDonald; and a fine lad he is, and not hurt bad."

The Master put his hand on Dobby's shoulder for support.

"I'm going, Dobb; tell Hendricks."

The news that spread through Alden found a woman and, passing on, left her alone with the spirit of Norman Dean. His final last affliction had come, and she must go to him and save him from the world and from himself. But she could not go; she soon knew that he was there, alone, where she could not follow. Morning came and she saw his name spread across the papers' heads in great, cold, black type, telling of the hell that he had brought, of murder, ruin, disgrace—criminal, lying words that burned into her inner being.

It was night when she finally went out into the city streets and came to his dark house. A group of men were about the closed door, waiting for him to make a column in their papers. The woman watched and waited, hidden by a shadow across the street.

"He has not come; he has not come."

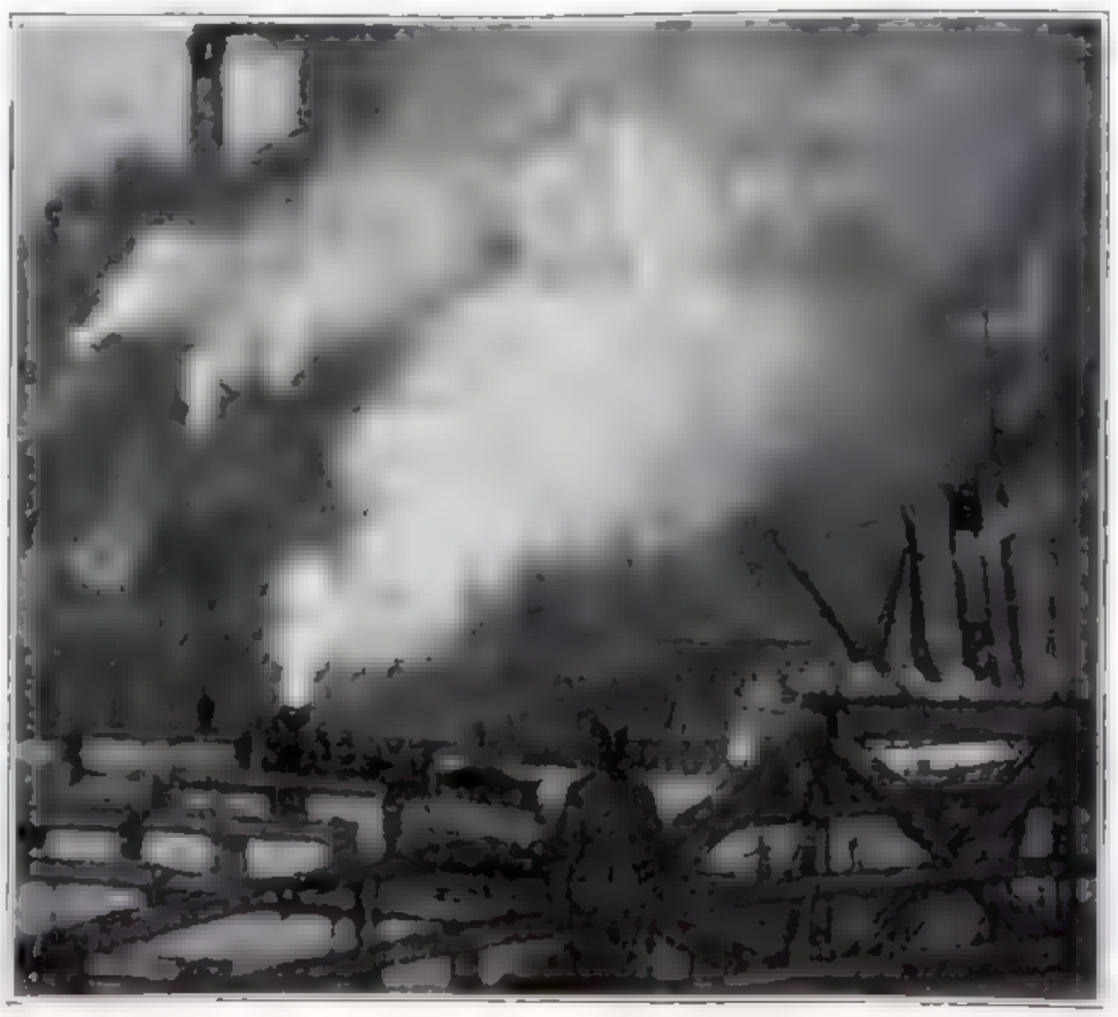
She waited, seeing the sky above her touched by the morning glow. A shambling figure came down Orchard Street and she flew to it.

"Johnson, has he come?"

"No, he ain't come yet; but Ah 'low he's comin' and be here mos' any minit now."

"Let me in. Come, the back way!"

"Ah surely will; Ah surely will. Ah 'low he'll be needin' more takin' care of than Ah can gib him, rightly. Doctor, he comin' too."



The woman and the colored man passed through the court and went into the house. She flew about making ready for whatever might come, and when there was nothing left to do she sat by the window, waiting. She heard the doctor come, heard him ask Johnson questions, heard the satisfactory answers, and waited.

The Master came, alone. She flew to the stairs and listened. He came in and found the two men waiting for him. He shook his head and tried to smile.

"I'm all right," he murmured. "I'm fine, fine! I only want to sleep." His eyes closed and he stumbled forward. They caught him and half led, half carried him upstairs, past the woman in the shadow.

The woman waited. The doctor came out and found her.

"He's all right, not a thing wrong; he won't wake for ten or twelve hours. Keep an eye on him though; someone should be here."

The woman waited in the darkened room, waited till night came again. It was eight o'clock when she saw his eyes, turned away from her, open and close again. Then something of her must have reached him, for his face suddenly changed from dull unconsciousness to realization. His hand reached into empty space, searching. Then he turned slowly upon his back and saw her.

Beyond the city Jim Carter, bailed by the law for a few short days, and bailed, or jailed, by God for eternity, lay on his bed. A woman and many men were at his bedside, and more men were outside waiting to flash the word that the man would pay for his crimes elsewhere than on earth, unless he had already paid. Men were there to watch him die who might better have been elsewhere, men who had come because there was no one to say them nay. The old man was muttering so low that they could not hear the words, but the woman always sought to comfort him:

"Yes, Jim, yes. Will you have anything, Jim? Can I do aught to ease you, Jim?

"What's that ye say, Jim? The mornin's been? Yes, Jim, the mornin's gone; it's near night now.

"Can't ye hear me, lad? 'Tis not mornin'; 'tis night. Ye'll sleep well, Jim."

The man turned his head slightly and they thought he said again "Mornin' been?" as one pronounces "bean"; and he knew they did not understand.

They should understand! He struggled, and with the last strength that was in him raised himself and rested on his elbow, his other arm raised before them.

"I say 'twas Norman Dean, d'ye hear, Norman Dean as did it—and may his soul burn in everlast-in' h-hell!"

His words ended in a terrible screech; he fell back, dead, and the world knew who had rescued Alden from the mire. The word flew over wires and out on the street, and people heard, stood before bulletin boards and read.

Sanity was coming to the crushed city. A rumor had said that the Master Crab was not to blame for what had happened to the bridge and the rumor had gathered strength until Alden began to suspect the truth—that the knowledge of man was imperfect and that the will of God must prevail. Then the story of his long vigil on the bridge had been told, and Alden began to understand.

Norman Dean was before his fire. The woman was beside him, his arm about her and her hands in his.

"Happiness which passeth all understanding, sweetheart," he whispered.

She looked up at him, the light of perfect love within her eyes. "Oh, Norman!"

Then later: "Listen, someone is outside. Someone shouting; what can it be?"

"I don't care, dear; let them shout!"

"Marse Dean—oh, 'scuse me, sah, 'scuse me, 'scuse me."

"What is it, Johnson?"

"Major Walker telephone, sah, to say can he see you if he come right away?"

"Say no, that I'm sorry."

Johnson turned, and Norman heard the voice beside him. He looked at her and smiled.

"All right, Johnson; tell him to come."

"Yas sah, yas sah."

"Norman, listen! Come, let's look!"

They walked to the window and made a narrow opening between the shade and the frame. The street was jammed with people cheering and shouting "Dean! Dean! Dean!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"A fickle world, my love," he said.

"But not for me, and thee, beloved."

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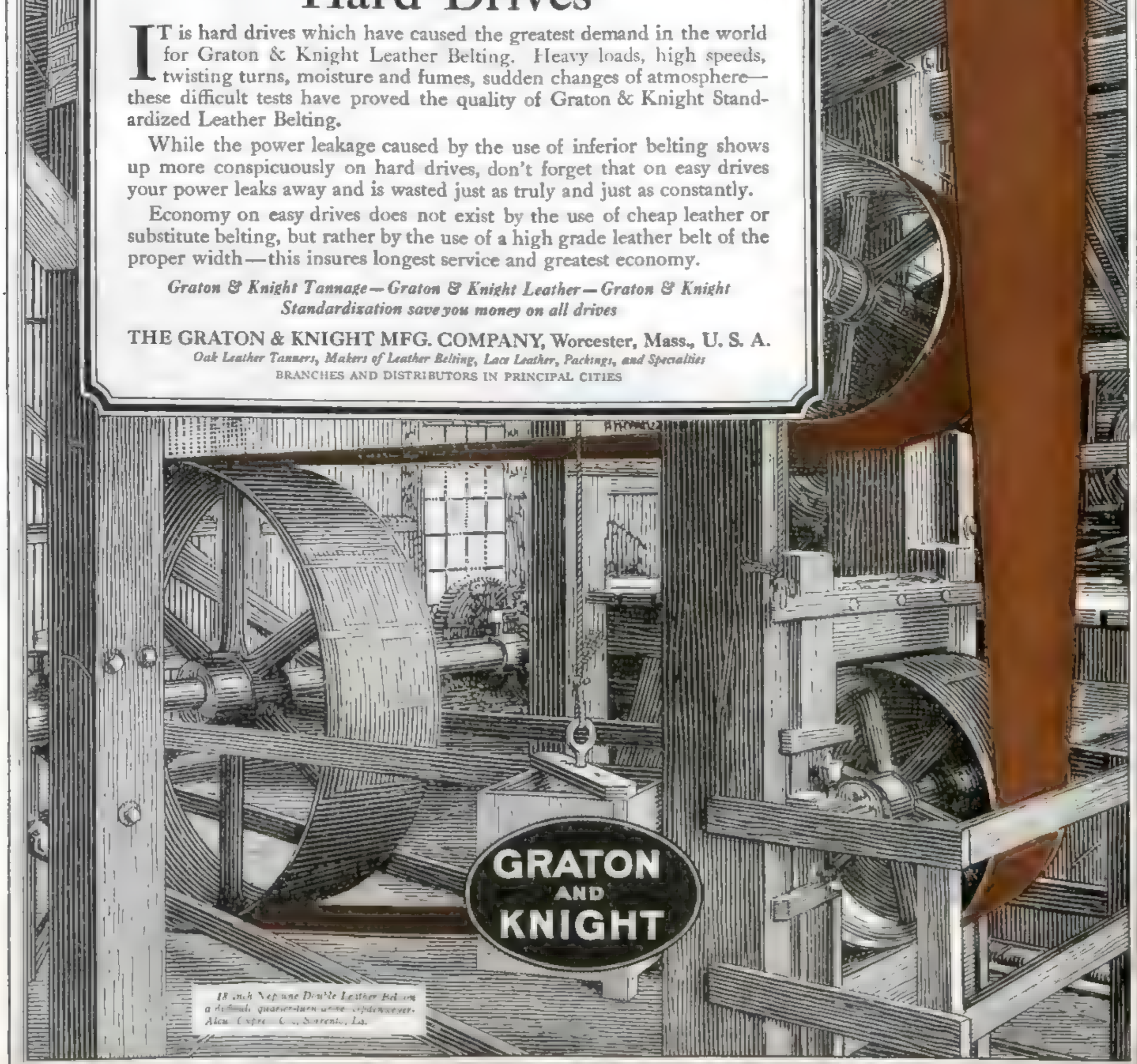

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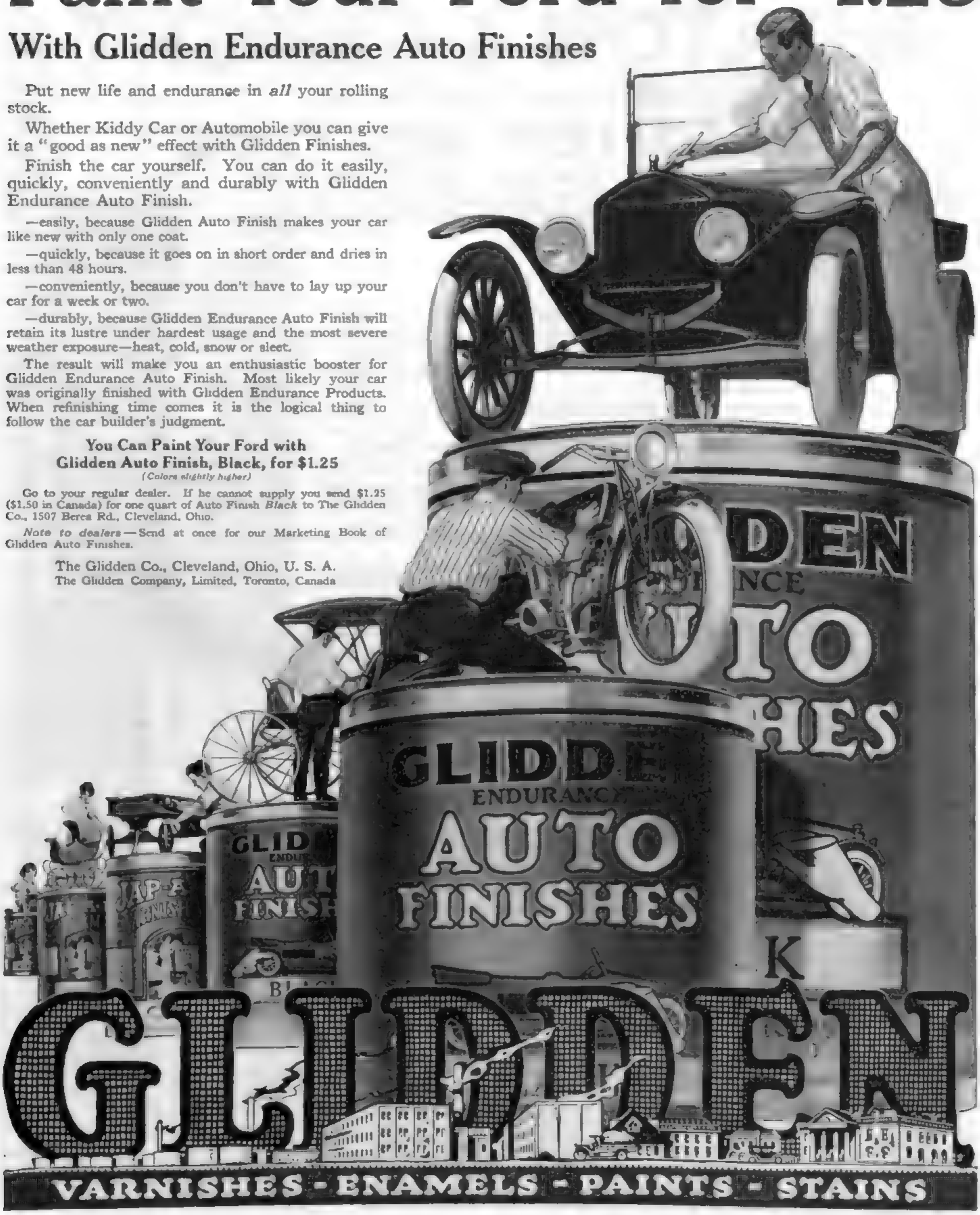


UPLIFT AND PEACH MELBAS

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

IT WAS a Peach Melba season in the waist section of the Mammoth Department Store. This infallible harbinger of prosperity, however, did not refer to any of the newer shades of Georgette, crêpe de Chine or figured organdie. It was merely the expensive twenty-five-cent dessert in which Miss Adele Glaub, buyer of waists for the said department store, indulged herself when the female contingent of Bigburg forgot war—beefless, wheatless, coatless days—and bought waists, waists, waists.

It was at periods such as this that the dark, dangerous eyes glazed to a peculiar hardness. Peculiar because beneath its driving firmness there lurked a complacency of work well done. How Simon Legree would have envied the striking black figure of Miss Glaub as it undulated with deceptive slowness across the deep green carpet to urge some lagging saleslgirl to more getting—while the getting was good! How Miss Beda Thara, vampire par excellence of the movie world, would have admired her artistic counterpart as she hissed some mooning bundle boy into a jazz state of activity! But the complacency of work well done softened the words of getting and the hiss of action—thus differentiating between a Peach Melba season and a season *sans* the twenty-five-cent desserts. During the latter type of season the hardness of eye was different. It was the fighting hardness that was out to sell—not get; and woe betide a laggard saleslgirl that allowed even the most casual shopper to step two feet within the precincts of the waist department without hurrying to meet her. It was at times such as this that the artistic complacency of driving was forgotten for the gentle tigerishness of fighting for every possible dollar. Instead of merely directing at such times the sinuous figure removed its jet earrings and undulations; then, without gloves, so to speak, plunged into the selling mêlée itself. But we were speaking of a Peach Melba season!

"Oh, Miss Glaub!" Virgie Cood, "Ain't This Part Won'erful?"

It was Friday, which in the lexicon of the Mammoth Waist Section meant that to the ordinary busy day of a busy season were added the pinch and the scramble of the professional bargain hunter. Miss Glaub, in shimmering black satin, was here, there and everywhere.

"Miss Glau-aub, have we any more of those flesh Georgettes with th' little vestees an' cuffs this lady saw ——"

"Miss Glau-aub! Tel-ee-phone! Ooh-ooh!"

"Here's a lady that sez that these Nile greens ain't washable, an' that she ——"

"Say, lady, if you are the head of this department I want to know why you don't ——"

"Ooh-ooh! Miss Glau-aub! Tel-ee-phone!"

"—— an' the stockroom says that they ain't got any more thirty-fours in that white organdie with the frill coll'rs ——"

Calmly she answered them all, then moved languidly toward the shrill "Ooh-ooh!" A moment later she was back in the midst of the fray.

"What is this—a tea?" she demanded of a trembling figure caught in the act of arranging her hair before a pillar mirror. "Get busy an' take that waist outta the clutches of that mawling ol' cat an' wrap it up before it's in tatters!"

Another committed the momentary indiscretion of leaning against a mahogany table while her customer considered the relative merits of embroidered with sequins and hand embroidery. The customer noticed nothing beyond the fact that the girl had suddenly straightened and reddened as a sweetly smiling figure in black passed. She missed the low hiss as the two figures merged. It was probably for the best that she did. "Stand up! Don't let the ol' century plant think she's got till 1990 to spen' that $2.98!" would hardly have meant a pleased customer. But then, customers were so unreasonable.

And so the morning ticked away and the afternoon began. By three o'clock Miss Glaub was dreaming of her pink chaise longue and her unvamplike kimono. At four she decided to make the dream a reality, but just as she prepared a parting stimulant for still another laggard the crowd of pinching, probing, crushing bargain hunters parted, and down the aisle rolled the heavily endowed figure of Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs! Instantly the dark, dangerous eyes softened to register delight and welcome. Quickly she stepped forward with a delicate, outstretched hand of welcome. Gone were the hiss and the urge; instead came the most musical of delighted coos, for let it be known here and now that the Spriggs account is without roof and the Spriggs vertebræ number at least five in the backbone of Bigburg society.

"My dear Mrs. Spriggs"—like the babble of a merry little brooklet—"three minutes more and I wouldn't have had the pleasure of seeing you. I was just leaving." And then for just a fleeting moment Miss Glaub forgot the coo and the gentle gaze of genteel welcome and stared—pos-i-tive-ly stared!

For Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs, instead of merely working her third chin and partially closing her little china-blue eyes to indicate business recognition, held out a pudgy, mottled, aristocratic hand ablaze with gems, opened her eyes to register social recognition and actually smiled! Stunned as she was Miss Glaub still had time to remember that this was exactly the way she would greet Mrs. Van V. Velvet, of the younger set.

Even the words were different. Instead of the customary "Oh, yes! Good afternoon," Mrs. Spriggs gurgled: "Why, m'dear Miss Glaub"—actually by name—"I wouldn't have missed you for worlds—positively not for worlds!"

Miss Glaub managed to murmur "Really?" very aristocratically, and wish that Madame René, the stuck-up head of the millinery department, had been near enough to hear the magic words. Then the idea came suddenly to the shimmering black head that the old cat was only lookin' for some bargains—and therefore the blarney was —— It was easy to find out!

"I suppose you have come to take away the most beautiful and artistic of my creations." It was the true selling artiste speaking.

But instead of lowering the bulbous Spriggs lids and merely grunting acquiescence the blazing Spriggs hand went up in friendly protest. "Not a bit of it, m'dear Miss Glaub. Not a bit of it—something quite different really—something social rather than business."

At the last words Miss Glaub only managed to hide the most delighted of smiles with the most elaborate of yawns. "Ain't that fine?" Then, to go with the yawn, another "Really?"

A scrambling bargain-hunting woman jarred the sacred Spriggs person as she dashed madly for a table freshly replenished with regular $5 values at $2.98. With a look of utter disdain for such vulgar rushings Miss Glaub extended a friendly hand, with little finger aristocratically rigid, and touched the Spriggs elbow in gentle guidance.

"Come right over to my office. It ain't—it is quiet an' free from these terrible penny savers." Miss Glaub let her dark uplifted brows say what she really thought about them.

But it developed that Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs was in a hurry, a most tremendous hurry.

"I would be delighted to explain my little idea to you right now, m'dear Miss Glaub. Don't you know, the atmosphere so seems to fit into the largeness and beauty of the idea?"

Miss Glaub's "Yes" seemed to say that already the idea was unfolding before her eyes in all its brightness and beauty. "I must be going right this moment—a tea, m'dear Miss Glaub—but the idea is just filling me. It really seems almost spiritual ——"

"But ——"

"If I only could spare a moment to tell you of what I expect you and me to accomplish, but—I must be going."

At the subtle intoxication of "you and me" the Glaub chin went up to a higher angle and the dark, dangerous eyes seemed to look out on the working world with blasé charity. "But ——" she began again.

Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs was in a hurry—but the idea was so beautiful. "To-night, m'dear Miss Glaub," she decided as she squared off and prepared to move against the turbulent current of mere business, "to-night you must come to my house and have the whole situation explained. . . . Professor Smithey, professor of English Literature at Bigburg University, y'know, he is so enthusiastic about it. But I must go—any time after eight, m'dear Miss Glaub—you are going to think it's just wonderful, I know—and your influence—but until to-night."

"Your influence"—it seemed a magic gas that was carrying the tender Glaub spirit up and up—into the most rarefied heights of social activities headed by the Spriggs vertebræ and the rest: Mrs. Van V. Velvet, Mrs. General Pilsifer Morningrod and old Mrs. Peter Blount. Suddenly from this cloud of social exclusiveness she saw the waddling figure hesitate and stop. A moment later the heavy Spriggs barytone filled the intervening ten feet with its aristocratic cadence.

"Miss Glaub, you—you really are in sympathy with the recent movement to give the working classes the benefit—so far as is possible, of course—of the best of Old World culture?"

The dark-eyed little girl who had been guilty of leaning while the century plant decided happened to be passing. Quickly but tenderly the Glaub hand reached forward and patted the passing head caressingly. "Indeed, yes!" she said brightly. "Sometimes I don't know what I would do if it wasn't for my little charges."

The dark eyes of the girl stared at Miss Glaub—almost wild-eyed, it seemed—then hurried down the aisle. Was it to hide a smile?

On her way out of the store some fifteen minutes later Miss Glaub stopped at the jewelry section and looked

longingly at a beautiful mother-of-pearl lorgnette—and then decided to let it go, for the time being

Outside a late-winter drizzle had set in; Miss Glaub almost decided to call a taxi

Somebody once said, in speaking of something or somebody else, that "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"; which aptly describes the costume and accessories thereto of our Miss Glaub as she swept by the sandstone lions that guarded the portals of the aristocratic Spriggs mansion in Capitol Avenue. The lavishness of the ancient East, that had attempted to paint the lily, was, however, missing, and in its place, amply filling it, was the beauty of simplicity. A beautifully simple gown of deep purple was relieved only by a single artificial rose—fragrant of Paris—at the waist. The cloak that draped it had only a huge white collar of soft fox as a foil. Even the taxi, instead of being of the lavish, black-and-white or yellow variety, was a somber black—almost like a private car. It was the refinement of long-time wealth—plus.

When the huge, creaking door, with its hundreds of pieces of heavily leaded glass, had opened at her behest, Miss Glaub knew exactly what to do. Hers was the regal indifference of the upper classes—even a decided improvement on the scene in The Fool's Paradise where Beda Thara returns to her mansion after a weary evening at the opera. When the door had been closed and the menial stood at attention she spoke—but not before. It was the blasé, world-tired, social-butterfly tone.

"Say to your mistress," she directed regally, "that Miss Glaub is here."

But the menial merely continued to stand. It irked the tired social butterfly to the point where she forgot The Fool's Paradise.

"Well," she snapped, "what's bitin' you now? Are you deaf, my man?"

For a moment it seemed as if the insolent fathead was about to laugh, but it proved to be merely a convulsive cough. "Your wrap, ma'am," he suggested quite humbly.

But the lower class must be taught its place.

"I'll keep my wrap—for the present."

The Glaub look implied that though she had implicit faith in her dear friend Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs' honesty, still one could not always be so sure of servants.

With another cough the fathead left, after showing her to a small room at the right of the hall. It was a lofty room and without the class of the millionaire's home in The Fool's Paradise. For instance, the bronze statue of the Venus was missing, and there wasn't a single solitary tigerskin rug. Musing over this Miss Glaub decided that after all maybe the Spriggs income wasn't all that it was cracked up to be. A moment later she was sure of it.

With a soft swish Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs was in the room. Her hand of welcome was as blazing as in the afternoon, but instead of a tiara of pearls nothing but the rapidly graying Spriggs hair adorned the Spriggs head. Not even a waving paradise plume—and hard as it was to believe, the Spriggs gown was only of taffeta—an' only black taffeta at that. Miss Glaub thought of the gorgeous affair of shimmering sequins and net worn by the millionaire's wife in The Golden Gloaming, and nearly felt sorry for one so vainly trying to keep up appearances.

"M'dear Miss Glaub, I am so delighted," taking her gently by the gorgeous purple arm; "come right on in and meet Professor Smithey. The dear man and I are positively longing to tell you about our wonderful idea for the working class."

Out in the hall again Miss Glaub languidly resigned her coat to the waiting menial and indicated her intense interest by smiling with the wide eyes of anticipation.

And the drawing-room confirmed her worst suspicions! There wasn't a single suit of ancient armor in the room! that is, unless you considered the professor standing at twittering attention in the center of the room

"M'dear professor, let me present you to our missionary into the wilderness—Professor Smithey, Miss Adele Glaub, of the Mammoth Store."

At "missionary into the wilderness" Miss Glaub had stiffened, but managed to relax sufficiently to murmur a dulcet "Charmed, I'm sure!"

The professor bobbed his tired little head. "No class!" was Miss Glaub's mental classification.

"I am charmed to meet so charming a missionary!"

Miss Glaub reversed the classification. Perhaps he looked tired—but you never can tell.

When the professor had gallantly seated them, Mrs. Spriggs began in the throaty rumble of deep enthusiasm: "It was a perfectly wonderful idea—an inspiration really, m'dear Miss Glaub—the professor and I are dreadfully proud to think that we really conceived it."

The professor noting with scientific interest the pleasing contrast between white skin and jet earring hastily wakened from his educational research and nodded violent agreement. But the dark Glaub eyes missed these details because they were noting the singular lack of hunting trophies; why, in The Return of John Warden, the Warden drawing-room had the swellest collection of hunting things!

But the Spriggs voice was already breathing on: "We are going to give the working class—that is, the younger class of workers—the chance to help themselves toward true cultural development."

Miss Glaub nodded pleasantly, but the dark, dangerous eyes were probing, seeking. There wasn't a single hand-made oil painting of a frowning old gentleman in colonial dress in the room!

"We are going to start slowly—that is the professor's idea—and gradually branch out. We are going to organize the Mammoth Browning Society, m'dear—the very first branch in your department. And we want—indeed we insist, don't we, professor?"—another series of violent professorial nods—"that you be president and chief mentor."

Miss Glaub came back from the hunting trophies and the old colonial gentleman with a start. Browning? How Miss Glaub suddenly wished for that human encyclopedia, Mr. Garbey. "I—I'm afraid that my duties ——"

"Don't say another word!" the Spriggs voice begged "I know you are terribly busy—but think how much the inspiration of Browning will mean to your little charges cheerful, healthier, better workers!"

Miss Glaub thought deep and fast. But this guy Browning! Miss Glaub sighed, regretfully—almost tearfully.

"Please you plead with her, professor!"

Patting his tired little head the professor did. She wouldn't have so much to do really—dear Mrs. Spriggs was to furnish the clubroom, all the necessary volumes of Browning's works, and pay all other incidental expenses. The professor was to read on two designated evenings each week and assign topics for general discussion—and as for Miss Glaub -well ——

"She's to be their mentor and charming example," Mrs. Spriggs declared. "And how your dear charges will thank you, after they have heard the professor read some of the shorter poems—fully as classic and inspiring as the words themselves, m'dear."

Poetry! The guy was a poet! Slowly, artistically, Miss Glaub allowed her regrets and protestations to melt into sweet compliance.

"You are all so nice," she murmured. "Why, busy as I am, I can't see my way to refusing you"

The professor clapped his hands. Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs applauded with her little china-blue eyes.

"Don't you remember that charming little sentence from Two in the Campagna," she murmured softly.

"Only I discern
Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn"

The Glaub eyes smiled happily at the twittering professor and the Glaub head nodded brightly in the direction of the yearning Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs.

"Ain't it pretty?" she agreed. "Won't it be wonderful to see their eyes light up—as mine did when I first heard it!"

II

MISS VIRGIE TUPPER, formerly of the French Room in the millinery section, but more lately, because of the Peach Melba briskness, of the waist department, was an obstructionist by nature and a cynic by inclination. She gazed through the sky-blue eyes of twenty and saw the dark-brown seams of fifty. But the tiny vermilion Tupper tongue, though partaking of the dark side of life in liberal portions, was tipped with twin forks of caustic wit and laughing sarcasm that made her at once the life and the fear of her companions, Miss Eulalie Hieber and the blonde, who had accompanied her in the temporary transfer. Great things were expected of Miss Tupper on a certain Wednesday morning a few weeks later—and subtly knowing this, Miss Tupper was prepared to live up to previous billings. Miss Eulalie Hieber, the blonde and sundry other appreciative spirits had arrived at the Mammoth locker room twenty minutes early as a result. They were giggling lowly to each other as the slender Tupper figure slid through the door, dexterously removing her hat the while.

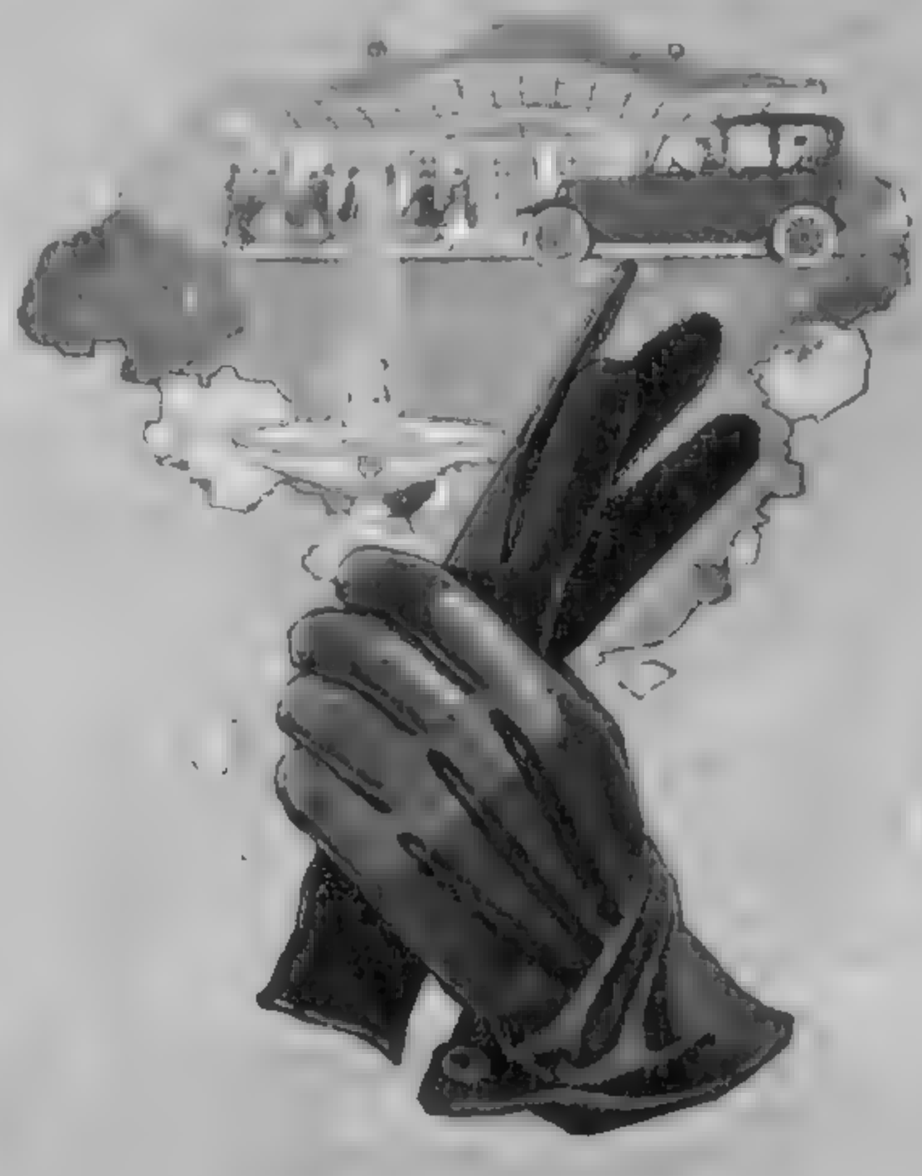
A moment later, coat off, cheeks pinched, she came toward them.

(Continued on Page 59)

At Eight-Forty-Five the Attendance Still Numbered Four—Because the Fathead Was Included. Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs Became Tart

Number 938

This Hansen Stubby Drop-Cuff combines the good points of short glove and gauntlet. Variety in styles and linings for this model show Hansen ability to serve a wide and critical public.



Number 6471

Wherever well-dressed men assemble, this Hansenbilt Washable will be in evidence this season. It combines style with flexibility, strength with softness. Can be washed in soap and water.

HANSEN GLOVES

Every wearer of Hansen Gloves has the confidence that goes with the motto—"Built Like a Hand." It is an assurance of flexible, easy fit with correct tailored "set" to fingers and wrist. For softness with strength the leathers are unmatched, and for design, color and style the Hansen position in the glove world is *authoritative.*

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
100-F DETROIT STREET MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The Wonderful Brown Shaping Lasts Train Growing Feet for Universal Service

The feet support the body. Unless they are correctly developed and kept physically perfect, the body will not function properly.

The best way to train the growing feet is to follow Nature—and wear shoes designed and shaped on Nature's own lines.

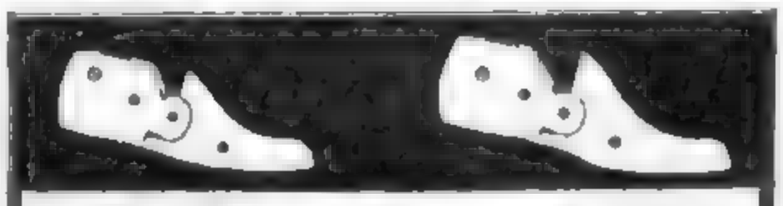
During the formative years—from 2 to 16—the bones of the feet are soft and pliable. Unless the shoes worn are scientifically correct in shape, these bones will be forced out of their normal position—causing untold future misery.

Avoid Foot-Torture

The shape of the shoe depends upon the *last* (the wooden form representing the foot) over which the leather is stretched in making the shoe.

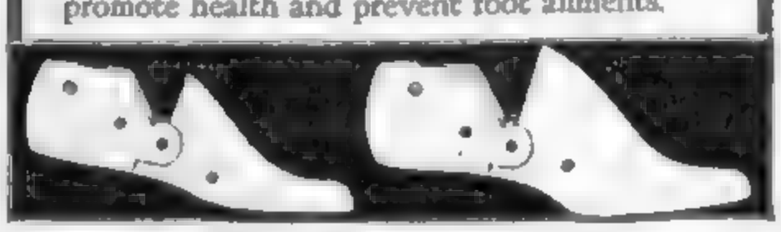
Therefore, the *last* is the most important factor in making the perfect shoe for universal service.

Recognizing these facts, the Brown Shoe Company has designed and perfected a series of lasts that reproduce Nature exactly, upon which to make shoes for growing boys and girls.



The Brown Shaping Lasts

embody the new scientific principles in shoemaking, including separate lasts for girls and boys.
—reproduce the lines and measurements of the perfect foot in each stage of its growth.
—vary slightly with each succeeding size, in width of toe, curve of arch, lift of heel and shape of shank.
—give support to the foot at every point, while allowing entire freedom of movement.
—insure the proper position of the feet in action, and secure correct body-poise.
—train the growing feet for perfect service, promote health and prevent foot ailments.



Get This Free Book Now

That parents may know the truth, we have published an illustrated book entitled "Training the Growing Feet," that is intensely interesting and valuable. It is yours for the asking. Simply write to the

Brown Shoe Company
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Exclusive Manufacturers of

These are the Brown Shaping Lasts, so called because they correctly shape the growing feet from year to year, until maturity.

These lasts are used exclusively in making Buster Brown Shoes.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes which embody these new scientific principles—the only shoes which reproduce Nature's lines of grace and beauty.

By wearing Buster Brown Shoes your boy or girl need never suffer from corns, bunions, broken arches, tortured foot-bones, or other foot troubles.

Reduce Shoe Expense

Buster Brown Shoes correctly train the feet for every kind of service—with every muscle properly developed, with every bone in its natural position.

Buster Brown Shoes are economical shoes, for they are made from first quality leathers, with Government standard oak-tanned soles.

Good shoe stores everywhere in the U. S. sell them for only $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and up—in all up-to-date styles.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

(Continued from Page 56)

"Ah, children!" she shrilled. "'Was never evening yet but seemed far beautifuller than its day.'"

Free from the eagle eye and rubber-heeled menace of Mr. Henry Grabble, the third-floor floorwalker, the collective howl of appreciation was unrestrained. Virgie patted down the imaginary gray hairs at the crown of her black little head and continued:

"Are we all better, brighter, worthier little busy bees?" she inquired gently. "Are we ready to look the incomin' tasks straighter in th' face? Are we, little charges?"

Miss Eulalie Hieber pirouetted on a worn patent-leather toe. "Are we?" she questioned. "Are we? The very first sale that asts me whether Georgette is all silk I'm going to close my eyes an' murm'r softly: 'There is no truer truth obtainable.'"

But the blonde, blondelike, held different views. "Even at that," she defended, "this guy Smithey is a nice ol' fluff."

"That," agreed Miss Tupper with unaccustomed celerity, "is what the little ray of sunshine of the waist department thinks." It was thus that the Tupper tongue referred to her superior, Miss Glaub.

"I heard her say, just as we were leaving," giggled another of the group, "that it had been an evening of un-a-loyed pleasure." Then airily: "Whatever that is, an' ——"

"But lis'-sen, she ——"

"Wait, child—w-a-ait!" the other squelched the blonde. "Here's the best part of it. Smithey, he says: 'To hear you say that makes my effort doubly repaid.'"

Miss Tupper nodded tragically. "Yes," she hissed; "beware, little man! Our vamp is loose again."

After the general laugh subsided the blonde had her say: "Ain't the old Loucy person a scream? If she ever fell in th' water her hands would drown—even the rest of her."

This was fair, for the blonde, everyone agreed. Thus accredited she continued: "But me for one ain't strong enough for any of them to give them two of my evenin's every week."

Virgie's eyes glinted dangerously. The blonde coughed nervously and looked at the clock. Before she could move, the Tupper tongue had lashed her to the spot.

"You poor little pampered pet!" she sneered. "You poor little shielded angel! You give me a pain!"

"But Virgie!" placably.

"You soft little stay-at-home! With your nice little warm evenings, with your nice little boys ——"

"Please, dearie!"

"You poor little boob—you goin' round sneering at Brownin' an' uplift an' everything. . . . Where do you get that stuff, huh?"

"But Virgie, you said yourself!" tearfully.

"Sure I did!" truculently. "But I took it out in saying, didn't I? You didn't hear me saying anything about not going every Tuesday an' Friday regular—did you?"

"But you're not for this uplift thing. You laughed an' ——"

Miss Tupper shook her head sadly at such imbecile talk. "Sure I laughed!" she agreed. "But I'm for uplift—first, last an' all the time just the same."

"But ——"

"An' so's Eulalie an' Hattie an' Eloise an' every other girl that ain't overworked with family joys. We can appreciate this Browning stuff—we can."

"Yes, you can!" The blonde's courage was returning.

Miss Tupper directed a skinny forefinger at the blonde. "Yes, we can," she directed; "an' we're going to keep on at it just as long as they keep that room nice an' warm, an' give us our uplift with plenty of that eighty-five-a-pound tea and fifty-cents-a-pound cookies that come after the last sigh!"

"That ain't uplift," said the blonde.

"That," said Miss Tupper simply, "depends on where you live."

Upstairs in one short evening in the crude atmosphere of barter and trade, the gentle south wind of culture and uplift had already softened the rough corners and whispered lowly of better, brighter, brimming spirits—that is, as far as Miss Glaub was concerned—and who could resist such a charming example? For the acidulous prod was substituted the gentle urge; for the hissed command, the murmured request. But the urge was firm and the request was positive enough to stimulate the sales force into making every possible sale—while the making was good; for no merchandising marvel knew better than Miss Adele Glaub that in the waist business in the twinkling of an eye almost—days, weeks and sometimes months came under the category of profitless days.

She was gently tolerant. "My dear! A possible customer to your right." Or, perhaps, a tiny suggestion: "My dear! Don't you think that counter looks awfully mussed up?"

Peach Melba days! How we all enjoy them. But if you are only five years older than you really look and have fought the grim old wolf of want from seven dollars a week behind the bundle counter up to forty-five dollars behind a real mahogany buyer's desk, their additional zest is like whipped cream on chocolate—an added barrier of sweetness. If you began by wearing a newspaper to improve the quality of an underskirt—progressed steadily through that period when even a newspaper was superfluous—and finally arrived at the point where the delight of soft swishes came from the silk of the worm, the open door of Spriggsdom presents a wonderful vista. Already she was "m'dear"—a person to be greeted by fully opened eyes.

"Honest, Miss Beeley, I do think, dear, that you oughta dust off the glass of the imported waist section—on th' inside."

She suddenly felt sorry for Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs and her struggle to maintain the pretense of great wealth. Of course she was fairly well to do, she decided; but no, not millions—not the solid millions that were backed by such tangible evidence as tiger skins, bronze Venuses and the frowning old colonial gentlemen. Of course she was highly aristocratic—oh, abso-lute-ly!—an' maybe—later perhaps —— Well, old ladies had been known—lotsa times—to become vitally interested in people who were kindly interested, and understood.

"Cer-tain-ly, madam, not a machine stitch in the whole waist. Abso-lute-ly not! An' those sequins ain't going to come off the first time you go to put it on—they're sewed on!"

And Professor Smithey! A funny little guy with a funny line of talk, but nice though. Not much of a dresser—worse even than Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson with his jagged, fringy cuffs; not that the professor's were frayed, only he wore them so careless. Idly playing with the huge string of graduated jet that hung about her neck and to her knees, she wondered idly if the professor really meant her when he was readin' that stuff about there bein' a woman like a dewdrop. But professors, though heavy up above, were usually shy in the pocket. This was unfortunate, of course; but there was a certain air of class, an' all that ——

"Honest, Miss Tupper, I really do think that you oughta never wear black waists while in this department"—a warming smile to take the harshness from the suggestion—"it makes you look so old, dear."

Happy days! A month of them. Happy evenings filled with soft words—and nearly as many soft looks from the chief exponent of Browning; with chatty, equalizing little affairs within the exclusive, rarefied atmosphere of Spriggsdom. Days filled with Peach Melbas and cheery words for the better, brighter, brimming spirits!

And then the bottom dropped quietly, unobtrusively out of the waist business!

■

AS HAS been observed in previous bits of the Glaub commercial existence, Mr. Harvey Bibker, merchandise manager of the Mammoth Store, was a gentleman—and kindly. Recapitulating briefly, it may be said that he was a big man, whose effulgent smile was saddened by only one word of the very, very many that nestled so glibly in the Bibker vocabulary. It was a little word, innocently hyphenated, but every Mammoth buyer dreaded to use it in the kindly Bibker presence. It was for this reason, then, that we find Miss Glaub minus the jade earrings and the cheery air of assertive confidence as she seats herself in the rigid mahogany chair before the great man's desk. It is for this reason the sibilant urge of the waist department has become almost an awkward hesitancy.

Miss Glaub Knew Exactly What to Do. Here Was the Regal Indifference of the Upper Classes

"Mr. Bibker—I'm afraid we gotta take a mark-down on a lotta those low an' medium-price numbers next week."

The great man stiffened as if with a mortal hurt. The half moon of happy welcome straightened into a single line—a rather grim line, if we are to be accurate in all things. "Mark-down!" he echoed; then reproachfully: "Why, my dear Miss Glaub!"

The head of the waist department nodded sadly, but with the detached air of one who has not personally been guilty. "I know," she agreed, eyes down; "but it's gotta be done."

"But for the last two months business has been so good. Now to drop off so completely—surely there must be some reason?"

Miss Glaub shook her dark head and looked the great man straight in the reproachful eye at this tiny implication of incompetency.

"You yourself, Mr. Bibker, know as well as anybody," she asserted, "that they don't have to be any special reason for a woman not wanting a waist—even when it's a suit season. Besides, these phee-nom-e-nal big days couldn't keep up forever—could they now?"

Mr. Bibker's eyes seemed to say that they weren't sure about that. The lips said: "Maybe the situation is—er—merely temporary."

Miss Glaub was a firm believer in the maxim: "When doing a bad job—why, do it good." She again shook her head. "Even a optimist would hafta admit that it looks aim-ply fierce!"

But the great man was still unconvinced. "There must be some reason, some explanation," he persisted.

Miss Glaub did not waste words. "There ain't!" she said forcibly.

With his pudgy hands forming the familiar church roof over his gently rounding fancy vest Mr. Bibker considered the "ain't" for some moments. When he spoke it was irrelevant.

"I understand—that you—er the salespeople in your department have organized a Browning Society?"

Another nod.

"Study—er—poetry, and so forth?"

"Ye-es."

Mr. Bibker nodded slowly. "Very laudable," he commented.

Miss Glaub remained in *statu quo*.

"But don't you think," he continued, "that perhaps—remember, this is only a supposition—that in filling these -er young people with these highflown ideas with gentle thoughts, that you have lost their fighting spirit—their selling morale?"

The dark eyes flashed fire, the charming lips quivered with suppressed indignation. "Do you think for one sol-i-ta-ry minute, Mr. Bibker, that I would have anything to do with a society that hurt my girls' morals?" Then proudly: "I want you to know that my girls' morals are above reproach!" Then more slowly:

"Besides, would you want to hurt a lotta good customers like Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs an' Mrs. Van V. Velvet an' their friends—lose thousands of dollars' worth of business?"

The great man allowed himself to smile momentarily.

"You don't understand." Then more thoughtfully: "Though there is a good deal of—er—truth in what you say about Mrs. Spriggs."

"Of course there is; an' furthermore"—tartly—"about what I say about the girls."

Once more Mr. Bibker considered. When he spoke it was in the calm, disinterested tone that Miss Glaub did not like. It was like a blue ticket in a pay envelope—almost.

"I leave the entire matter in your hands," was what he said.

Back in the waist department Miss Glaub resumed her earrings and sneered. "The poor fish!" she murmured. "The poor yap! Passing the whole buck along to me, jus' as if it was my fault, an' ——"

But what was that? From the direction of the millinery section there hove into view a customer—not a mere shopper, inasmuch as she came without tacking or stoppage. A cash customer, to judge by the twisted-twine shopping bag! And what was that? Twenty feet from the approaching sale stood Miss Virgie Tupper. And what was she doing? Reading—actually reading from a little red-bound book that Miss Glaub recognized instantly as Robert Browning, 1812–1889.

Totally unconscious of the varied emotions that she was causing in the breast of her immediate superior the humorous Virgie continued to peruse Page Twelve, The Flight of the Duchess, with absorbing interest. By the time the sale had decreased the distance to twelve feet Miss Glaub was at her side. Looking up suddenly the studious one saw the impending storm; but instead of the usual hurried duck and usual hasty rushing explanation Virgie merely smiled—a warming, better, brighter, brimming smile.

"Oh, Miss Glaub!" she cooed. "Ain't this part won'erful—where it says 'When the liquor's out, why clink the cannikin?' Ain't that cute?"

The rush of turbulent, vitriolic words died in a mumbling gurgle in the Glaub throat. The things that could have been said were numberless—biting, action-getting words to instill the fighting spirit that such rotten business demanded. But though they died unsung, unsaid, the Glaub eyes were not to be controlled so easily. The danger light flashed out—and died; but not before the keen Tupper eyes had noted and appraised.

Miss Glaub's "There is a customer, dear," was a masterpiece of suppressed emotion, and her admonition "Don't read on the floor, dear," was equally camouflaged.

To both, Miss Tupper answered a low, polite "Yes, Miss Glaub." But in her eyes shone the sudden light of a great and satisfying discovery. She greeted the sale with a warming smile that brought a purchase,

(Concluded on Page 62)

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Help win—save in clothes

Buy them right and you'll buy less

YOU get it everywhere—"save to win;" it's the right idea In clothes the best way to save money and material is to buy for quality Such clothes cost less because of the more they give—in wear and in looks

Depend on our label; it means the fabrics are all-wool; the style is the best, the tailoring is for service The label is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

This picture in the clothiers' window will show you where to buy *Spring Style Book on request*

Chicago **Hart Schaffner & Marx** New York

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

From the painting by Samuel Nelson Abbott

(Concluded from Page 59)

though meant for something else. It seemed as if the waist would never be wrapped and the customer off—so great was the Tupper desire to confer with Miss Eulalie Hieber, the blonde and the other choicer spirits. But even this, as the Scripture hath it, came to pass. The bell had rung and the stock was covered; they were alone in a little eddy of the crowded locker room.

"Little charges, little charges, pin a rose on me!" she caroled in a peaked soprano. "I gotta idea that is going to tie a knot in the little ray of sunshine's flow of language after this."

The blonde was skeptical—frankly so.

"They ain't nothing strong enough to tie her tongue up," she asserted; "an' besides, ever since we have become better, brighter, brimming charges she's been just like sweet milk—she has."

"Even sweet milk gets sour," Miss Tupper assured her; "an' there is nothin' so souring on the Glaub good nature as poor business. You remember that last spell, Eulalie, when she called me a little saphead?"

Eulalie did. "She called me clumsy," she added.

"She called me a poor little fish," another indicted.

Even the blonde contributed. "She—she said I had all the pep of a lame turtle."

Then with infinite comedy Miss Tupper conducted a roaring farce of the little scene between herself, Miss Glaub and the sale. Shrewdly enough she analyzed the reasons back of the suppressed acid and the gleaming eye.

"An' so all we gotta do is to keep on bein' better, brighter charges until business picks up—because she'd be afraid to back down on her dear frien', Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs," she finished.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the delighted Eulalie. "Won't it hurt her dear sweet nature to say 'dear' when she'd liketa say—well, somethin' else."

Everyone giggled her appreciation of the exquisite humor of the situation—that is, everyone but the pessimistic blonde.

"Don't be too sure," she warned gloomily; "our little ray of sunshine wasn't born yesterday."

"Don't be a crape hanger, dearie," advised Miss Tupper airily. "Black goes awful with your complexion."

The blonde wrinkled her tiny nose and sniffed. "Well, you wait an' see!" she predicted.

IV

TO MANY a man a grate fire and a well-caked pipe mean reflection; to many a woman reflection comes with a kimono and a package of well-thumbed letters; but to Miss Glaub true reflection came only over the nightly application of cold cream. With the left hand holding the jar, the right gently stroking the Glaub cheek to a fairy whiteness, the little incidents of a day or a week faded away and left only the big things—and those at a clarifying perspective. It was then that the Glaub mind decided on beaded Georgette for fall or thought of Mr. Uthas Garbey, her most persistent suitor.

So, naturally enough, it was to the sympathetic little jar that Miss Glaub brought the case of Robert Browning, deceased, versus Business is Business. It was this consoling tribunal that was asked to decide, some two weeks later, what was to be done—and how.

They had been trying weeks as well as dull waist weeks. Hope that it was but a temporary lull went in the early stage of the first week, and with it Peach Melbas. In their stead was a growing dislike for Miss Virgie Tupper; this guy Browning; Smithey, the poor fish; culture and its largest patroness, Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs. To this list were soon added the names of the blonde, Miss Eulalie Hieber and three other of the choicer spirits who witnessed and acted upon the example of the humorous Virgie. Miss Glaub gritted the fine white pearls that adorned her mouth when she thought of the business that she might have had if she had been able to prod her slackers with the tiny pink Glaub gad. The season was fast ebbing; something must be done. Those demure, laughing-up-their-sleeves little brats!

"Why mince words?" Miss Glaub demanded of the jar. "They were, weren't they?—yes; or even worse—embezzlers or something, taking pay for work they really didn't do. An' all because a fat old woman who really wasn't rich at all hadda have her amusement."

Rubbing gently but insistently Miss Glaub demanded of the little jar the big idea. But the jar was coy—or idealess. Angrily Miss Glaub stared into its creamy center. "Oh, if I was only a clerk again!" she murmured. "Wouldn't I be able to tell those little smart alecks somethin' though!"

If she was only a clerk again! Why, it was the big idea! For the next half hour the wrinkles of the idea and the wrinkles of the Glaub brow were massaged out together. An hour later all was well. Could every pipe and kimono say as much?

The next day Professor Smithey of Bigburg University was twittering a nervous, pleasurable acceptance of Miss Glaub's phone invitation to come to the Ansonia Apartments that night and hear the most per-fect-ly won-der-ful of ideas for the class. Really an inspiration. The professor said he was sure of it and asked if eight was too early.

And so it was that at fifteen after eight the professor was facing the ivory chaise longue with its passionate pink covering and registering delight at such a clever thought.

"What is it the average salesgirl thinks of?" Miss Glaub had demanded prettily of Professor Smithey.

Professor Smithey didn't know.

"Clothes!"

What were the things they should think most about?

The professor, smiling pleasantly, did not know.

"The necessities of life—heat, drink, food."

The professor said that was perfectly true.

Eagerly aflush she continued. It was natural that her dear little charges should feel that they should be adorned but she felt that it must be brought home to them that clothes must not be had at the expense of necessities. A warm room, good food, healthy drinking. But how to drive this humanitarian lesson home? That was the big idea.

The professor continued to register rapt interest.

"Here it is," she said, with the modesty of one not seeking credit. "Let us devote the next evening of the series to poetry of winter, like Longfellow's—

Oh the long and dreary winter,
Oh the cold and cruel winter!

an' others like that. Bring home the necessity of heat to them"—with a smile and a nod, as only the professor could; "an' add a touch of absolute realism by having all the heat turned off!"

Looking into the deep, dark dangerous eyes that had caught so many other moths—such classy moths as Mr. Nathan Rosewater, of the firm of August & Rosewater, waist manufacturers—it was natural that Professor Smithey forgot his thin cough and said that he thought the idea was a stunner—a ripper!

The dark head and glinting earrings nodded their thanks and continued—for this was but the beginning of the idea. On the second evening, she cooed, the professor would read of hunger and thirst; and to add the realistic touch they would eliminate the tea and macaroons.

Never eating between meals himself, Professor Smithey gave this idea even a more cordial reception. "A snorter!" he called it.

And Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs the following Tuesday evening said much the same thing as, swathed in the folds of her sealskin and blue fox coat, she listened to the sweet cadences of Professor Smithey and watched him actually make the dear girls shiver with his words—girls *sans* sealskins and blue fox.

But the hand clapping, usually, and lately, very loud and appreciative, was only perfunctory. The steaming tea urn presided over by the Spriggs' fathead butler was immediately the center of a struggling mass of pushing, struggling, better, brighter, brimming spirits. It nearly deserved to be called a mêlée. Miss Glaub, hiding a smile of grim satisfaction behind a benign smile of tender interest, watched the angular figure of Miss Virgie Tupper struggling, white-faced, with cold in the foreground, and thought of the following Friday evening.

The following Friday thirteen regular members failed to answer to their names at roll call, but among those that answered "Here!" very promptly were Miss Virgie Tupper, Miss Eulalie Hieber, Eloise Murphy and Miss Irene Beeley.

The room was only moderately heated for the average winter night, but it happened to be a much colder than average winter outside. And dear Professor Smithey—he really outdid himself, murmured Mrs. Spriggs with a heavy nod of approval.

For two hours and ten minutes he spoke of food. Of feasts fit for Lucullus—or some guy like that. Of huge Nubian slaves heavily laden with the choicest of exotic fruits. Of the fragrant steam of coffee against the cold tang of winter air; of dishes to tempt the most dyspeptic heathen god. In closing he read a short stanza from a western poet that described, so you almost could see and eat them, flapjacks and sizzling sausage.

And then the nineteen members present filed past the empty refreshment table out into the night!

The following Tuesday evening Miss Glaub arrived early and waited anxiously for the first arrival. At eight-two Professor Smithey arrived and greeted her with tender eye and pleasant word—both wasted. At eight-fifteen Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs thumped aristocratically up the stairs, followed by the fathead and the tea urn. At eight-forty-five the attendance still numbered four—because the fathead was included.

The professor coughed uneasily. Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs became tart. The fathead became sleepy.

At nine Miss Glaub, with the most regretful of tones, called the meeting off and said sorrowfully that she was afraid her charges didn't take enough interest to warrant such kind, considerate treatment from both of them.

Professor Smithey coughed.

Mrs. Throckmorton Spriggs sniffed.

"But," continued Miss Glaub, "that is no reason why our intimate little friendship—our triple friendship—should be broken up." Did Mrs. Spriggs think so?

Mrs. Spriggs signaled the fathead and the professor majestically, stood up and moved stiffly toward the door. Over her fur-clad shoulder the words floated back accompanied by lowered lids, business lids:

"Possibly—when we again attempt to help a class that doesn't wish to be helped—your class." Then as the professor lagged: "Come, professor!"

The professor came.

For a moment the taut Glaub figure stared in silence—choking silence. She longed to call out and tell what she really thought of it all—what the girls thought of it—what she knew now that they really came for—what Mrs. Spriggs' little amusement had done to the waist business. Now, standing there, hands clenched, she was sure that the retreating mountain of fur-clad flesh was responsible for it all. She wanted to hurt her. Calling her a part of the working class, just as if a lady buyer ever did any demeaning work! She wanted to shriek the Spriggs secret aloud—that the Spriggs millions were not. That they were camouflage and that she could prove it by any moving-picture show in town—these and many other things; but suddenly she thought of the humorous Virgie and her smug demureness, and what she could say the following morning when somebody laid down on the job; when somebody so much as opened her mouth about this guy Browning.

Thinking these agreeable thoughts, Miss Glaub smiled.

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Now made in Eight Colors

Try the Hammer Test Yourself

THIS is the famous floor varnish you can test with a hammer. "You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack." Don't be content with varnishes that crack, chip and crumble, when you can secure "61" Floor Varnish, *the varnish that stands abuse.* "61" of course, also possesses beauty of surface and waterproof qualities, as well as the other common attributes of any good varnish.

To meet the popular demand, "61" Floor Varnish is now on sale in six attractive wood-stain colors: Light Oak, Dark Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Walnut, Forest Green, and also the Natural and Ground Color.

"61" stains and varnishes in one operation. But do not confuse "61" with ordinary varnish stains and color varnishes. The "61" colors do not give that "dauby" effect. This is due to the fact that the colors and clear varnish are not merely "mixed" together; but they are intimately incorporated by the most careful grinding and regrinding, giving them unusual brilliancy and clarity.

"61" in colors has the same long-wearing durability as the Natural or clear "61" Floor Varnish which we have made for more than a quarter century.

Although made primarily to resist the punishment every floor receives, it becomes a self-evident fact that "61" Floor Varnish is a perfect finish for scarred furniture and all odd touch-up jobs around the house. **Send for Color Card and Sample Panel** finished with "61" and try the hammer test yourself on the sample panel.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.
OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 69 YEARS
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Vitralite, the Long-Life White Enamel is so extremely durable that it is guaranteed for three years outdoors as well as indoors, although indoors its lustrous surface lasts indefinitely.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

EASTER

Who's Your Tailor?

---the question that is something more than an impromptu utterance---an expression of genuine admiration when you have your Easter clothes made for you--you alone by our skilled tailors from your selection of style and fabric.

We manufacture no ready-made clothing

E. V. Price & Co.

Price Building
Chicago,
U · S · A

Our local dealer in your own city is ready to send us your correct measure TODAY

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

General Byng

LIEUTENANT GENERAL the Honorable Sir Julian Hedworth George Byng, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., is the full title, but at the Front they call him Bingo Byng. He entered the European war as a Major General. His stand before Ypres, which checked the German advance toward the Channel, tacked the K. C. M. G. on his name; and his brilliant performances as Commander of the Canadian Troops on the Somme added the K. C. B.

Edmund Vance Cooke

An Autobiography

I WAS born Somewhere-in-Canada in the year of —— (deleted by censor). Place of interment not yet determined.

I had one father and one mother, and while I was yet in long clothes I brought them with me to the United States. At that time I was unable to write or speak the English tongue, though my father was an Englishman, tracing his ancestry back to his ancestors, and my mother was a Canadian of Irish, Scotch, French and other Allied strains.

I finally settled in Ohio, overlooking the fact that I was not eligible to the presidency, and led a blameless life until the age of twelve, when I began to write for publication. At the age of fourteen an editor (name withheld at the request of his family) sent me a check for a contribution, and from that

(Concluded on Page 66)

Senator Lodge and General Wood

HENRY CABOT LODGE has represented Massachusetts in the United States Senate continuously since 1893, and is one of the leading Republicans in the country. His record during the past session of Congress offers a fine example of a man who specializes Patriotism in larger letters than he does Party.

Mrs. Charles Watson

THE snapshot above shows the highest woman officer in the British Army. Doctor Watson was recently appointed Chief Controller of the Tommywaacs—or Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps—more than four thousand of whom are on duty behind the lines in France. In the issue of this weekly for December 8th Mr. Pattullo told of the fine work these women are doing to help win the war.

Major General Bell

THE very soldierly horseman to the right is Major General George Bell, Jr., who for the last two years has been in command of American troops at El Paso, Texas.

How to avoid breaking speed laws

UNDER severe traffic regulations, to drive without a speedometer is like being haled into court *without* a lawyer.

You should know at all times your exact speed. The difference between driving 18 or 20 miles per hour may mean a fine.

Equipped with the Johns-Manville Speedometer you play safe because it is an accurate speed recorder. And the speed hand will not quiver from car jolts. Centrifugally controlled, it is dependable and accurate under any conditions.

The ebony-finished, maple Instrument Board, quickly attached to any open model Ford, permits mounting of additional accessories. It gives a finishing touch to your car's appearance. And it enables you to speed up to the limit of the law with peace of mind.

To the Trade: The Johns-Manville jobber-dealer policy gives every recognized dealer a fair chance at this big market. Your jobber will supply you.

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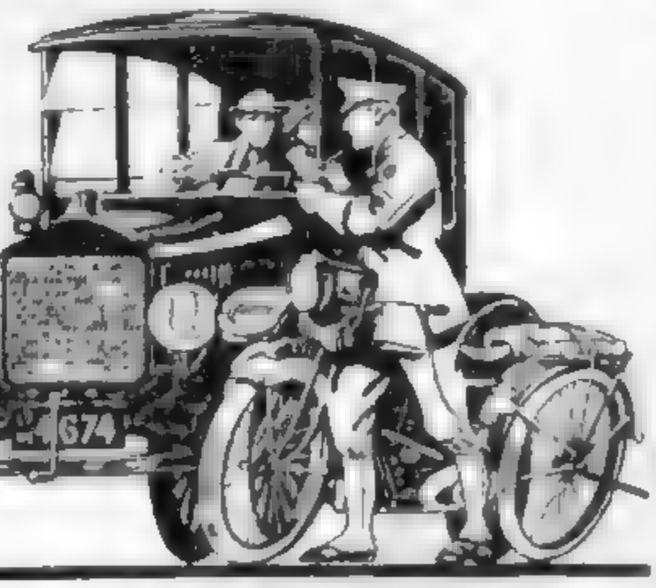

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SPEEDOMETER
for FORDS

$12.00
Complete with instrument board
$13.00 West of the Rockies

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 65

Edmund Vance Cooke

time I have never faltered in my downward career. Since then I have published a dozen books which have won the enthusiastic approval of my publishers and myself.

Among these books are "Chronicles of the Little Tot" and "Impertinent Poems," the original poems of which first appeared in the pages of The S—— E—— P—— (name of magazine withheld at the request of George Horace Lorimer); and I have also written many better poems which have been rejected by the same publication.

I early discovered that I was a more appreciative reader of my own writings than anyone else, and hence I have been reading them to whoever would pay the admission fee for over twenty years, unflinchingly facing audiences in every state of the Union except Nevada, there being no audience room in that state small enough to accommodate the total population.

Aside from reading my own writings in public, I have no other bad habits. I do not even play golf.

In politics I am a Single-taxer and consequently I have few supporters in public office and my opinion of them is usually worse than that.

In appearance I am a vanishing blond and I wear my clothes well. My shoes are just as well-worn as my clothes.

My favorite composer is —— (name deleted by rival) and my favorite author I have already mentioned.

When I began my career I was a poor young man and now I have a wife and three children.

Owing to the Hooverization of white paper and printer's ink, my full name and titles are not given here, but the rest of it is Edmund Vance Cooke.

The Sport of Pigeon Racing—By Emerson Hough

THE wife of a pigeon fancier whose loft I once visited took me to one side and gravely assured me that her husband was entirely crazy. "He thinks more of those birds than he does of his family," said she. No doubt, but why shouldn't a man be crazy over pigeons as over trout or wild fowl or big game of any sort? A man must be crazy over something.

"Well," said the accused in this case ruefully, "I know my weakness, but I just can't help it. Now here," and he pointed out to me a certain bird, "is a blue-checked cock that just came in last week. That bird had been gone exactly eleven months. It was lost in a race last year from Norfolk, Nebraska, to this city. I suspect he's been philandering round somewhere, maybe in some church steeple or in some brewery where no one could get at him. But here he is home again, after almost a year, to the place where he was born. How can you help loving a bird like that? Now, I entered this bird last week in a two-hundred-mile race, and it came in again all right. The old homing instinct never leaves these birds.

"At one time," he went on, "I thought I had reformed. I sold all my birds, rented my house here and moved to St. Louis. I came back here from St. Louis after about five years and moved into my old place. I wasn't happy. I went out to the old loft to see where I used to have such good times—and blame me! if there wasn't old McKinley, one of my own old pigeons, sitting up there on the one perch that had been left in the loft. I had sold that bird six years before to a man here in Chicago; and here the old chap had come back to me that raised him. Well, that was too much for me, mother—I just couldn't help it—I had to go back into the flyers again."

Now, as a matter of fact there is a curious and half-irresistible fascination in this sport of the homing pigeons. It rests upon an absolute mystery. All that man has done in developing the sport is to take advantage of that mystery; he has never solved the mystery himself, and perhaps he never will. What is this homing instinct of the pigeon? By what uncanny mental process or innate quality of its own is it given to this beautiful, thoroughbred creature to orient itself infallibly and to head out for home, no matter where it has been taken or in what fashion? Science has not yet been able to explain this.

The amateur flyers, many of whom are persons of no great means and no great education, but yet of an unlimited enthusiasm, have different explanations of this curious instinct or whatever it may be called. "They fly by the sun," said one Belgian to me. "That's easy to see, because they fly truer and faster on a bright day, and never get lost. It's the cloudy weather that knocks them out."

"Is that so?" commented another. "That's the same as saying they've always got to fly either east or west. But you know not all the races are run east and west—the birds come home from the north or the south just the same. What's that got to do with the sun?"

"I think it's electrical currents," said yet another wise man. But another asked him whether each bird had private electrical currents of its own, and whether there were electrical currents running to Chicago from each of these points of the racing list, and whether there was an electrical current between San Antonio, Texas, and Chicago. He had to shrug his shoulders and fall into silence. In truth none of them knows, and neither does anyone else know how the pigeon does these incredible things in his straight-bound homeward flights.

The homing instinct may perhaps be one of those extra senses, like the sixth sense of a dog—in which I myself firmly believe—which are outside the comprehension of human beings, because they do not have these senses themselves.

As to the conduct of the birds when starting out for their return voyage to their homes, circumstances and weather conditions have a little to do with it. When two thousand of them are released, perhaps a dozen or more will spring from the doors at once and line out straight for home. These may carry some trailers with them. Usually the bulk of the vast flock will rise high in the air and cast a wide circle, perhaps a mile in extent. Sometimes they will repeat this by one or more circles before they finally line out for home and resume their even, steady flight, so tireless and so strange. They may circle for half an hour sometimes before they line out. Sometimes they will sit on a roof for a while, apparently thinking it over before they decide on the line.

It seems to make little difference how the birds are transported, and even the distance is not prohibitive. Flies have frequently been made from Casper, Wyoming, to Chicago, a distance of a thousand miles. Once a number of pigeons were sent up by the San Antonio, Texas, clubs for a race from Chicago to San Antonio. These were to be released at six o'clock in the morning at one of the northern lake-shore suburbs. Ten minutes before the appointed time one of the attendants looked down at the crates.

"Look at 'em!" said he. "Every beggar of them is standing with his head up and headed south!" This was indeed literally true. Even before they were sprung from the crates those birds knew exactly what they intended to do, and which way they intended to fly. How did they know it? No scientist in the world can tell you.

This homing instinct is of course somewhat developed by the training that the birds are given, short flies being practiced at first, and these eventually increased. A spring-hatched bird may be entered in the fall for a short race. Before a year old it will be able to negotiate a two-hundred-mile race handsomely. In its second year it can do three hundred miles. When three or four years old a bird is at its prime as to its endurance. It will then hit the steady, even gait that wins races. The fastest time is usually made by the younger birds, which

(Concluded on Page 70)

The Paige "Larchmont Four Passenger" on Broad Street, Philadelphia

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

THE new Paige "Larchmont Sport Four Passenger" made its first bow to the public at the New York automobile show. It was an *instantaneous success.* It is probably no exaggeration to say that it attracted more attention than any other model on exhibition.

Since that time, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit have added their whole-hearted endorsements. Everyone, apparently, concedes this model first place among the new creations. Inasmuch as production will be limited, we suggest that you inspect the "Larchmont" without delay.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Dismiss the idea that they are high priced
Save—
Buy—
for Victory
W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT
Money back with Interest at Any Time

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP TIRES

THERE was a time when to produce the higher than ordinary quality we were determined upon maintaining we had to get a correspondingly higher price—a difference, however, always more than offset by longer safer service.

But the zone selling system we have so successfully employed for the last two years has enabled us to market a constantly and generously increasing volume of business without proportionate increase in selling expense. Our policy of territorial protection for the trade insures maximum efficiency and effort at minimum selling outlay.

Under this plan, together with the operation of what is conceded to be the most modern and efficient factory in the industry, costs have been decreased to an extent which frees us from the necessity of charging materially higher prices.

For a considerable time the retail prices of Vacuum Cup Tires have ruled at negligible differences from ordinary tires sold on a 3,500 mile basis.

This, too, notwithstanding the fact that Vacuum Cup Tires are *guaranteed*—per warranty tag—for

6,000 miles

Makers of Pennsylvania Auto Tubes "Ton Tested"

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

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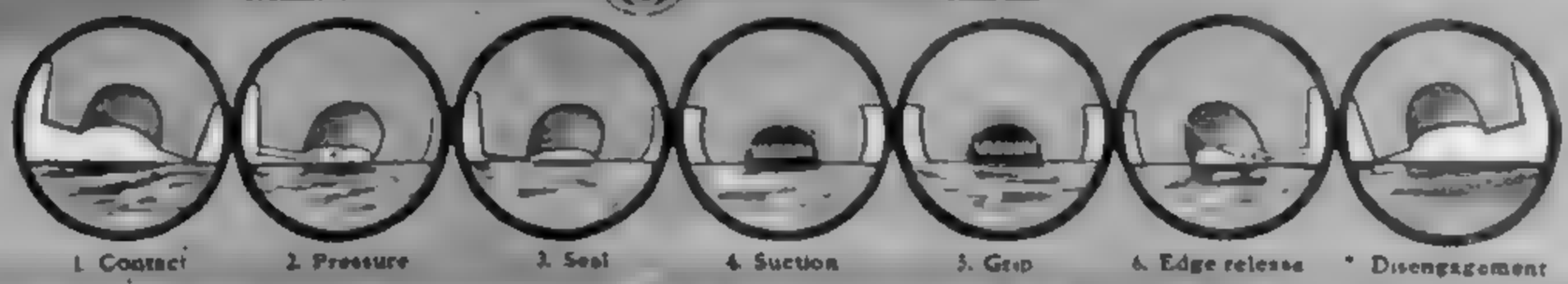
How the cups operate to prevent skidding with no resistance to forward speed.



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The more important the letter, the more important the carbon copies.

In fact, in many cases the record is more valuable than the letter itself.

A perfect carbon copy, clear, legible, and unsmudged, often keeps the firm out of endless trouble.

Your part is to produce perfect letters. See that you have the right carbon paper so that the perfection of your work is clearly recorded on the carbon copy.

With MultiKopy Carbon Paper you are sure of perfect results. Stenographers and secretaries find that neater, clearer carbon copies are a service which often brings business advancement.

Let us send you some samples of MultiKopy

We shall be glad to send you sample sheets of MultiKopy Carbon Paper so that you can see for yourself how you can improve the quality of your work through its use.

For sale by principal dealers throughout this country and Canada.

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(Concluded from Page 66)

start out and fly for all they are worth; but this system does not win the long-distance races. The average racing life of a good bird is five years, though they will fly well up to eight or even ten years, it is said.

A good homing pigeon will weigh ten or twelve ounces in racing condition. In such condition he is as clean-cut and game-looking as any gamecock. He has the will to win, the heart, the courage; the resolution that does great things. How the food he takes into his little body carries on sufficient combustion to develop the power he shows is one of the wonders of Nature's economy.

The colors of the homer vary somewhat. In the club records and breeding registries they are usually classified as blue check, black check, red check, blue or silver. The sex of each bird is always given in a race entry.

What speed does the homer reach? That depends very largely upon the weather and upon the age and experience of the bird. It is said they will do seventy miles an hour—perhaps only with the wind favoring. They have been known to do one hundred miles in eighty-nine minutes. Round forty miles against the wind was done in a race from Dewitt to Chicago.

For the most part the homer pigeon lives under a number and not a name, but the breeding fancier sometimes offers the progeny of his stock by name. The Moonlight Hen, famous in America twenty or thirty years ago, and much advertised, got her name because she came home by moonlight one night. As a rule the homers do not fly by night, but when overtaken by darkness find some sort of resting place, to resume their flight the next morning.

These birds sometimes will cross water in their home-bound flights; they often have gone over the ends of Lake Michigan and of Lake Huron. Sometimes they have been blown out to sea. On April 6, 1895, Captain E. V. Geger, of the steamer Louisiana, picked up a "carrier pigeon" two hundred miles off the Virginia Capes, the bird coming aboard much exhausted. It bore under its wing a slip marked "Louis Debus, 1009 Leadenhall Street, Baltimore." The bird was taken on to New Orleans, whence the owner was notified, and it finally reached its home safely. It proved to have been liberated nine miles from Baltimore on March thirty-first, so that it had been out at sea no doubt for several days. No one could tell how it had managed to keep up so long.

Speed, efficiency, industry, loyalty, faithfulness—these are great qualities, and they earn their keep anywhere and in any form. They are qualities valuable in times of war—faithfulness, loyalty, efficiency. Therefore it is little wonder that the American Navy is now taking up the use of the homer pigeon as part of the system of defense of the United States.

This is not really the first time in which the birds have been used for such purposes. In 1895 then Lieutenant A. M. Knight, U. S. Navy, released certain birds of the Naval Academy from boats at sea. The first bird, liberated sixty-two miles off shore, got home, two hundred miles, in seven hours and a half. At that time the birds were trained at the Naval Academy, but I cannot say whether or not the practice was kept up. Very recently, however, Rear Admiral Usher, Commandant of the New York Navy Yard, wrote to a fancier who had offered his services:

"I will be pleased to receive any recommendations which you consider of value in the formation of this service. The homing pigeons could form a service most useful by making arrangements to use the present facilities of homing and training spaces of these birds; the birds to be supplied as you have already suggested to each of the patrol—boats without wireless apparatus and when liberated to return to their own lofts, from which the report is to be phoned to the Commandant."

Homer owners from many of the large cities of the country have been sending in young birds to the United States Navy, and arrangements now are being made to train these at certain points on the Atlantic Coast which it is not necessary here to name. A man will be detailed to handle each of the national lofts, and each will be provided with the electric announcer, the invention of a Chicago pigeon fancier. Thus it would seem that this game little bird is after all to prove its worth in war as well as in peace.

It is surely to be said of pigeon racing that it is a clean and amateur sport, conducted on absolutely clean and honorable lines to-day. The clubs and central organizations are in a manner necessary for the practice of the sport, which is carried on over great distances in widely separated parts of the country. There are three large central bodies: The American Racing Pigeon Union, of Washington, D. C.; the International Federation, of New York; and the National Association, of Philadelphia. Boston mostly races in the A. R. P. U., and Chicago does so exclusively. Other clubs and concourses are grouped as suits the convenience or whim of the several members.

These matters, however, are simply those of unessential details. The sport itself, and the zest of it, the charm and the appeal of it, you will best find in some pigeon loft out in some little barn in a far-away side alley, where a man with eyes alight is watching a little bird feeding from his hand.

"What's in his head?" he asks. "Why, I saw him a thousand feet up in the air fold his wings and come right down in at that window! How did he know?"

An Encore

AN ELDERLY person, in neat but somewhat threadbare clothing, with his side whiskers all carefully combed, entered a fashionable Fifth Avenue restaurant and ordered an expensive but discriminatingly chosen dinner, with a pint of good wine and a fifty-cent cigar to follow. When he had finished and the waiter laid a check for a considerable amount on the tablecloth, the gentleman who had dined said he wished to speak to the manager. Promptly the manager came. Impressed by the dignified bearing and distinguished face of the guest, he bowed.

"I trust everything has been satisfactory?" he inquired.

"Everything," stated the older man, "has been quite satisfactory." Then a touch of gentle reproach stole into his voice. "It was of another matter I wished to speak with you. Do you perhaps recall that about a year ago a man well past the prime of life—a man somewhere near my own age—came in here and ordered such a meal as the one I have just enjoyed, and when he had finished he told you that he had no money with which to pay the bill, and you called two of your assistants—both big strong men—and had that old gentleman thrown bodily into the street?"

"Yes," stated the manager regretfully, "I do recall the incident you mention. I am sorry that it should have happened, but we have to protect ourselves against imposition. Nevertheless, I confess that the thing has lain heavy upon my conscience ever since. It has troubled me no little. But why do you speak of it now?"

"Because"—and here the venerable person rose—"because"—his tone was soft and low—"because, my dear sir, I'm afraid I'm going to have to trouble you again."

Bread first!

Will you save it for him?

ENOUGH wheat must be saved in our twenty million American homes to insure bread for the millions of fighting men at the front.

Already the waste has been stopped in many homes. But the need is greater than that. We must not only stop the waste of flour; we must *use less.*

Women of America, will you help save this flour?

The President of the United States has asked every household, every individual, to conserve the food supply and stop the waste

Bread is first. The most important food in our homes, the food our soldiers must have, is BREAD.

Save flour—stop the waste

The use of other cereals with wheat in our daily bread is a patriotic service—a duty. Every avenue for waste of flour must be stopped.

If you have eliminated waste, then *save one more slice* of bread, for in our twenty million American homes one slice saved each day will mean a daily saving of over one million loaves, enough to feed a million soldiers at the front.

Never before have the women of our country more truly and more gravely held in their hands the power to influence the destinies of our Nation.

What every woman can do

Have one no-wheat meal every day in your home.

Observe two wheatless days each week, Monday and Wednesday.

Serve only bread and rolls containing not less than 20% of other cereals than wheat flour.

See that there is no waste of bread in your home. *Save that slice a day.*

Buy only as much bread as you can eat, and eat all you buy.

Order your bread regularly in advance. The baker will then bake only as much bread as will be sold and eaten.

Co-operate with the baker

The bakers of America realize that upon them rests a great part of the responsibility of supplying the Nation's bread.

In co-operation with the Government to save wheat, the bakers are making their bread with 20% other cereals than wheat flour.

If the activities of the war now demand more of your time and you buy your bread, then co-operate with the baker. He is making bread that means a definite and real saving of wheat. This is no time to experiment. Experiment means waste.

Women of America, do your part. Whether you bake or buy, serve no bread that does not contain at least 20% other cereals than wheat

More and more of our boys are going to the front. Studied application of your time and effort *now* will mean food, comfort, and an earlier victory for them.

Begin to-day. Give your help where it means the most—*save wheat flour.*

BAKERS OF AMERICA

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EVERY AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE SHOULD SIGN THE PLEDGE CARD OF THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

The *intensive efficiency*, characteristic of the American program of preparedness, prevails in the camp-life activities of the Boy Scouts. There we find that same demand for highly developed machine labor which has made the

The longer its period of possession, be it Electric, Multi-Motor or hand-driven, the more fixed becomes the conviction that in a Maytag one possesses the best.

Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer
with
Swinging Reversible Wringer

To solve many of your worrisome laundering troubles write for the new Maytag Laundry Manual. Your request brings it without obligation. A card will do.

with its city mate, the Maytag Electric, the most used mechanical washer in the world. Its *simplicity*, its *flexibility*, its *reliability* and its freedom from complications commend it to the woman who demands the fullest measure of service with maximum economy. Its moderate first cost is but the beginning of a saving which continues throughout the entire life of the washer.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Dept. 243, NEWTON, IOWA

Let's ALL do MORE for Old Glory.

52

Have Stockholders Any Rights?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THE protection of small stockholders—always a subject of keen interest to many people—has assumed almost national importance since the Government took over the railroads. How will the stockholders fare? is a question no less universally asked than Will the railroads be managed efficiently? Indeed there seems to be even more widespread interest in the financial than in the operating outcome of the present experiment.

Though it is too early to foresee the precise effect upon railroad stocks as investments or as speculations, one might hazard more than a guess. In the main it is not from great open revolutions like this government wartime control of railroads that the investor has most to fear. It is too open, on too big a scale, far too much a subject of intense public interest. The stockholder loses most often from long-continued but secret or concealed mismanagement or abuse. It is most unlikely that a half million or more of small investors will be seriously mulcted right in the open before the eyes of the whole country, even admitting that the rights and pecuniary interests of railroad investors are secondary to those of the country at large.

The rights of small stockholders which most need protection are those which lack that protection in the daily operation of business enterprises, not in the vast national changes which war may bring about. And it is the purpose of this article to suggest practical remedies which individual stockholders are competent to apply, rather than to grow eloquent over the abuses and evils themselves.

It is hard enough for the man or woman of moderate income to save money and to find a suitable investment in the securities of a promising enterprise without having to fight mismanagement or worse afterward. Indeed it is too much to expect; and there is no use expecting it, because the great majority of investors never lift a finger to protect their own interests. Most investors suffer from a fatal malady which has been called "stockholder's inertia." What they really suffer from is a combination of indifference, carelessness, indolence, helplessness and impotence.

The writer of this article has read and carefully studied hundreds of corporation reports with a view to writing articles or possibly advising other people with regard to their investments. But he has never taken the trouble to read through to the end or to attempt to analyze the reports of the one or two companies in which he himself owns stock. This is typical. Having once earned, saved and invested a few hundred dollars, most people will take no further trouble. The man who owns one share of Standard Oil stock is as much a proprietor, theoretically and legally, as John D. Rockefeller, and he has many rights and privileges therefrom. But as long as he gets his dividends or as long as the stock goes up he doesn't want to exercise his rights. He simply doesn't care who runs the company or who the directors are or what they do. He doesn't give a hang.

When Things Go Wrong

When things go wrong, then of course the stockholder does care; but usually it is too late. In 1910 only one stockholder of the Rock Island Company, aside from the directors and officers, attended the annual meeting. In 1911 and 1912, according to a statement made later by the secretary, there was none. Not one cared to take the trouble. Yet only a few years later the company ran on the rocks and the stock became worthless. There are stockholders who actually object to the bother of receiving a copy of the annual report.

Mr. Cabot, a stockholder in the United States Steel Corporation who had become interested in labor conditions, wrote to 15,000 other stockholders asking them to express their opinion on the company's treatment of its workmen, and it is said that only a hundred took the pains to reply. The president of a railroad which had fallen upon evil days despairingly wrote to the owners: "Why do you sit idly by and do nothing?"

In private, financial authorities are cynical on the subject. A committee was appointed and secret hearings were held in an effort to arrive at some program of reform. One banker said that all that could be done was to keep the investor from being an utter fool. Another authority declared that greater publicity was no cure for corporate evils because "all the investor wants to know is whether the stock is going up. If you put reports in his hands and ask him what he thinks, you accomplish nothing, because he doesn't think."

A broker, upon being asked not long ago whether the average investor was a fool, replied: "Yes, but less than he was ten years ago." Fortunately there are signs of progress.

Of course it is not the purpose of this article to suggest that most investors lose or that most large corporations are mismanaged or robbed. Quite the contrary is true. Most large corporations, and small ones as well, are managed honestly and with a fair degree of success. But the growth of large corporations has developed far too many abuses. It is a widespread custom for small groups of men, often without any large stock interest, to perpetuate themselves in control of corporations, to rule absolutely, to draw large salaries, bonuses and fees and to pay practically no attention to the great body of owners.

Control in Few Hands

The more widely scattered the stock the greater the opportunity for abuses of this sort. Indeed there are some competent experts who argue that the small investor is so utterly helpless that he should never buy stocks at all, but should confine himself wholly to savings banks, life insurance, and possibly bonds. But we must face the fact that, whether wisely or unwisely, millions of small investors do buy stocks.

In a recent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I pointed out in detail how the ownership of large corporations has become diffused in the last fifteen years. But what good is democracy or ownership if we must have complete oligarchy and autocracy of control? As a matter of fact stockholders have no more to do with running corporations than voters have to do with running the Government. Once in a great while at an election voters become aroused and turn or "reform" the politicians out of office. But ordinarily the politicians through their primaries, caucuses, committees, clubs, conventions, and so forth, dominate the Government. It is just the same with stockholders in general on the one hand and a small, compact, concentrated, related group of officers, directors and larger stockholders on the other.

Indeed there is a strong suspicion in many cases that corporations become weaker instead of stronger as they gain stockholders. Where there are many thousands of stockholders the dominating interests usually have very little stock, or even none at all, or at least less than they have in some supply company that sells goods to the big corporation at exorbitant prices. Unless directors and officers have an unusually keen sense of trusteeship, which, alas, is absent in many cases, the small investor is really worse off the more there are of him.

The problem of the small stockholder is really almost the same as the problem of modern government. The little old-time company with a dozen shareholders has no more resemblance to the great modern trust or railroad with its hundred thousand stockholders than the New England town meeting has to the United States of America.

It has been pointed out that the difficulties in securing responsibility of the officers and directors to the minor stockholders and at the same time insuring efficiency of management are remarkably similar to those involved in the establishment of a successful socialistic state. The question is to have efficiency of administration along with adequate control of the people. The governing group may in either case use its power for the good of the people or for its own profit. The parallel is extraordinarily close, and Prof. Willford I. King, whose studies of the wealth and income of the country have been extensively quoted in the last three years, ventures the idea that "whoever discovers the secret of combining efficiency in administration and effective control by the stockholders of a corporation will, at the same time, have brought to light the most satisfactory and economical system of administering industry under government ownership."

If you are dissatisfied with and suspicious of the management of a company in which you own stock, try to make your votes count. At the bottom of all the troubles with corporations lies the proxy voting system, or rather its abuse. It is significant that Herbert Spencer, the great English philosopher, writing nearly half a century ago, and Samuel Untermyer, perhaps the most aggressive and one of the best informed of all our corporation lawyers, writing a year or two ago, both hit upon the abuse of proxies as one of the chief dangers of stock investments.

As originally devised a proxy was merely a means of enabling one who could not attend a stockholders' meeting, but who had reasons for voting with or against a measure, to register his vote by the agency of another person in whom he had confidence. It really differed not a bit from the taking of votes in the cantonments in the last election. The soldier's vote in Spartanburg was just as good as the workman's vote in New York.

But the proxy has developed into a complete surrender on the part of the vast majority of stockholders of judgment on every matter into the hands of someone, usually unknown, who may or may not be an unbiased judge. By the indifference and ignorance of the majority the management is enabled to perpetuate itself year after year. Each year a proxy is sent to every stockholder, usually with an addressed and stamped envelope, and instead of throwing it into the fire or wastebasket the stockholder as a rule has a vague feeling of obligation that he must do something with the proxy in the manner suggested, and so he signs and returns it. Thus a little group of men is given control once more for a year over perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars of property.

But is the stockholder wholly at fault? Suppose for the sake of the few hundred dollars he has invested he goes to the pains of spending hours or days in studying the annual reports and other available sources of information and comes to the conclusion that the officers or directors have been amiss. What can he do? Except in rare cases only a few hundred people will take this much trouble, and their influence is relatively small.

An Uphill Fight

Stockholders who through ignorance, indifference, laziness or blind confidence sign the proxies, by their sheer numbers overwhelm those who refuse to sign or who actually attend the annual meeting. In the hands of the management the ignorance of the many is nearly always used to extinguish the knowledge of the few. And the worst of it is that the management usually boasts of the confidence placed in it and the implied justification of its policy. Herbert Spencer tore this fiction into shreds in caustic phrases long ago, but if he could live to-day he would have a thousand additional cases to back up his argument.

It is always difficult to conduct a successful fight for proxies against the management. Often it is impossible even to get a list of stockholders to circularize. Rarely is it easy to raise the funds to meet the expenses involved. Usually the objectors are unknown to the great mass of stockholders, and often they are suspected of being moved by personal grievances or desire to profit personally. If possible the management tries to make the stockholders believe that such is the case.

Of course the stockholder can go in person to the annual meeting and there vote against the management if he so desires. But he feels obscure and helpless. Unless he rises and compliments the management he is regarded as a crank or nut. Even if he is not looked upon with coldness or even insolence he is made to feel that he is doing something rather unnecessary and peculiar. In some cases the president may treat him with studied politeness, but even then his presence can hardly be other than superfluous; because if he votes his ten or hundred shares against a measure, the third assistant secretary will vote two million proxies for it. An official of the United States Steel Corporation once voted 4,952,757 shares of stock at an annual meeting.

In earlier days it was the custom of American railroads to gather large numbers of stockholders at the annual affair. They were given passes to ride to the meeting—that is, a stock certificate was good for a trip. The women went along and did their shopping while the menfolk attended meeting, and a luncheon was served to all. The luncheon is kept up yet by a few country banks and was still furnished by one of the older railroads until 1914. The secretary used to ask each male stockholder as he entered the room: "What will you have—rye or Scotch?" and it was noted that less opposition to the management developed after luncheon than before.

Much has been said of the large attendance of stockholders at the annual meetings of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company. Many of them live near New Haven and often as many as two or three hundred have attended. But, as remarked by a newspaper reporter who went to a recent gathering: "In reality it resembled voting as closely as painted scenery does Nature. It was a shell from which the meat had been extracted by the stockholders who turned their proxies in to the management to vote at its discretion."

It is within the realm of psychology perhaps rather than mathematics, but the simple fact is that a management or board of directors has an unholy fear of a group of stockholders, whereas they scoff at one. Often it takes one pioneer to start things. Men like Isaac M. Cate, of Baltimore, and Nathan L. Amster, of Boston, have accomplished great things in the way of corporate reformation because they were not afraid of being scoffed at. But these were movements on a large scale, and I am referring to much smaller operations, such as any man or woman may take part in.

Strength in Union

One stockholder writing to his company for information or attending the annual meeting might be regarded as a nuisance. Ten are sure to be treated with respect, and a hundred will make directors fairly tremble. It does not take great numbers to accomplish much. It merely takes some small show of concerted action. If you have four or five friends or neighbors who are interested, that is enough. Get up a committee, no matter how small it is. Call any three or four stockholders a committee. Others will hear of it and join. There need be hardly any expense at first. The great point is to get some form of concerted action under way.

One of the most hopeful signs has been the formation within a year or two of no less than three separate investors' protective associations—one by a well-known banker in Baltimore, another by a broker in New York who has built up an extensive business with small investors, and the third by a Boston financier who has been active in the reorganization of the Rock Island Railroad. Many other persons and organizations have talked about forming investors' protective associations, but it has been left to Messrs. Warfield, Muir and Amster actually to start them.

Another reform from within rather than from without the corporations, which may slowly make headway in this country, is the sale of different types of stock in a company to wholly different classes of investors. This is a sound Continental custom which has been adopted by a few American concerns. The common stock is held wholly by the directors; second preferred only by managers, superintendents, foremen, salesmen and workmen; and the first preferred by the outside public. Jugglery and mismanagement become extremely difficult when the directors, to protect their own investment, must first protect that of the public and secondly that of their own employees.

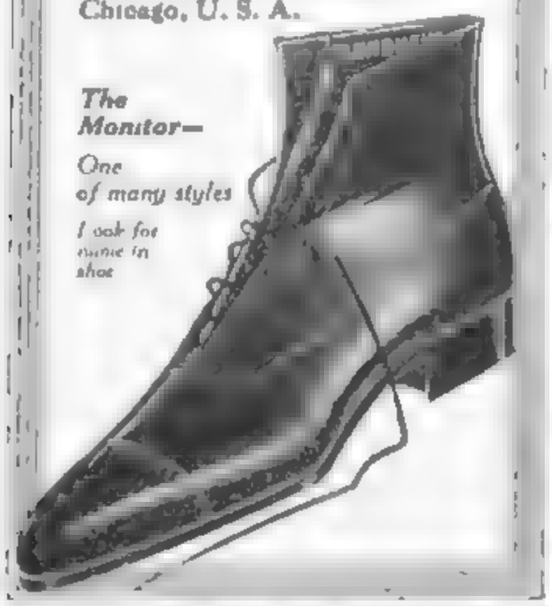
The Florsheim Shoe

FLORSHEIM shoes are serving the Nation, increasing efficiency. Florsheims are scientifically built to give long service with comfort at every step and style in keeping with the times. There's a Florsheim to suit your individual requirements.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

Booklet of military scenes, illustrating "Styles of the Times" and local dealer's name on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.



The Monitor—
One of many styles
Look for name in shoe

A SPOTLIGHT WITH A 1000 FT. BEAM

$7

The normal beam of this spotlight pierces a spot on the road of legal width, and distance ahead of the car. The focus can be instantly adjusted to a long thousand-foot shaft or a broad illumination the width of the road. Stays put and will last years on the toughest roads. Fits any windshield, straight or slanted. Two-point suspension permits throwing the thousand foot beam of light any direction.

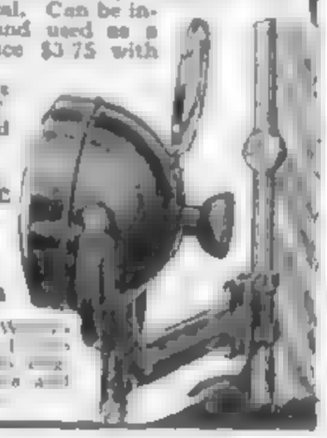
DELTA
AUTO SPOTLIGHT

consumes a minimum of battery juice. Gives a maximum of light. Every mechanical detail of its construction has been worked out and perfected by the Delta engineers. It is highly finished in high-class baked enamel of great durability.

Invest in a Delta—the spotlight of greatest utility—price $7.00

FOR FORDS—the No. 4 special spotlight runs on two ordinary No. 6 dry batteries. Efficient and economical. Can be instantly detached and used as a trouble lamp. Price $3.75 with batteries.

Delta Spotlights for sale at all dealers. Write for illustrated circular.



Delta Electric Company
Dept. 42
Marion, Indiana

When the Business Cupboard is Bare—By Donald A. Kahn

IN ONE of the Middle West States a man named Schuyler Grant manufactured little cigars, the kind that comes ten in a small pasteboard box. Grant's shop was a small one. He did no advertising and employed no salesmen; his entire output was distributed through grocery and tobacco jobbers—old customers—in his own and surrounding towns. Grant made a good living; and, being no longer a young man, he was satisfied.

One day, however, a few years ago, Grant could not help noticing that of late his sales had been falling off rather steadily, without obvious cause. The decrease was nothing very serious, so far as immediate profits were concerned, but this slackening in the demand did really mean danger and Grant was astute enough to recognize it.

Grant had not cheapened his product; he still used the same quality of filler, binders and wrappers and the same grade of workmanship that had made friends for his little cigars in the first place. So Grant felt positive that the fault did not lie in the product itself. What, then, was causing the slump? The manufacturer hunted up his largest jobber and asked him pointblank.

"Grant," said this jobber, "I smoke your little cigars myself and I like 'em. I believe, just as you claim, that they're as good as they ever were. But I'm not the buying public. When the buying public has enough of a thing it has enough. To tell you the frank truth, I'm afraid the buying public is getting tired, not of your cigars, but tired of asking for them and of getting them, day after day. They're getting tired of the name; they're getting tired of the box.

"Every so often the public likes a change. That's the reason the big tobacco manufacturers suddenly stop booming one brand, apparently in the very midst of its popularity, and take up a new brand instead. It's expensive, but it's sound business. As a general thing, I should say, a cigar or a cigarette or a brand of scrap is good for about eight years. After that the demand begins to dwindle—it begins to be a wuzzer—a has-been. If I were you I'd let my present brand of little cigars die a natural death and put my energies into something fresh."

Grant realized that there was truth in what the jobber said. But he had a sort of loyal affection for the old trade name. He was proud of it—of the goodwill it had earned—of the money it had made—just as a father is proud of a son who has succeeded in establishing himself. Moreover, the old brand enjoyed a valuable distribution; it could be found in every show case in the vicinity. Grant shuddered at the thought of starting all over again. He realized that he was not financially fit to undertake a modern advertising campaign in competition with the big tobacco manufacturers. Nevertheless, something had to be done, and done quickly.

Launching the New Brand

As a first step Grant hunted round until he found a catchy new trade name for his little cigars. Then he ordered a quantity of new boxes made up in a color that contrasted with that of the box he was using at the time. To get the new brand on the market constituted the next necessary step, and, as we have explained, the difficult one. Grant concentrated on the problem—thought of little else for a week. Then, at last, came an idea! The idea was simply this: To substitute a few of the new boxes in every gross carton of the old brand, increasing the ratio as the new brand began catching on.

In this way, without advertising—even without salesmen—a manufacturer secured a wide distribution for an unknown trade article. At the present writing he is packing the two brands half and half, this proportion approximating the retail demand. As time goes on the ratio will be further increased until eventually the new brand displaces the old one entirely. Sales, instead of backing downhill, are pulling straight ahead, slowly but positively; and Grant's business worries are over.

Success in business often appears to be the result of unalloyed good luck; and undoubtedly sometimes it is. As a matter of fact, however, business success very rarely is an accident. A successful business is usually the synthesis of a series of smaller business triumphs. Each of these, in turn, did not just happen. Each was carefully built up from an idea.

A clever idea, fundamentally sound and intelligently exploited, has changed many a poor business into a good one and has made many a good business better. The proprietor or employee who hunts for new ideas applicable to his business, and who, like the man in the anecdote above and the men in the anecdotes to follow, possesses the stamina to keep on searching, in the face of discouragement, until he finds the idea he needs, is sure to get along.

Young John Jones, in a city of about a hundred thousand, represented a metropolitan investment house. One afternoon Johnny came to the sad conclusion that his territory was about exhausted, and his store of ideas as well. Up to date young Jones had made a good record. Considering the size of his field he had sold a generous quota of the various stock issues as they were brought out by his house. As a result of his past labors he controlled a sturdy line of customers—or clients, as he called them.

Business on Dividend Days

But it seemed to John on this particularly dark day that these clients of his had already bought as much stock of him as they were inclined to carry. He had just sounded several of them on the subject of Central States Consolidated, a new issue his firm was underwriting, and each had intimated that he was full up, and consequently would not be in the market to buy for some time to come. Headquarters of course wanted checks, not excuses; young Johnny was old enough to realize that.

So Johnny felt gloomy indeed that afternoon as he returned to his little office and sought the solace of his swivel chair. For an hour or so he sat there, toying with a paper knife and reflecting on the hardships of a security salesman's life. Finally the wall calendar above the desk caught and held the young man's interest. The date shown was May twenty-ninth—just an ordinary everyday date. But Friday, the calendar told Johnny, would be June first; and June first meant something besides roses, blushing brides and sweet girl graduates. An idea had come to young Jones.

Grinning happily, he reached for a scratch pad and started transcribing, from a card-index roll of his clients, certain selected names—the names of those customers only who had bought stock in two particular corporations—Textile Woolen and Rubber Glove. This task finished, young Jones dug up other clerical work to last him until Thursday evening.

Friday morning, bright and early, Johnny went down to work. He hung round his office impatiently until the carriers in the business district had been given time to make their first delivery of mail. Then, with his list in his hand and hope in his heart, he started out to sell Central States Consolidated.

He soon learned that his hope was to be realized. His clients were in a receptive mood. The very men who earlier in the week had declared themselves surfeited with stocks now sought to look into the security young Jones was offering. There was money to invest everywhere.

J. Jones did not succeed in covering his entire list that day; but forty per cent of the men he called on either closed then and there for a block of the new stock or made tentative purchases. Several of the sales jumped out of the odd-lot class. It wasn't Johnny's lucky day, speaking from a scientific standpoint. It was simply June first, one of the four dividend dates of Textile Woolen and Rubber Glove. Each of the men Jones called on had just received a fresh, crisp quarterly check. Securities looked good to them; they wished they owned more. It was the prime moment to put a stock proposition. Since this experience young Jones takes advantage of every dividend day, reserving it for a canvass of old customers exclusively. The rest of the time he goes fishing—for new ones.

L. C. Goodsmith, a typewriter salesman in an Eastern city, not long ago worked out a new idea for ascertaining which business houses in town were in need of his wares. There was a time when he depended upon the old hit-or-miss method of searching out prospects. In the old days nine-tenths of the people he called on already owned serviceable machines and, therefore, were not in the market.

One day Goodsmith received through the mails a form letter advertising something or other. His name had been inserted above the text in the usual manner. As the salesman glanced over it idly he noticed, at first with only casual interest, the poor typewriting—the alignment was faulty; letters were unevenly spaced; the *e*'s and *o*'s had their eyes shut.

Then, as Goodsmith crackled the sheet of paper between his thumb and fingers, it dawned upon him that a large percentage of the typewriting one sees calls out, literally as plain as print: "The house I came from is in need of a new typewriter!" Moreover, thought Goodsmith, the faulty piece of work makes a clinching bit of evidence with which to confront the prospect.

To secure specimens of the typewriting of local business houses was an easy matter the way this salesman set about it. Nearly all firms pay their bills by post, using a typewritten envelope. Goodsmith arranged to buy these assorted envelopes from the office managers of the local gas and electric companies at a small sum for a hundred. These positive leads, tactfully followed, resulted in a goodly number of sales. Any typewriter salesman can use this idea to advantage. In like manner a study might disclose the identity of possible prospective purchasers of many office devices.

The retail grocer—dealing, as he does, directly with the consumer—realizes the extreme cruelty, in some instances, of high food prices. He knows that the small bit of silver in the housewife's hand is not mere pin money. He understands that it is the important sum with which, having paid the rent and clothed her children for school, she must buy provisions enough to fill a definite number of stomachs three times a day for a week. To tell this housewife the price of navy beans, of sugar, or even of salt is a downright distasteful duty. Question any grocer of your acquaintance who caters to a working-class patronage and he will confess that nowadays he dreads to wait on the trade.

Willis Brown, owner of a corner grocery store in the town of Westlake, was worried about the inadequate purchasing power of his customers' funds. His perturbation, however, was altruistic only in part; high prices were reacting to his own detriment. Collections were slow—almost *nil;* the pay roll in his store got harder to meet each successive Saturday night. The delivery trucks seemed ever out of repair. Profits had all but vanished.

Self-Service Popular

As Brown sat in his coop of an office one morning, frowning over a sheaf of invoices, the telephone bell rang. Disconsolately the grocer took the receiver from its hook; answering the phone nowadays too often meant refusing an old customer an extension of credit. But this time it was Brown's wife's cheery voice on the wire. She'd decided to spend the day with her mother, she said, if he wouldn't mind getting his lunch downtown for once.

That noon, as Brown started toward the business center, a friend, the bookkeeper in the planing mill, caught step with him.

"Aren't you headed the wrong way, old man?" the bookkeeper asked. "Don't you lunch at home any more?"

"Wife's visiting her mother," explained Brown. "I guess I'll go up against some hotel roast beef. Where do you eat?"

"Y. M.," the bookkeeper answered. "It saves time, it costs me less and the chuck is great. Ever try it?"

"I don't belong," said Brown.

"You don't have to belong. It's a regular dining room, open to the public," explained the bookkeeper. "It's a serve-self

(Concluded on Page 76

A Thread in the Fabric of the Nation

HOW intimately has rubber, in its "mechanical" forms, woven its way into the life of everyone!

Flowers bloom and vegetables ripen under the life-giving shower from the garden hose. Vegetables and fruits can be preserved because a rubber jar ring seals them against air. Thousands of people daily walk their way on Rinex Soles and Usco Rubber Heels.

Your main protection against fire is rubber fire-hose, in skilled hands. Big Corliss engines breathe steam through pipes and valves made tight by rubber packings and gaskets, and send power by means of rubber belts from wheel to wheel for the industries that supply your needs. A monster fleet, to help us win the war, is growing under the touch of pneumatic hammers supplied with air through rubber hose.

Of these and the countless other kinds of mechanical rubber goods so vital to your welfare, a large share is produced by the Subsidiary Companies which form the Mechanical Goods Division of the United States Rubber Company.

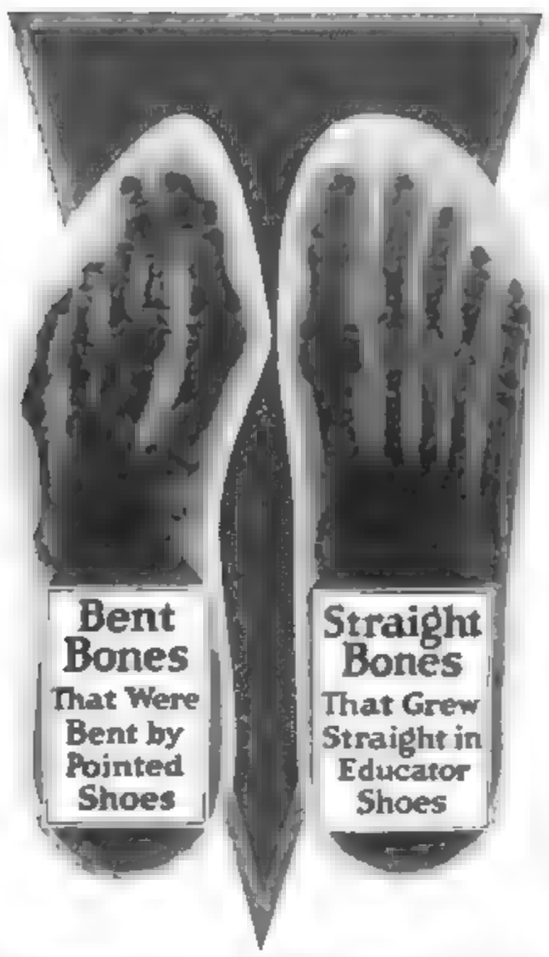
The marketing of all these Companies' goods has now been centered in a single organization which, with branches in principal cities and distributors everywhere, provides every user quick and easy access to the broadest, strongest line of mechanical rubber goods ever offered under one trade-mark.

That trade-mark—the great seal of the United States Rubber Company—appears as an easily identified mark of quality beside the good old brands of the factories which will still continue to make ***Sawyer Belting, Peerless Rainbow Packing, Rinex Soles, Usco Rubber Heels, Revero Garden Hose, Giant Belting, Silverton Elevator Belting, Four-Ace Steam Hose, Eureka Fire Hose, Holdtite Friction Tape,*** and hundreds of other rubber items such as Rubber Tiling, Mats and Matting, Jar Rings, Rubber Toys, Plumbers' Supplies, Rubber Tape, etc. These factories are:

Revere Rubber Co.
Peerless Rubber Mfg. Co.
Mechanical Rubber Co., Cleveland
Mechanical Rubber Co., Chicago
Sawyer Belting Co.
India Rubber Co.
Eureka Fire Hose Mfg. Co.

United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division



America Wants *You* to have Healthy Feet

YOU who work on farm, in office and factory—America needs your best work to help win the war. You cannot give it if your feet are tortured with corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, and all the other miseries that always follow the wearing of narrow, pointed, bone-bending shoes.

Army doctors prescribe only roomy, sensible shoes for soldiers. Wear such shoes yourself. You'll find them in Educators, built by scientists to "*let the feet grow as they should*"—not to "train" or alter their shape. Educators are made

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Get your whole family into them today. At your dealer's be sure to look for EDUCATOR stamped on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trade-mark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

"*Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet*" is a surprising booklet on the feet. *Free. Send for it today.*

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of famous All-America Shoes for Men. "The Shoe That's Standardized"

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

(Concluded from Page 74)

stunt—something new here in Westlake; but they've had 'em for years in the cities."

The bookkeeper led the grocer into the Y. M. C. A. building and soon had him lined up, balancing a big aluminum tray. A bit dazed, Brown followed his friend down the length of the counter, collecting tempting dishes as he passed the different displays. At the end of the rail the host paid for the two orders and led the way to a vacant table. The room was filling fast.

"Thirty-nine cents each," said the bookkeeper. "Seventy-eight cents for the two of us. If we'd taken coffee or milk it would have been only a dime more. You can't equal this dinner for seventy-five cents a cover at the hotel. We get better prices here because we wait on ourselves. It would take twenty waiters to serve this crowd in the old-style way. What do you think of it?"

"It's a great idea!" declared Brown emphatically. "Say, Charles, why couldn't it be applied to a grocery store?"

"It might, at that," agreed the bookkeeper. "I wonder if it's ever been done?"

"It's going to be done!" announced Brown enthusiastically. "Grocery prices are higher than they have any business to be. I've felt it right along; but I didn't know the answer. Now I know it: my customers have been paying for overhead instead of victuals."

A Clever Jewelry Salesman

Brown soon put the idea at work in his store—and not half-heartedly. Out went the telephones, the expensive delivery trucks and their reckless drivers. Out went all but one of the clerks, an elderly, careful man, who was willing to continue at a moderate salary.

To-day in Brown's serve-self cash grocery you buy a market basket for a nickel or, if you prefer, bring a basket with you. The various commodities are ready-wrapped, having been put up the night before by Brown's one clerk, who works from the time the store closes in the evening until it opens again. Everything is arranged within easy reach on low shelves and counters. The price is plainly marked on each article. You select what you wish and place it in your basket, waiting on yourself and taking your own time to compare values. The cashier notes the items, adds the total and makes your change as you pass out.

The price of navy beans, of sugar, of salt and of everything else has gone down at Brown's. Net profits, on the other hand, have risen to a safe level. A good idea, carefully transplanted, is setting a business man on his feet and proving gainful to a community.

One dull October morning wealthy Mrs. Bainbridge dragged herself into Taylor's jewelry store and complained that she had searched everywhere else in town without finding anything that had appealed to her as a suitable gift for her niece.

"I don't know what I want," she confessed petulantly.

The salesman who waited on her was prepared for that very statement. He showed deep concern at once; but it was not hopeless concern, by any means, for he had a card up his sleeve.

"I suppose you wish to spend a considerable sum, Mrs. Bainbridge?" he ventured.

"Yes," agreed the matron; "I don't care how high I go, just so it suits Julia. She's my favorite niece, and when I broke my arm last fall she came over and took care of me like an angel. I want to give her something real nice. I could send her a check, but that sort of thing seems as if I was trying to dodge my responsibility. Understand what I mean? Of course! But here's the hitch: I'd hate to buy her something—a big silver punch bowl and cups, say—that she'd have to pretend she likes, when maybe she doesn't care for it at all."

The jewelry salesman appeared to ponder a little. At last he reached up his sleeve.

"How would this do, Mrs. Bainbridge?" he asked. "We have an extension telephone in the rear of the store. I'll go back to that and get Miss LeRoy on the wire. You can listen in on this counter phone here. Of course it will be necessary for me to tell your niece that it's Taylor's talking, but I needn't mention your name. I'll quiz her regarding what sort of wedding gifts she'd like her friends to send her. I'll explain that we are often able—indeed, often asked—to make suggestions to a customer, and that we consider it a duty to both parties to please the recipient. Your niece is sure to be suited that way, and yet your gift will come as a surprise to her."

"Fine!" agreed Mrs. Bainbridge. "It's a splendid idea!"

Mrs. Bainbridge felt flattered. She felt flattered by this unique service. She felt flattered by a vague something else. Perhaps it was that a salesman in Taylor's, the wealthiest jewelry house in the city, had recognized her at sight; had known, without being told, that her niece's name was LeRoy; had been aware that this niece figured as a bride-to-be in a big social season.

The number was called. Miss LeRoy confessed to the Taylor salesman that the one desire of her heart—a desire she feared would never be gratified—was to own a chest of solid silver—not plate—in Adam design, to match the period furniture picked out for her dining room. Of course Mrs. Bainbridge made the purchase.

Old Benaiah Taylor, the proprietor of this jewelry store, is a firm believer in what he calls the personal note. It was previous coaching from Old Benaiah which inspired the clerk who waited on Mrs. Bainbridge to suggest that her niece be consulted over the telephone. It was also due to this proprietor's foresight that the salesman was able to identify the customer as she stepped into the store, and that he knew the name of her niece, and that this niece was a bride elect.

Old Benaiah keeps on file in the office a huge scrapbook containing a carefully compiled collection of newspaper clippings. These bear printed photographs and descriptions of local personages, particularly people of wealth who are or try to be in society. The sales staff is encouraged to study this book, so that callers may be placed and addressed by name. A bulletin board is maintained in the rear of the store, also for the information of salesmen. Upon this board are posted excerpts from the newspapers' society columns. Salesmen inspect this board daily.

Mr. Taylor claims that the clerk who can surmise for whom a gift is intended has guidance in showing his stock, and, therefore, often succeeds in making a sale where an uninformed clerk would fail. These ideas seem trivial; but the man who has used them for years affirms that they have factored largely in the building up of the enviable patronage his establishment enjoys.

In nearly every community, it seems, there is a piece of real estate that for years has been begging a buyer. It is teeming with inherent possibilities—it's a bargain at the price asked, but it simply won't sell. Such a property was the Jessup Farm, located on the outskirts of a live little city not far from Chicago. The owner, a merchant in town, had bought the place ten years before, hoping that he might be able to move onto it.

Now he was anxious to dispose of the property. He asked one hundred and twenty dollars an acre and offered ten per cent—an unusually large commission—to a real-estate man named Wheeler if he would find a buyer. Though Wheeler knew that practically every other realty man in town had listed the farm at one time or another and then thrown it out, he was glad to accept the agency.

The Sketch That Sold

With his contract in his pocket, the real-estate man drove out to the Jessup Farm. He wished to discover, if possible, just what in the property had prevented other salesmen from finding a buyer. It did not take him long, when he had reached the farm, to place the blame. He placed it on the house. This was a building of ample size, in good repair, but it seemed gaunt, boxlike, entirely destitute of cheer. It was the kind of house that makes anyone homesick.

Wheeler took a last look at the barnlike structure, gave his head a final shake and drove back to town. Here he called on a young architect he knew.

"Bill," said Wheeler, "I've just listed the old Jessup Farm. Maybe you know the place."

"I do," acknowledged the architect promptly. "That farmhouse is nothing less than a monstrosity. It's a wart on the face of civilization."

"Right!" agreed the real-estate man. "Here's my proposition: Go out and sketch that old shell. Then come back to your office and put some frills on it. I don't mean gingerbread, Bill; I mean art. Paint shutters on the windows. Paint a decent veranda in front. Run rose trellises up the sides. Use your artistic temperament—in other words, spread yourself. Make the place look like a home; and I'll give you twenty-five good silver dollars for the finished picture."

"I'm on!" said Bill. "By this time tomorrow I'll have the old barn dressed up like a show pony."

He kept his promise.

"Just what I meant!" declared Wheeler when he saw the painting. "Here's your modest stipend, son. Now Willie Wheeler is going out to make a noise like a salesman."

He carried the painting to the wife of a client of his, a man who had hinted that he might consider buying a farm some day. Mrs. Prospect caught the realty man's enthusiasm. She, too, felt that the old Jessup house had wonderful possibilities. Rehabilitating abandoned farmhouses was a fad in those days. Wheeler put her in his machine; they picked up Mr. Prospect. The three drove out to the Jessup Farm.

When the client compared the house, bleak on the hill, with the architect's warm painting, he pretended that he was quite amused. He stepped off the land with a bored air; he complained that the soil looked a trifle light; he objected to the arrangement of the cross fencing. Then he ventured to say that he might consider paying a hundred dollars an acre for the place—cash. This was sweet music to Wheeler's ears. He got the owner on the phone. The four met at the real-estate man's office that night and the farm changed hands at a hundred and ten.

Pushing a Ten-Cent Size

The wholesale price of leaf tobacco, owing to a succession of poor crops and to various other causes, has been abnormally high of late. Consequently the commercial value of cigar clippings—the tucks and shorts left over in the making of cigars—has risen, until now men who manufacture this by-product, which is used as smoking and chewing tobacco, pay about three times as much for it a pound as they did a few years ago. This high cost, together with the increased wages demanded by factory hands and an augmented internal-revenue tax, has made it hard for these manufacturers to stay in business.

The only solution, it seemed to one of them, whose factory is in the state of Wisconsin, was to shift from a five-cent to a ten-cent package as standard. So this manufacturer made up a quantity of ten-cent packages and started out to call on the trade. His canvass was not encouraging. Retail dealers were inclined to look askance at the innovation.

Then, on October third, the long-impending war-revenue bill became a law. All dealers in tobacco and tobacco products—even the smallest retailers—were required by the Federal Government to make an accurate inventory of their stocks, listing cigars according to price and size, invoicing cigarettes by weight to the thousand, and tabulating their holdings of tobacco.

As this Wisconsin manufacturer continued on his rounds, trying to do missionary work for his unwelcome ten-cent package, he found dealers all tangled up in red tape.

Not one small grocer in a dozen, for instance, could add one hundred and ninety-six packages of one ounce and a quarter and thirty-seven packages of six ounces. Fewer still were able to reduce the resulting sum to pounds. Revenue inspectors, to whom some of the dealers appealed for aid, had troubles of their own and could not spare the time to give much assistance.

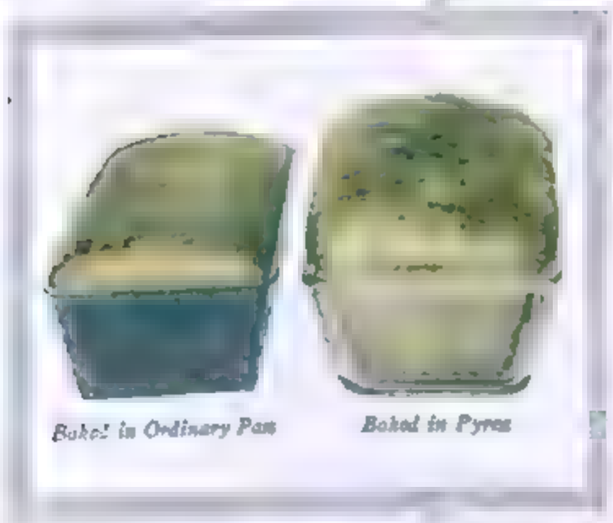
This tobacco manufacturer, of course, was accustomed to filling in revenue-department forms. He was also familiar with cigar and cigarette classifications and apt at totaling fractional-ounce accumulations and reducing the total to pounds. One dealer, recollecting that this man must be an authority on revenue technicalities, hunted him up at his home and begged him to clear some cloudy points. This gave the tobacco manufacturer an idea. He started back at the beginning of his territory and, working early and late, went the complete rounds of his local customers, invoicing their stocks for them and helping them fill in the necessary papers. Needless to say, the retailers felt grateful. Most of them asked to be stocked up on the ten-cent size and promised to push it to the limit.

In the great scientific laboratories of the world, in the railroad signals on which the safety of thousands depends—Corning Glass is used

Ice Test

This is a photograph of a Pyrex dish standing on a cake of ice with boiling water pouring into it. This proves that Pyrex will not break in your hottest oven

A photograph of two loaves of bread made of the same amount of dough, one in an ordinary pan, the other in a Pyrex dish of the same size. They were baked in the same oven at the same time. Try this test yourself. You will be amazed at the difference Pyrex makes



Baked in Ordinary Pan *Baked in Pyrex*

From freezing to boiling point without breaking

NOT even sudden, violent changes of temperature can break Pyrex! Every piece of Pyrex is guaranteed not to break in the oven.

Think what this means! It means that Pyrex lasts for years exactly the same as the day you bought it. For, of course, Pyrex never rusts, burns out, discolors, chips, bends or absorbs odors as other cooking ware sooner or later is bound to do.

In the laboratories of the Corning Glass Works, *the world's largest makers of technical glass*, has been developed a new kind of glass—a glass that oven heat will not break, a glass which transmits heat in such a way that cooking is much more thorough—Pyrex.

Why Pyrex revolutionizes cooking

At first, women bought Pyrex because they saw at a glance how beautiful it is, how clean, how easy to wash; because they could watch through Pyrex glass how food is cooking; could save labor and loss of heat by cooking and serving in the same dish.

In using Pyrex women have discovered even greater reasons.

Scientists tell us there are two kinds of heat in the oven—hot-air heat and heat which radiates from the walls and bottom of the oven. Only one-third of the oven heat is hot air. Two-thirds is radiant heat.

Only the hot air can heat a metal pan. Just as an iron shutter keeps out the sun's rays, so every metal pan keeps out the radiant heat. Just as a window pane lets in the warmth of sunlight, so all the oven heat floods through Pyrex.

This means that when you cook in Pyrex, the food inside gets all the heat instead of just one-third. This is why every food cooked in Pyrex is so thoroughly, so evenly cooked—why it is so much more delicious.

Try cooking in the oven any food you like, in metal and in Pyrex. You will be amazed to see how much more delicious, how much better Pyrex food will be.

Helps serve your country

By using Pyrex women are saving the metals the Government so greatly needs. They are also saving the fuel, as Pyrex requires only about half of the fuel ordinarily needed. They are "Hooverizing" too. Pyrex Casseroles, for instance, make meat so much more tender and savory that you enjoy the cheaper cuts.

Buy your first Pyrex dish now—see how different it is, how much more beautiful, how much more practical, than anything you have ever used. For sale by dealers everywhere. Look for the name Pyrex in each dish.

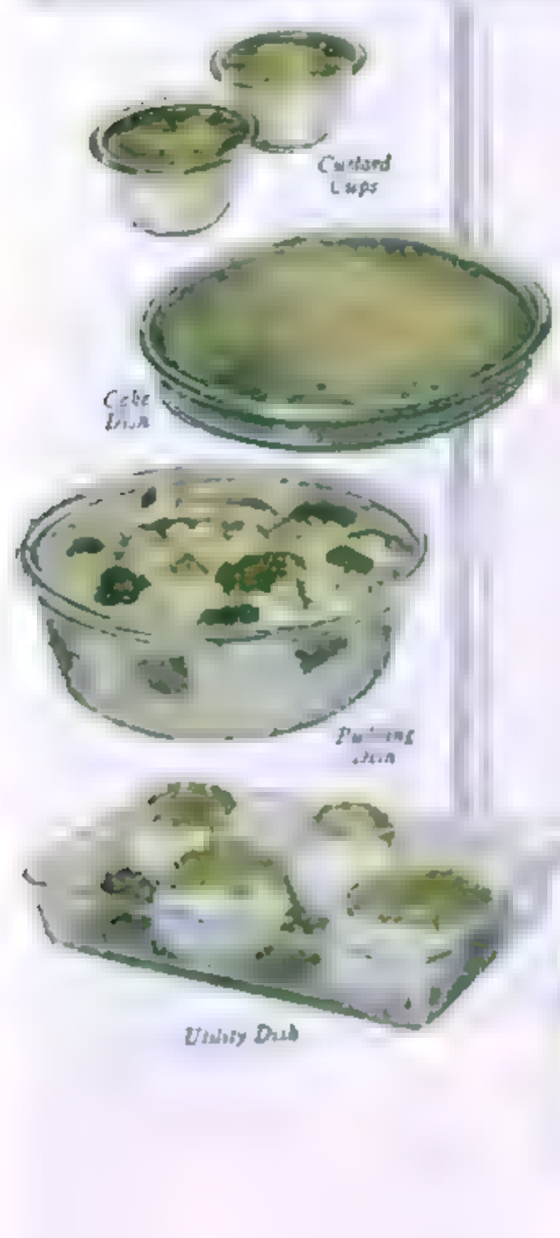
Send today for the free illustrated booklet, "New Facts About Cooking."

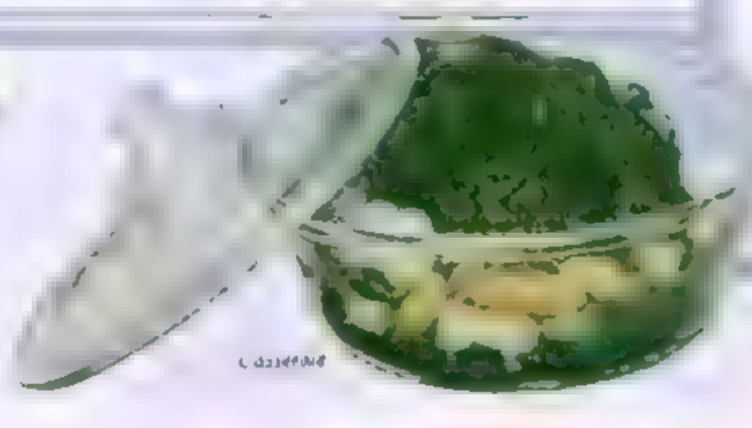
PYREX SALES DIVISION
203 Tioga Ave., Corning, N. Y.
CORNING GLASS WORKS

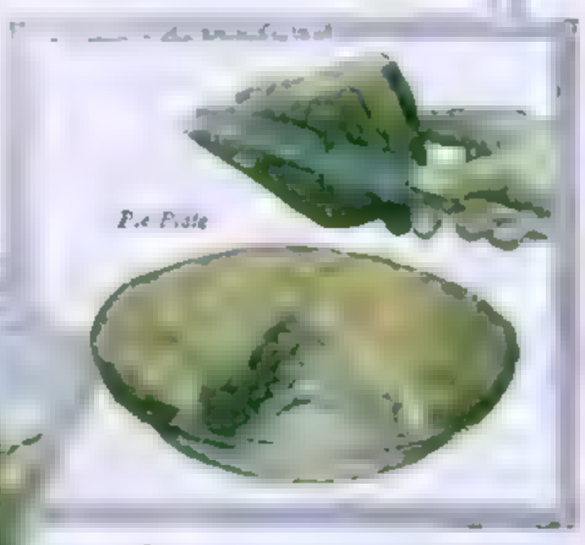
Manufactured by the World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES







Pyrex makes undercrusts crisp and brown just like the top

When Your Engine is Overhauled

It will pay you many times over to put in the best piston rings you can buy. Remember—in piston rings you are buying power, the control of fuel and oil consumption and assurance of dependable motor service all through the season ahead.

The one thing that measures piston ring efficiency is equality of tension. The ring must press evenly outward upon the cylinder wall at every point of its circumference—firm enough to prevent gas or power loss, yet light enough not to cause undue friction loss or cylinder wear. This is fundamental to maximum power production and is accomplished by the exclusive design of McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings.

The only piston ring composed of two sections of the same size and strength exerting equal radial pressure. These, when fitted together, expand against each other, thus equalizing the radial tension of the whole ring.

McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings have seven years of successful performance records behind them. Seven years of trial and test. Seven years of steadily growing prestige with engineers and engine users founded upon what they've actually *done* in increasing motor efficiency and economy.

They are made in every size and oversize—fit every make and model of motor or engine. Can be obtained anywhere—any time—through your dealer, garage or repair man. Ask for —and be sure you get—the Genuine McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings.

Send for Free Booklet

"To Have and to Hold Power"—a truthful, clear explanation of piston rings—their construction, development and operation.

Manufactured by

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Company, 2836 Locust Street, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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Canadian Factory: W H Banfield & Sons, Ltd, 372 Pape Ave., Toronto

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Is Your Engine an Oil Gusher?

Many modern motors have excess oil trouble—they are oil pumpers. There is a flow of oil past the cylinders far in excess of what piston rings were planned to control. These motors need the McQuay-Norris Supercut Ring in the top groove of each piston with McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Ring equipment in the lower grooves to insure maximum compression, power and fuel economy. The McQuay-Norris Supercut is a specially constructed ring with an Oil Reservoir which collects all of the excess oil from the cylinder wall on the down stroke of the piston, leaving just the film necessary for proper lubrication. It will keep cylinders and spark plugs clean, do away with smoky exhausts and increase oil mileage.

PATRIOTEERS

(Continued from Page 16)

The Czar left his hat with the boy in the hall
And took a small table alone by the wall.
He ordered broiled scrod,
Of beer a short hod,
A portion of beef with some spinach for greens,
Potatoes *gratin* and a few lima beans.

The waiter looked stern as he brought in the fish,
Timid and tiny, quite lost on the dish.
But the thing that caused poor Mr. Romanoff grief
Was a look at the beef.
Like a lone autumn leaf,
Only flatter,
It lay on the platter.
A few scattered beans
And seven limp greens
Added their share
To despair.
On a fat silver dish came a little white wad.
"Potatoes," the waiter agreed with a nod.
The stranger growled "Butter!" And back in a minute
The waiter came sadly: "The rules are agin it."

Poor Nicky, recalling that this was New York,
Silently bent to his knife and his fork;
A band of Hawaiians who sat by the railing
Whang-whined their tunes with sublime ukulaling:
To add to the joke,
On the broad polished oak
Of the cleared dancing space
That sweet angel-face,
The perfectly formed Miss Havana McChubb—
Who features each night in Her Own Little Club—
Gave a *danse symbolique* which was very enchanting
And bore for its title, A Vision of Banting.

At last when the waiter had brought in the bill
The voice of the Czar was commanding and shrill:
"Come hither, Head Waiter! Now what do you mean?
This is too plenty—
Eight dollars twenty
For one bite of beef, seven weeds and a bean."

The man shrugged his shouiders, seemed touched to the core:
"You've got to remember that war, sir—is war."

Whereat Mr. Romanoff started behavin'
As he used to in Petrograd ere the big cave-in.
He shouted "Outrageovitch!" Rushed to the kitchen,
His Muscovite whiskers impulsively twitchin'—
But something he saw
Caused him to stop
With down-dropping jaw,
His eyes both a-pop.
For Percival Pink and his chef stood together
Carving a guinea hen down to a feather,
And Percival sang
To the carving-knife's clang
The following chant of the Restaurant Gang:
"Cut 'er thin,
Butter thin—
One-two-three!
Make 'em think we're leaders of the Hooverizing bee.
Shrink the portions, raise the price,
Feed 'em half and charge 'em twice.
Advertise our heart and soul
As pledged to help the Food Control—
But always make it pay.
For that's our little way
Of sacrificing something for the U. S. A."

The Czar slyly smiled as he turned quick as scat,
Went to the cloakroom and asked for his hat.
"Twenty-five cents, please!" The brass-buttoned brat
Held out his hand
To this fearless demand.
When the spy muttered "Why?"
He got the reply:
"Don't git sore—
It's the war."

III

THAT night he attended a musical fuss
Called "Three Cheers for Us."
An overpriced rehash of patrioteering,
Crowded with flag-waving, uniforms, cheering,
Chorusmen drilling with lusty carbines
And show girls disguised as our hardy marines.
The Hitem-Hard Song Works, those Patriot Boys,
Furnished the music that made all the noise,
And a colored comedian, yellin' and holler'n',
Sang funny songs at the mad Hohenzollern.

Later he went to a revel called "Spoof"
At the widely expensive Insomnia Roof,
Where the Black Jazz Huzzars
In the costume of Mars
Banged, honked and rattled like runaway cars.
Home-loving patriots, filled to the throttle
With doctored champagne at nine dollars per bottle,
Danced to exhaustion in Tangoland pairs
With the object, no doubt, of forgetting their cares,
Which included confining the Germans in zones
And urging the poor to buy Liberty Loans.

When the Romanoff sat at a table he read
A card by his place which quite legibly said,
"Our place-price is raised from three dollars to four—
Due to the war."

The chorl came in like the beasts from the Ark,
As brilliantly colored and equally stark.
Flashed here and there—
From their ears, from their hair—
National colors that showed in the dark.
A clog-dancing twister with flexible bones
Gave imitations
And impersonations
Of Washington, Wellington, Grant and Paul Jones.
But the hit of the evening, tuned to the cause,
Was a widow in mourning of nebulous gauze
With a barn dance *plastique*
Which was pagan and Greek,
Called *Romance Belgique*—
A light on the war which, at least, was unique.

Then the jazz jazzed again
To the helpful refrain
"When We're in
We'll Begin
To Win
Like Sin!"

The ex-Czar remained in the riot and shout
Till the chorl went home and the liquor ran out;
Then he went to his room and, as sly as a miser,
Indited a cipher to William the Kaiser,
Including a bill filled with figures intense
'Neath the general heading of Extra Expense.

IV

'TWAS seven months later—the annual lunch
Of the Broadway War Aid and Self-Benefit Bunch.
In a small private room there were places for four
Whom you'll recognize, please, as they come through the door:
Percival Pink, of the Greenland Hotel,
Marmaduke Mink, of Insomnia Roof,
Benjamin Blink, the manager swell
Of "Three Cheers for Us," tons of mirth-on-the-hoof,
And Simon von Kusick,
Wholesaler of music,
From the Hitem-Hard Song Works—The Patriot Boys.

Pink, Mink and Blink
Called for drink.
In a wink
They were wishing each other a surfeit of joys.
As soon as the vintage 'gan popping.
Each to his footwear was hopping.
"To Pink and Blink!"
Shouted Mink.

"Staunch, sterling patriots all, we have stood
For the downfall of evil, the uplift of good.
We've given bright lights, merry songs, jolly whoops
To strengthen our people, encourage our troops.
Shoulder to shoulder we've helped Mr. Wilson
Crush and demolish the tyrants of Pilsen.
Are we a credit?
We've said it!

(Concluded on Page 81)

thrifty shaving

When you use

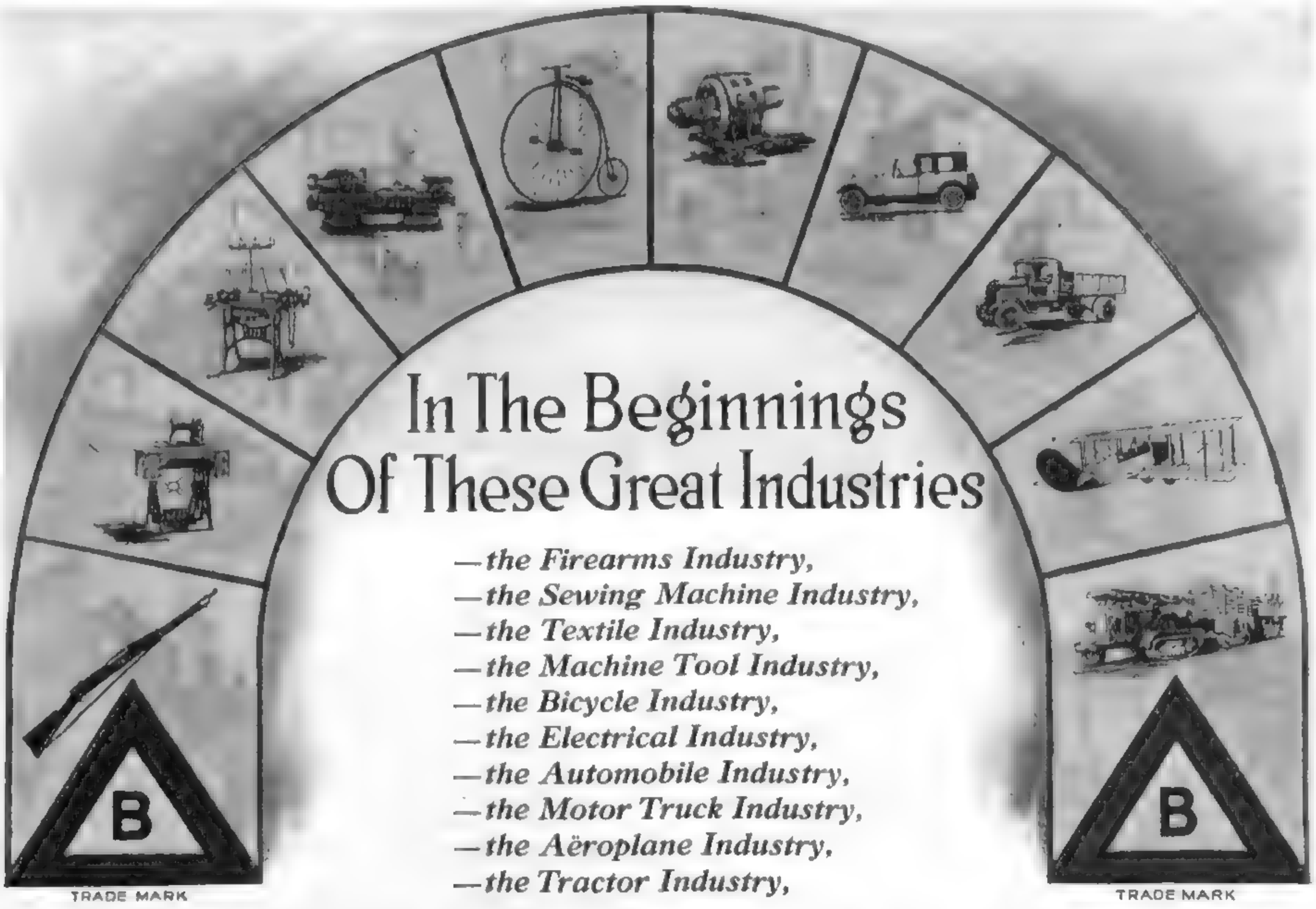
—the only stick that saves the soap below the waste line - -

50 Shaves right in the metal Grip

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

PATENTED 1917

YOU can *unscrew* the last ½-inch (usually thrown away) and stick it on a new stick. Not such a small economy after all—and surely an aid to the habit of thrift. And you are sure of the plentiful, softening Colgate lather that leaves your face cool and refreshed.



—all of which later grew to world-wide importance—the enterprise and facilities of the Billings & Spencer Company provided the Drop Forgings on whose quality, correctness of design, and uniform workmanship their development and ultimate success were contingent.

The engineering ability of the Billings & Spencer organization anticipated and visualized the phenomenal growth of these industries. They conceived, planned, and executed on the Company's own machinery and hammers the Drop Forgings which were destined to carry these infant industries from their period of struggling for recognition into the very vanguard of big business.

And now, their success more than achieved, these monarchs of industry still are being fed by the output of a hundred board and steam drop hammers in the Billings & Spencer plant. More than a million Drop Forgings a month are being pounded into shape by hammers varying from 400 to 8,000 pounds falling weight, their excess metal sheared off in the jaws of giant trimming presses.

Wherever Tools, large or small, are in evidence on particular work—wherever Drop Hammers are in daily, uninterrupted use—you will find that symbol of supremacy, the Billings & Spencer Triangle B Trademark.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. B
HARTFORD. CONN. U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 79)

A credit to generous, dear old Broad-way,
Whose high public spirit is always, they say ——"

He would have said more,
But there came through the door
A Vision which might have riz up through the floor;
'Twas the ex-Czar, now showing his elegant curves
As a uniformed captain of German reserves.

"Zu befehl!" He saluted, then delved to his socks
And brought out a golden imperial box!
The spring he touched slightly
And handed politely
A beautiful medal to each of the bosses—
Ribboned and glittering pretty Tin Crosses!

"The Kaiser has sent you, per undersea boat,
These medals of service, attached to this note."
A crown-crested parchment, all glossy and bilious,
He opened and read in a manner punctilious:

"Friends of the Fatherland, noble and true,
With these tiny crosses I decorate you.
You've done your small bit, as a matter of course,
To check the American war at its source.
You, Mr. Pink, by exorbitant prices,
Stamped on your menus from oysters to ices,
Have never stopped doing your own little best
To breed indigestion and public unrest.
You, Mr. Mink, have accomplished your task
In a manner so perfect 'tis all I can ask;
You've wasted ambition and money and lights
And kept the American public up nights;
Have made them heart-clammy as fishes in ponds,
Diverted their earnings from Liberty Bonds,
Turned war to a frolic, amusing, uproarious,
By draping your flag on the legs of a chorus.
To you, Mr. Blink,
All the merits of Mink
I freely attribute—and rightly, I think.
As to Simon von Kusick,
The maker of music,
For national music he's given his nation
A benzoate substitute, lacking foundation,
Like the clothier who covers the hero's brave body
With a high-colored mixture of cotton and shoddy.

"These decorations I send you each one
For second-rate services, faithfully done—
Crosses of tin,
Made in Berlin—
Bless the Huns,
Gott mit Uns!
Yours very righteously,
William the Kaiser."

The ex-Czar stepped forth, touched the tip of his visor,
And pinned a tin emblem on each of the Bunch
Ere they all settled down for a Harmony Lunch.

WHAT THE RUSSIAN PEASANT WANTS

(Continued from Page 13)

them—the advantage it brings in a double yield. Other things could be explained.

"The work could be made a great demonstration, an education in modern farming. The peasants would never forget it. From that time on they would club together in coöperative societies—as they have already begun to do—to buy tractors and other improved machines, probably from America. And half our land problem would be solved.

"Incidentally the Russian press would run the story of your work. It would be a national sensation; and sensations are just what we have learned to expect from your countrymen. We should be greatly pleased with ourselves for having aized you up so well. We should say: 'We were right about them! Their land is full of Indians and buffaloes and cowboys and Edisons and wizard machines—and with big sensations. Here they come! They are doing exactly as we expected!'

"The Russian peasant would never forget. He could be told not only of the tractors themselves but of such things as stump pullers, harvesters, reapers, milking machines; and of your free farming schools, your state colleges and the work that your Federal Government does for your farms. And he would like America!"

These are the things that absorb them most. As a rule, when we talked to them of the war and of the revolution, of politics and the elections for the coming national assembly, the peasants were apathetic. More than once they yawned in our faces. Plainly they were sick of all that. But then I would draw out from my bag a huge old tattered catalogue, with pictures of American plows and reapers and other implements, that I had picked up in Petrograd—and instantly they were different men. Alert and keen, they fired their questions one upon the other pell-mell; they wanted to know of every detail. And then each would talk eagerly of the things nearest to his heart—more land and better machinery. For in these two things, not in politics, he saw the real freedom that he craved—freedom from unending toil and the darkest poverty.

How is he to get more land? It is a knotty problem. Simply to take the land estates will do the peasant little good unless he has the implements and the knowledge required to till what he gets. And how is it to be divided up? Or shall it be held in common? And how is the land he already owns to be redivided in such a way as to avoid the present waste of labor and time?

The land of the peasants as a rule is divided into long, thin strips, some of them barely ten feet wide. This is common all over Russia. The land is held by the village, and about once every generation the village mir—community body—meets and argues for many days; and at last each peasant gets his strip—or more often several strips in different parts of the district. And this is his till the time of the next division, some twenty years hence. Between each two strips is a "frontier," from one to two feet wide, and this of course is wasted. There is also the waste of time and effort by each peasant in tilling his several holdings. One plot may be a mile to the north, the other half a mile to the west, and a third in some other direction. Some of these plots are so small they recall a room in a New York apartment. Moreover, the plan discourages individual enterprise; for what is the use of my breaking my back to keep out weeds and thistles if the fellows on both sides of me let their weeds and thistles grow?

About ten years ago the government, in order to remedy this waste, issued an edict allowing each mir to divide up the land permanently among the individual members. This was tried with more or less success in many parts of Russia, so that many thousands of peasants now own their farms and are able to buy or sell land as they please. Many of the thrifty ones own farms of a hundred acres or more.

But in the larger part of the country the old system still prevails, and the socialists are relying now on this communistic plan, which will make it easier for them to introduce some system for holding all land in common. The Bolshevik extremists propose, like the Social Revolutionists, that the nation shall take over all private estates, from the largest to the smallest, without compensation, and then lease them out to the peasants for life—the rent to be paid either direct or else through taxation.

The peasant will doubtless agree to this plan so long as it gets him anything; but he will be very slow indeed to give up anything he now holds, for he has a deep instinctive love of private property. His hard life has made him clutch what little he has and yield not a jot to his neighbor. A socialist land surveyor, working for the new government, told me how in three villages he had been called in to decide disputes. In each case the peasants last summer had mowed the grain on the private estates. So far they had worked like brothers. But when it came to dividing up, the haggling had soon led to blows. They had gone at each other with fence rails, and limbs and ribs and heads had been broken. In each case they took his advice and returned to the private owner the grain that they could not share with each other.

In Sunny Italy

the patriarchs used to smoke long silver filigree pipes. How hot and cumbersome! How happy they would have been to have gotten hold of a modern Wellington!

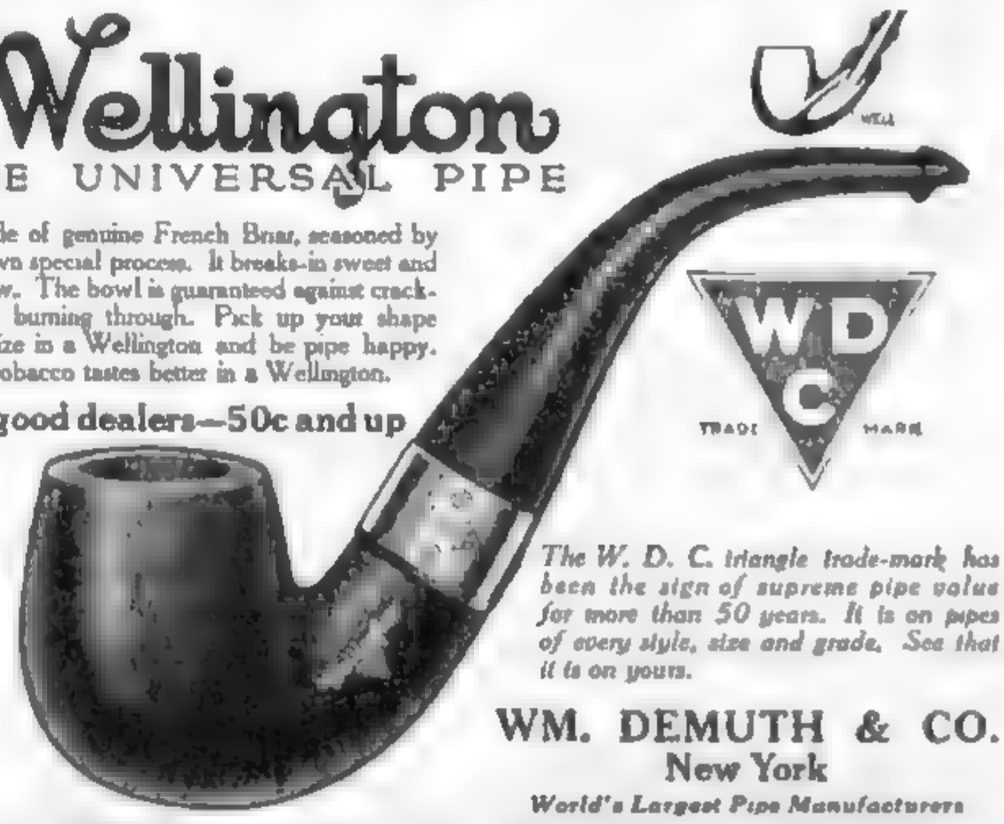
You can fill up your Wellington Pipe with a generous load, and draw cool, clean, dry smoke to your heart's content.

There is no wheezing or bubbling. No crumbs of tobacco can come through that stem. The "well" attends to all that. All you get is smoke —distributed away from your tongue by the upward bore of the bit.

Wellington
THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

is made of genuine French Briar, seasoned by our own special process. It breaks-in sweet and mellow. The bowl is guaranteed against cracking or burning through. Pick up your shape and size in a Wellington and be pipe happy. Any tobacco tastes better in a Wellington.

All good dealers—50c and up



The W. D. C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is on pipes of every style, size and grade. See that it is on yours.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
New York
World's Largest Pipe Manufacturers

THE OFFICE closes at five. The bookkeepers, clerks and stenographers go—the place is empty, deserted and uncongenial. But you have work that can't wait.

Here Corona comes into its own. Just fold it up in its case and take it home with you. Then, after dinner, finish your work quietly and comfortably—in neat, legible, business-like form.

Corona weighs but six pounds and folds for travel, yet is sturdily built for heavy daily service. Complete with its case, it costs fifty dollars. Write for interesting free booklet No. 1.

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., INC., GROTON, N. Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco
Agencies in all principal cities

CORONA
The Personal Writing Machine
fold it up-take it with you-typewrite anywhere

The comfortable way to correct foot troubles

You can get immediate relief from fallen arches, callouses, etc., with the soft, flexible support of

Wizard

Callous Remover
Arch Builder *Heel Leveler*

Contain *no metal*

They are made of fine, featherlight leather, with overlapping pockets holding soft inserts. They not only give immediate relief from foot troubles, but can be worn with perfect comfort from the first. No breaking in. The pocket principle permits instant, unlimited and accurate adjustment by any one, anywhere; for any condition of foot trouble. There are no other devices like Wizards—the Wizard principle is patented and has been sustained by the Courts.

Most foot troubles are due to misplaced bones

Relief and correction lies in supporting the misplaced bones in normal position. With the Wizard overlapping pockets and soft inserts you can form a support of any desired height and location needed to restore the misplaced bone to normal position. The moment correct adjustment is made, the pressure or strain is relieved and the pain disappears. In this simple, comfortable way, fallen arches are restored, callouses disappear and run-over heels are prevented

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Callous Remover
raises lowered bones to normal position. Relief is
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corrects misalignment of foot and ankle bones—shoe heels then wear straight.

So it has been in the villages when about once in twenty years the time comes to divide up the land again in order to adapt the shares to the changing peasant families. In deciding how much each peasant shall have, the quality of the soil and its distance from the village are the determining factors. In judging the soil the average peasant will take up a handful and taste it, and nod his approval or else spit it out. Land is a passion with him. In a very literal sense his life depends upon it.

So it is, too, with the women. And when the revolution granted woman suffrage, all over Russia the peasant women suddenly woke to the fact and used their new power to make one and only one demand—land for their daughters. Hitherto in the village divisions the land had been allotted according to the number of male children in each family. A family of boys received much more than one of girls. "Now," said the mothers, "every girl must be counted in."

These Russian peasant women have always worked on the land with the men, but since the beginning of the war they have been doing double their share. And this, together with the vote, may change their attitude toward the men. When their husbands come back from the war they may find their suffragist peasant wives not quite so submissive as before.

Land, machinery, practical schools. We can help the peasants get land and machines, and we can also help with the schools. For if in the new distribution of land they do as our states did years ago, set aside a certain amount of land to endow free education, they can found on that endowment a great network of agricultural schools and colleges and model farms like those so successful over here. We should invite them over here to study our ways and methods. The work of our state and Federal departments of agriculture and of education should be known all over Russia.

And yet in all such friendly advice we must not try to force our methods upon them. I remember a peasant in the north, and also a little woman school-teacher in a village not far from Moscow, both of whom were keenly interested in what I had to tell them of the schools at Gary, Indiana. Both the peasant and the teacher seemed to grasp the point at once. Here was no mere book learning, but a place where children learned both how to work and how to live by actually doing things. But with the peasant, as well as the teacher, our talk had not continued long before I found him eagerly changing the Gary school plan by emphasizing its garden side. For their boys must learn to be farmers. And so in any practical help or advice or information we should adapt our methods to theirs. We should study the Russian peasant until we come to understand not only what he really wants but how, with his peculiar habits of mind, he is most likely to get it.

The Shrill-Voiced Jehu

In order to give some better idea of how the peasant thinks and feels about the land and the revolution I shall try to set down here the gist of a long conversation I had with a peasant in Central Russia.

With my interpreter I had come from Moscow several hours by train to spend Sunday in an old monastery and to explore the country near by. The place was some twenty miles from the railroad. At the station where we left our train we found a half dozen peasant carts and low open cabs; and we joined with a few other travelers in bargaining for a rig. We singled out a little man with sandy hair and scraggly beard, keen blue eyes and a high shrill voice. His rig had one low seat behind and a small seat in front for himself. His horses were mere ponies. The dappled one was in the shafts, and the brown one ran along on the side, tugging on traces made of rope. Shafts and harness, wheels and seats—all were sadly dilapidated. We haggled long over the fare, but the peasant held out for twenty-five rubles—about five times the price he would have asked before the war. A sad expression crept into his eyes, but his small jaws were set like a vise. At last we gave in and accepted his terms; and squeezing into his crazy rig, off we started up the road.

It was an open, rolling land of wide, sweeping vistas. Between us and the setting sun I saw on a ridge, in black silhouette, a peasant with a plow and team—one of the great "dark people." How could I ever fathom their thoughts? I glanced at the driver, also a peasant. As he took us through this country, over which he was soon to have sway, what was going on in his mind? He drove, with his sharp blue eyes on his horses, giving only brief, cautious replies to our questions. To draw him out seemed hopeless. But luckily my interpreter was skillful at this sort of thing. Himself a small landowner he was accustomed to dealing with peasants; and so by degrees he edged his way into our driver's confidence. Meanwhile I watched the country.

In rude little carts and wagons and ricks whole peasant families passed us on their way home from the fields—for the peasants do not live on farms but gather in small hamlets. I noticed how few men there were. The women seemed to be doing the work. In one rolling meadow a stout peasant mother, who looked hardly more than a girl, was sturdily pitching hay up on a rick that was drawn by a pony led by a chubby boy so small that we could barely see him. They had doubtless been working most of the day. Now it was after nine at night, but the sun had not quite disappeared. We passed many villages, mere groups of six or eight huts of log, with low thatched roofs, small windows and carved window frames of white or blue. On the muddy street a few children played. Again, we passed a drove of sheep and then a herd of cattle—the tall thin peasant lad behind them flourishing a drover's whip with a thong nearly fifteen feet in length. This thong would writhe out like a long black snake and would make a report like a rifle.

The Peasant Farmer's Problems

Some men and boys passed us on a cart, shouting and singing, very drunk on the vile raw alcohol with which the peasants here and there have replaced the forbidden vodka. This is not, however, the usual thing. In my country trips last summer these were the only drunkards I met; whereas before the nation went dry you could hardly pass a village without meeting peasants reeling along. I remember a village, in 1905, where I saw a huge peasant in front of his stable bellowing like a bull gone mad and lunging at his horse with a board—reeling, stumbling about. And I recall a young girl and a woman in a hamlet not far away. They lay in the gutter, side by side, giggling inanely. . . . "If Russia keeps out vodka," said a doctor there last summer, "that alone will be worth the price of the millions of lives we have lost in the war."

We stopped to pay toll by a river bridge, and the toll man charged us forty kopecks for our two small ponies. My interpreter said that such runts of horses ought to cross the bridge for half fare.

The toll man grinned and answered: "Even a very small horse, in the market at present, is worth more than a little Czar.

We crossed the bridge and soon we were going through an immense and shadowy forest of birches, firs and pines. The trees had been planted in regular rows, so that I could see down long narrow avenues into the dusky depths of the wood. It belonged, our driver explained, to a certain Count B——. He had rarely come here; his estate had been run by a manager.

"We could not live on our land alone," said the driver in his high shrill voice. "We should have starved and died like dogs. So we used to cut wood for the count. He sold it to the Moscow mills—where they used wood instead of coal."

My interpreter was getting on. Careful not to probe too deep at first, his questions at first were all about conditions of soil in the neighborhood. It was not good land, the peasant said; it was mostly clay and sand. He added that in this district they used the common rotation of crops—the first year leaving the ground fallow; the second, planting oats and barley; and the third, either rye or potatoes.

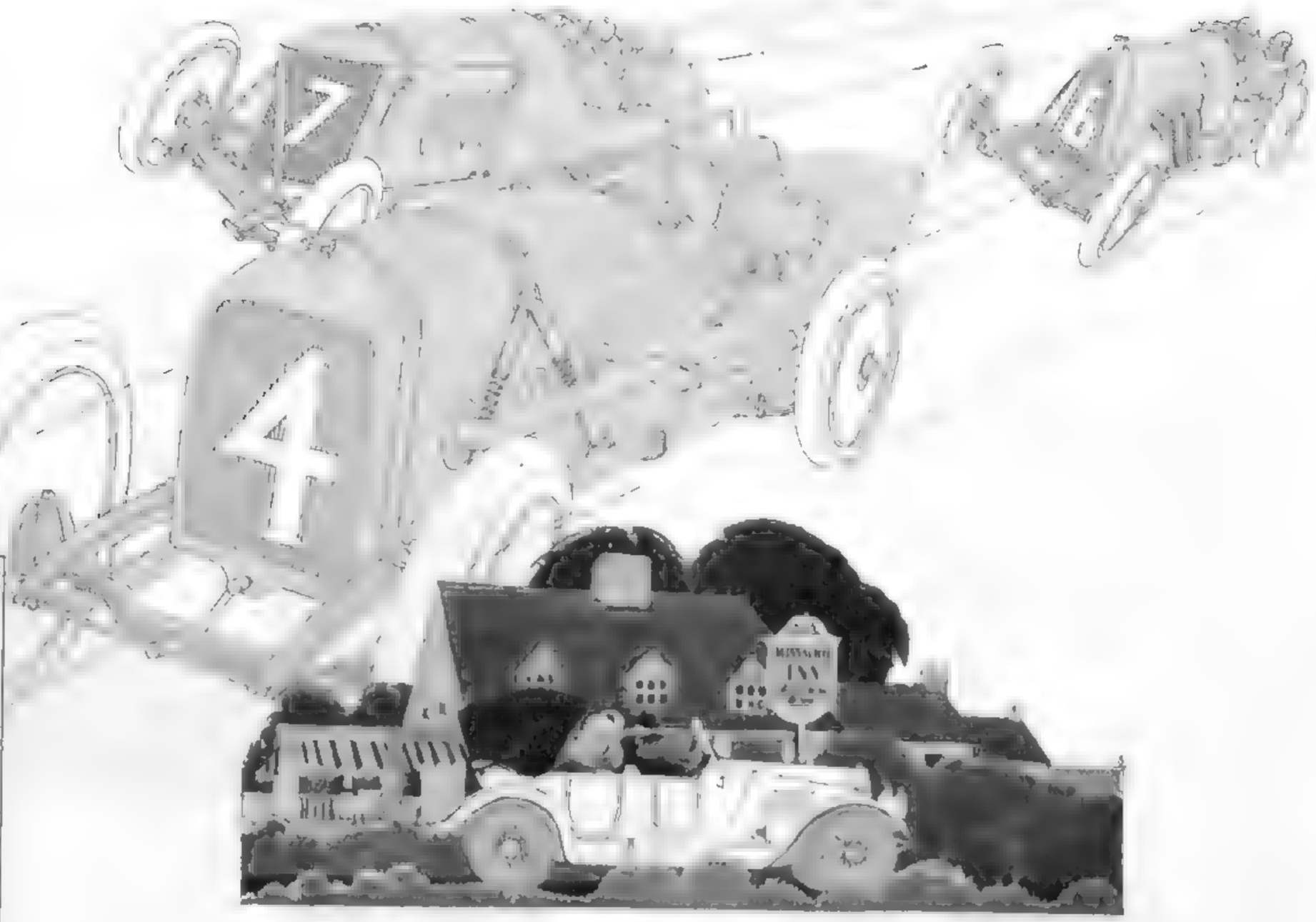
"We'd like to sow clover too," he said, "because we know it's good for the soil. But we have not land enough—we can't wait, we need the grain."

My interpreter asked him why they did not use the waste land that we saw on all sides.

"To drain it with ditches and pull the stumps," said the peasant, "would cost us nearly as much as to buy new land." He turned with a sharp jerk of his head. "Why are you so interested in this?"

My friend replied by telling of his own pet plan—for peasants and small landowners to throw their land together, buy

(Concluded on Page 85)



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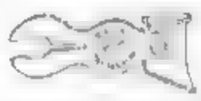

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(Concluded from Page 82)

improved machinery and till the soil henceforth on shares. As he talked we happened to pass a fairly large brick building with a row of sheds behind it; and the driver explained that this had been an attempt to start "a plan something like yours. The peasants got together in winter and made willow baskets here." The plan had had a good deal of success. It had been started, he explained, by the district zemstvo—a small legislative body made up of the more progressive landowners. The peasants had soon grasped the idea that each was a shareholder, and they had worked hard and had made quite a profit. But then the war had taken most of the workers and all the teachers. So the place had been shut down.

For a long time our driver was silent. Then he began to inquire, in the most minute detail, just what my interpreter had done on his small estate for the better culture of the soil.

The latter described how he had cut his straw for the cow stable into small bits by machinery, because in this condition it absorbed manure better.

"That's all very well," said the peasant, "but I have no cows. My two horses are always hungry and restless in the stable, and so they cut up the straw with their hoofs. But if I had cows I would try it. Go on and tell me some more of your tricks." And again he plied his questions.

"But most of these things," he said presently, "need good tools and machinery, and we can't get any now. You bargained and bargained with me for my rig, but how could I come down on my price? Before the war to shoe my horse cost me one ruble and fifty kopecks. Last month I paid twenty-eight rubles; and besides, it took nearly a day of my time, for the blacksmith had to look about for old bits of iron and spend four hours in welding the bits and making the shoes. And to get a plow or a harrow repaired is an awful job. After the war I am hoping it will be a little easier; but even then it will take a long time, and things will get worse before they get better. We have an iron famine here. For horseshoes, tires, axles, nails and new parts for my plow or harrow, I used to use about sixty pounds of iron a year; but now everything is running down, and so I shall have to get everything new. It will take me years to get it. And I am like all the rest. As I drive along I talk to the peasants, and they are all fixed as bad as I.

"The zemstvo says it will help us soon, but the way it distributes tools and plows is very slow and clumsy. Its agents come along by chance, when they have an hour of spare time. And often, even before the war, we would go to the zemstvo store in the town and find the man out, and so we would have to go instead to the private merchant. He was never out; he worked for himself. The zemstvo man was out for a stroll because he worked for the government. It was the same in the coöperative store in our district town. Even a good man when he lands that job soon gets fat and logy. I know one who put four inches of fat on his big ribs and charged it up to the rest of us. The coöperative and zemstvo stores don't pay the attention a merchant does who is trying to make his own profits."

I suggested as a remedy that the agent should be paid a low wage and then commissions on his sales. When this was interpreted to him the driver gave a sharp jerk of his head.

Farming Tools

"That's a good idea!" he said. "Make the fellow earn commissions or starve! Your friend from America has a head. Tell him he comes from a business land. But those American business men send us machines of cast steel. That's fine for them, because it is cheap; but it is not fine for us at all. We need soft steel which, when it breaks, can again be welded together. In one of those American plows, if any part breaks we can't fix it, and the whole plow goes to the devil." With this he dismissed me out of his thoughts and went on with my interpreter.

"You use a good many new methods," he said, "but I know a thing or two myself. I have two saws and planes and chisels—one German chisel worth nothing at all, and one English chisel that is very good. The American chisel is so hard you can't sharpen it when once it's dull." For some time he talked on about his tools; then he turned round abruptly, and after a sharp, quick look at my friend he said: "Now I will talk right out to you, because I see you are a practical man. I don't like to talk to a fellow who knows nothing about such practical things." He heaved a deep sigh.

"This is how things are with us," he said: "Most of us get enough from the land to feed us till the first of March. We eke it out by work in the forest. In the forest, what we own in common we cut into stove wood for ourselves; and besides we hire out to Count B—— to cut his wood. But now, since the revolution, no firs or pines are allowed to be cut, either on his land or ours. We ourselves decided it. For such timber is good for building, and we may soon own it all ourselves. We will not go against the law. If he wants to he can come here and take an ax and cut his trees; but none of us will help him."

He clucked to his horses and drove along. Again he began abruptly.

"How about these Bolsheviki?" he asked.

My interpreter tried to explain, but the peasant was a poor listener. His brief remarks revealed the fact that to him the Bolsheviki were not only the Lenine group, but Kerensky, too, and all the rest of the government.

Woman Suffrage in Moscow

"Some of those people came here," he said, "and told us to burn the landowners' houses and take all their property. But we were too smart and saw their trick. One of them was a lady doctor. We saw that they were friends of the Czar and wanted to get us to riot, so that they could bring in the Cossacks and get the Czar back over us. We are no such fools!

"When the revolution started our youngsters got ready to do such things, but we put a stop to it; and now we have decided to wait till the big assembly meets. We expect any amount of good from it." Here again he heaved a sigh.

"But most of us older fellows are sick of all this politics. Some of those Bolsheviki keep going round in the villages and getting young peasants into their crowd. And every Sunday they ask us for five or ten rubles apiece for the needs of their new land committees. Worse yet, they rob me of my time. In the last two weeks four or five times they have sent for me and have kept me waiting half the day before I could even turn in my money. They kept talking and talking round a big table, and some were writing and sweating so hard you might have thought they were getting in hay. What do you think of such chatter?"

He asked what we did in America, and I tried to explain to him how even in our country, with no revolution on our hands, elections are complicated affairs and take a lot of time and talk. He listened with keen, attentive eyes. Then suddenly he interrupted me:

"In the Moscow town elections last month I was there and saw crowds in line to vote. They have given the vote to women, too, and one old she-devil stood there in line with about as much sense as an old blind horse. Then a fellow came and asked her: 'Have you got your number? Without it you can't get into the polls. Here is one. Give it in at the door.' And he gave her not a number but the ballot of his party. And I think they will work the same kind of tricks when it comes to the big assembly. We are dark people and don't understand; and besides, we are so sick of it all we will vote for any party, only to get rid of the job." The peasant scowled as he drove along.

"Your American there, in his travels—what government did he like the best—German, French or English?"

I told him I preferred my own, and started to tell him what it was like. But he yawned and again interrupted: "Well, I don't know how I should feel, for I never went farther than Moscow. But about our Russian Government I know one thing very well: Before the war when I went to Moscow I carried my money in my hands and brought back a whole armful of stuff I had bought, while now I take an armful of money, and what I bring back I can carry between my thumb and finger." He cracked his whip impatiently.

"And we will not give our grain to the towns till they show us they can handle themselves and get to work and make things we can buy. Why should we do all the sweating, while they just sit on park benches? If a political party came that would make the wheels go round and give us the things we really need, then all of us peasants would think hard and try our best to vote clearly. But as it is, I am like a man in a deep forest without any paths."

Here he passed a small estate of about three hundred acres. The old yellow frame house was boarded up and had a gaunt appearance. On the field was a wretched crop of oats.

"Many *barins*—gentlemen—from the towns have lived in that house," the peasant remarked; "and they have failed, one after the other. Now the last of them all has sold it for an orphan asylum. The house was built when I was a boy, by a *barin* from Moscow. He had six horses and eight cows. So he started—but soon he gave up. He left, and everything went to seed. That is the way with our *barins* from towns. They come and don't know how to farm, and lose all they have and then go back. They are no use to themselves or to us.

"Count B—— has done somewhat better. He is a Pole who married an heiress here in order to get her forests. Then he took her to Paris and left a student manager here, who tried to graft apples on fir trees and a few other crazy tricks. But at least in the count's forest the trees are planted in regular rows; and that is good, because it saves space. We should do the same in our peasant woods, but we don't know how to plan together, and so when we meet to discuss the thing we can get no decision at all—because no peasant before he talks knows what he is going to say. He just opens his mouth and out it comes; and when it is said it is even worse than he himself expected."

On every side we began to notice clearings filled with tough old stumps, and our driver remarked that this land would lie idle until the old stumps had rotted away. "Only our great-grandchildren will see the new trees to be planted," he said.

My interpreter asked him why they did not pull the stumps.

"How do you do it?" the peasant inquired; and my friend began to explain the special machine he used for this purpose. The driver gave him a sharp look. "Is that what you did," he asked, "or only what you read in a book?" My interpreter told in detail of the work. "How many horses for such a machine?" the other demanded.

"I have a tractor," said my companion. And he went on to explain the many uses for a tractor on a farm. The peasant listened with interest.

"I have never seen one yet," he said; "but often when I watched automobiles go dashing about with fine *barins* and ladies I thought what a miracle it would be to have such power on the farm. But what chance have we of getting tractors?" he demanded bitterly. My interpreter said that the government was planning to import them, but the peasant shook his head.

Teacher's Little Cow

"Nothing will come of it for us. The government is still run by landowners, and they do not care at all to make farming any better for us; because if we should raise more crops the prices would drop, and so they would lose on their own estates. That's how it is in Russia. Sometimes I hope for all such things, but then I say to myself: 'What's the use?' You can never get something for nothing. Suppose we take the forests? Then when we go there to work we shall get no more wages; and if there is any profit it will be taken away in taxes. Count B—— will lose but we shan't gain. Instead of cutting wood for him we'll be cutting it for the government. We'll swing the axes just the same and get no more than we're getting now.

"And there is another point: Everything always costs more when it is done by the government—and so our taxes will be raised. And besides there are war debts to pay. And I tell you there is not a chance of our paying higher taxes! Take my own case—look how it is. If I should break an axle it would cost me forty rubles. It costs thirty rubles to shoe each horse. And oats are dear and crops are poor." He drove for a few moments in silence. Then suddenly he brightened up.

"I raised bigger potatoes this year," he said, "than anyone else in the volost—township. I did it by a special hoeing I have thought out all by myself; and I have told the secret to only two of my best friends. To all others who come and look at my patch I say it's because I have better soil."

My interpreter protested that such secrecy was no way to get better farming in Russia. The peasant replied by questioning him as to his own potato fields. The man seemed rabid for information.

In a few minutes he sighed and said: "In Moscow at election time the streets were covered with papers like snow, and the sewers were clogged with the stuff. And all were political proclamations—just big words and nothing else. Why not have used all that paper and ink to describe such good farming methods as yours, and the new machinery and how we are going to get it? Those would be proclamations worth while!" Again he was silent for a time, and then added gloomily: "For without a tool a man can't kill a flea; and yet the *barins* expect him to till the land with his finger nails.

"We need tools and better schools," presently he began again. "I don't like the school in our village, for it teaches no real things. When I want to teach a boy how to plow or harrow I take him to the field and do it; and so it should be with everything else. What good are books alone to a boy? How can you expect him to learn a thing unless he can see it and do it himself? These teachers from the cities know nothing at all of any real life. One girl teacher from Petrograd taught at our school a while ago, and at first she wanted to rent my cow to get milk for herself and her mother. But one day at sunset in my field she saw a young calf, and she said to me: 'I will rent this dear little cow instead. She will give quite enough milk for me!'"

A Lodging for the Night

The peasant gave a solemn nod. "And that is the kind of a teacher," he said, "they sent to teach farming to my brats!" He heaved a sigh. "I told her," he added sadly, "that perhaps a cat would do for her."

He stopped talking, for now his horses were trotting fast down a long steep hill to a river bed and they needed all his attention. He kept muttering to himself, and once he looked anxiously at his wheels. At the bottom he drew up abruptly.

"This is as far as I'll go," he declared.

In vain we remonstrated. It was already getting dark and we still had two miles to go to reach the monastery where we hoped to spend the night.

"I can't help it," he said. "You can walk. Look at that devil's hole ahead." And he pointed to a long miry stretch along the river bottom. "If I tried to take you through there is too good a chance of breaking my axle. If I did it would cost me forty rubles. So I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll take five rubles off the fare."

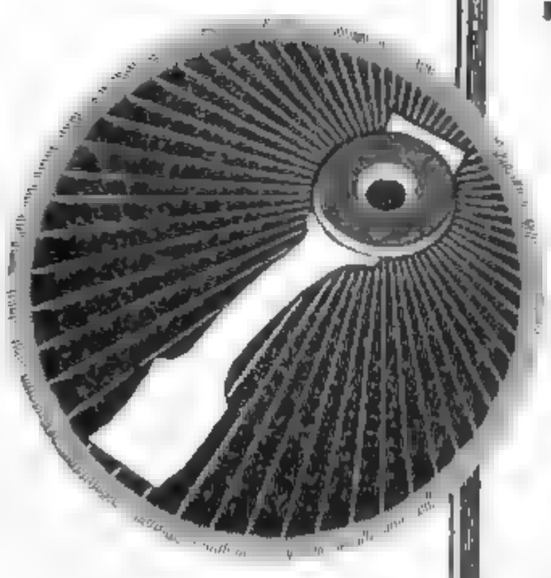
We argued, but he was obstinate. We paid his fare and he gave us directions how to reach the monastery. Then he turned his team into a side lane, and soon he had rattled away in the dusk.

Luckily we had no bags. As we trudged through the mud on the low river bank up on the darkening fields on the right I could still see weary women at work, though it was nearly ten in the evening. At last we left the river and, climbing a winding path up a hill, we came through a dark grove of firs out onto a clearing. Here stood the shadowy monastery, in a great inclosure surrounded by high massive walls. Through the deep wet grass along the walls we explored in the dark in search of a gate. Finally rounding a corner we came upon a ponderous door; and in answer to our pounding it was soon opened by a monk. But when we asked for shelter he said that they were packed full for the night, and he told us to go to the village near by.

"There you can sleep in a hut," he said.

The door clanged to, and again we started. A light rain was falling now and it had grown very dark. From the dense woods as we tramped along there came occasional voices, bursts of laughter and snatches of song, and now and then a rifle shot. And the narrow winding road seemed like the way of Russia's life in these turgid and chaotic times. At last we came to the village—a cluster of thirty to forty huts grouped on either side of the road. They were silent, grim and baffling—and I had grown weary and very cross. I was thoroughly sick of Russia that night—sick of its gloom and confusion. The whole nation seemed to be out in the dark.

But suddenly from a hut ahead a bright light gleamed out of a window. The experience which followed I shall leave for my last article.



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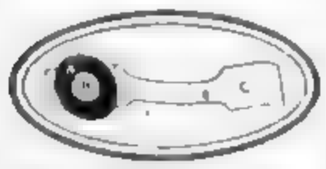

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At All Druggists—
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BAUER & BLACK
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.
Chicago and New York

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN HUNTER

(Continued from Page 12)

There must have been about five houses within half a mile.

He listened all right, except when he broke in asking questions. What he wanted naturally was to pump me about it. He got started, trying to ask me questions; and started talking finally:

"They tell me if I could get in just the right climate I'd get rid of this—this cough I've got," he told me.

"They tell you right," I said.

"That's one reason I was asking about it," said Elmer—"to tell the truth. I've thought sometimes I'd like to get out in such a climate as you say that is—if I only had the money to."

I went on and gave him more specifications about it—how good the climate was in that fruit-ranch country in Idaho. I'd got him round where I'd wanted to now.

"I'm going to sell you some of it before I get through," I said. "I've sold it to all the good people round here—the best people over in town."

And I named them over to him. But I didn't even mention Old Gibbs. I spoke of them all and talked about them; but I kept off Gibbs all the time.

"Oh, they've all got it," I said—"everybody in town!"

"Is that all the list?" he came out finally.

"Why?" said I. "Did I leave any of them out?"

He was coming, all right!

"Mr. Gibbs!" He broke out with it finally. "In the bank! He got some—so I heard." And he swallowed while saying it.

He hadn't admitted before that he knew anything about the proposition. He almost fell over himself saying it; but he had to bring it out.

"No," said I. "To tell you the truth, I wasn't speaking about him. He was a good-sized stockholder; but he got out!"

"Got out!" said Elmer; and he straightened out from a half circle to away up above the back of his chair.

"Sold out!" he said after me, his voice way up in the air. "That ain't so!"

"What's this!" I said, giving him the eye. "Do you mean to say I'm lying to you?"

"N-no, sir," he said, stuttering and going up into the air worse than ever. Oh, he was too easy!

"What do you know about this thing, anyway?" said I.

"Nothing—nothing!" he said. "Only, I just heard so."

He was beginning to light up—his cheeks—the way they do when they're getting excited.

"Aha!" I said, going after him. "So you knew something about this already! It's a wonder you didn't let me know before you let me talk my head off."

That started him off coughing again; so he didn't say anything more.

"But I don't mind," I went along. "If you know something about it, it'll let me sell you some of it so much quicker.

"But there's one thing," I said to him, "I don't do: I don't let anybody call me a liar. I could lie. I could shut my mouth now. I could tell you that Mr. Gibbs has stock—and let you go on believing it; and it might help me to sell you. But in the long run," I said, "that don't pay—not in my business. It always comes back on you. That's my experience. But, anyway, I never did fancy being called a liar. And I'm going to tell you again, right now, Mr. Gibbs has sold his stock—or most all of it—just as I said he did. He made a mistake when he did it, I think. And he did me a dirty trick! But he sold it."

I had him twisting his fingers now. He didn't know where he was at.

"I don't believe it. It isn't so," he said.

"You say so. How do you know?" I shot back at him.

"He—he told me he didn't, himself," said the poor fool, spilling himself.

I sat and looked him over.

"Uh-huh!" I said, while he tried to keep himself from falling out of the chair. "You just the same as called me a liar twice. That's a thing I don't take from any man. Now I'm going to prove to you that Old Man Gibbs has sold his stock, and you're going to apologize to me—or there'll be trouble.

"I know all about it," I said—"all but one thing; just who it was he sold it to. He's keeping it all quiet," I said, "for some reason—probably to keep it away from me. But he hasn't. That's one sure thing! He's sold it—all but five hundred dollars of what he had; and I know it! He had twenty-five hundred dollars' worth. He kept five hundred dollars' worth; and he sold the rest—two thousand dollars' worth in all."

"How?" said Elmer, trembling like a cold dog. "Who to?"

"He sold it to a man named Green," I told him. "So he says! But I know different from that. I happen to know he sold it to somebody else through Green."

I had him now so he just could talk—and that's all.

"How—how —— What would he do that for?"

"So he wouldn't show himself, I suppose, selling out. So he could cover himself up."

"Why wouldn't he want to show himself? Why should he cover it up? Why should he sell out, anyhow?" he asked me, with it all coming out together, when it did come.

"You'd better ask him," I said.

"Don't he believe the stock's good?" he asked me, almost crying.

"I don't know what he believes," I said. "Maybe he thinks it's going to bust, for all I know. But I tell you it's good—myself."

A lot he'd care what I told him now. They're always that way when you're selling them—stampeding one way or the other; believing everything one minute and scared to death the next.

"I don't believe it," he said again. "I don't believe it!"

"Don't believe which?" said I, talking up.

"What you say about Mr. Gibbs—any of it."

"Well, now I'll tell you one thing," I said to him: "I don't know why you keep on saying this or why you get excited over it; but you've said this so many times now that you're going to let me prove it to you, or trouble will start right here and now. I'm going to try to prove to you I'm right. If I ain't, I'm just going to give you five hundred dollars of this stock for nothing. But if I am right you're going to apologize to me!"

"I don't want it," he said. "I don't want your stock!"

I had him now so he wouldn't take it as a gift.

"Well, all right! We'll just do it for greens," I said—"for my satisfaction. Will you do what I tell you?" I said to him.

"How? What do you mean?" he said, his hands working. "I guess so."

"Will you do it—just what I tell you to?"

"Yes, yes!" he said, stepping all over himself.

"All right, then," I said. "You go to him and you tell him just what I told you. And if he says he's got this stock, you say 'All right; produce it! Show me the stock! Made out in your own name!'"

I had him coughing again.

"Don't forget that," I said—"made out in his own name! You understand?"

He nodded his head.

"And if he talks off," I went on, "and won't show it up, you just tell him I said so! Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Elmer.

"Will you do that?" said I.

Would he do it? He couldn't get his breath quick enough before he started harnessing up to go to town. I drove off the other way, telling him I was going to sell his neighbors some before I went back to town myself.

"That'll hold you some!" I said to myself, watching that kid starting after him—striking out after Old Man Gibbs, about ready to cry. "Let's see you slip out this time!" I said, thinking how he'd look when the boy came in on him, in that back room in the bank; the old crook, in his old blue suit, trying to fade away out through the back wall.

You get it, don't you—what I'd let loose on him? This great scared thing—half man

(Concluded on Page 89)

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Typical wants: Automobile—Toy help Sparkler. Send for 4 Free Guide Books with list of Patent Buyers, hundreds of Ideas Wanted, etc. Advice Free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 30 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 2276Y Woolworth Bldg., New York.

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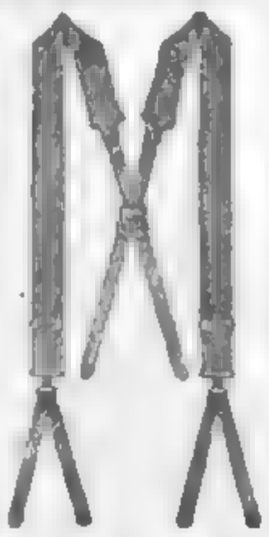

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THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
MANSFIELD, OHIO

Cleveland Tractor

What the Cleveland Tractor Means to a World at War

THE fate of the Allies hangs on America's ability to produce. Farm, factory and firing line must fight together.

There is a mortal urgency for food. In addition to millions of men in arms, the civilian population of half the world must be fed, clothed and kept from want.

Every farm and every manufacturing plant must operate at the peak of efficiency.

But the task of stimulating production is hedged about by difficulty. The draft is steadily draining labor from its accustomed channels. The new regulations place unskilled farm hands in the first draft class. Over 1,000,000 horses already have been shipped abroad and the needs of our own army are yet to be filled.

There is just one way to relieve the labor stringency.

We must replace muscle with machine.

America's acres must yield more than ever before. That fact stands out as plain as a beacon. And in lieu of men and horses the farmer must have other help.

The Cleveland Tractor is solving the problem.

It plows as fast as 3½ miles an hour—8 to 10 acres a day. *That equals the work of three good 3-horse teams and three men.* And it not only works faster—but better, and at much less cost.

The same time-saving speed so profitable in plowing is of equal advantage in harrowing, discing, seeding, pulling a mower, binder, hay loader, manure spreader, or for practically any hauling job on the farm.

Traveling on its own tracks the Cleveland can go practically anywhere, and does not mire, slip nor pack the soil. It weighs less than 3200 pounds and has over 600 square inches of traction surface.

Although small enough for use in orchards, it develops 12 H. P. at the drawbar for hauling and 20 H. P. at the pulley for stationary work.

These same big advantages are equally valuable in industrial work. Factories, foundries and plants of many kinds are finding it just the machine to speed up work and lower the overhead.

Either in factory buildings or in the yards, the great power of this sturdy little machine can be used in many ways. Its small size enables it to pass through doors or narrow factory aisles. It can be turned in a 12-foot circle.

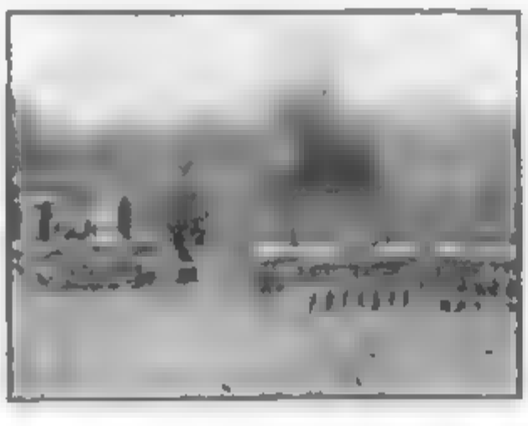
In transfer buggy work the Cleveland will haul as high as 10 to 12 tons under average plant conditions.

It is a wonder worker at grading, excavating and a wide variety of construction jobs, or in lumber yards, logging camps, snow plow work, at freight terminals, in spotting freight cars, in scores of places and at scores of tasks where heavy work at light cost is essential, particularly under rough surface conditions.

For war service, in the camp or on the battlefield, in the factory or on the farm, and later on in times of peace, the value of the Cleveland Tractor is capable of incalculable service.

Now is the time to order your Cleveland Tractor. Get it in time for early plowing and thorough cultivation or to alleviate the present conditions in your factory. Write today for full information and address of the nearest Cleveland dealer. Address Dept. N.

The Cleveland Tractor Company, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



Cleveland Tractor Co.
Dept. N Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me full information about the Cleveland Tractor

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Armstrong's Linoleum

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For Every Room (A) in the House

A living-room should be comfortable, practical, restful, and companionable. It should also express the culture and taste which are the family's ideals. An inlaid linoleum floor in hardwood effect is here shown. With the simple wood panelled walls it furnishes an exceptionally good background for the expression of these desirable qualities. The rich but simple color choice lends itself admirably to the type of furniture and other decorative material used.—Frank Alvah Parsons.

HOW would you like to settle down here for the evening? Isn't this a charming living-room? Isn't it a livable living-room? It commingles luxury with economy. Nothing in it is prohibitively expensive. Everything it contains is arranged for comfort, usefulness, and beauty.

The floor is not hardwood, but Armstrong's Linoleum in one of the Parquetry Inlaid designs made to look like hardwood. It harmonizes perfectly with the panelled walls, the comfortable furniture, the cheerful draperies. In this particular, a finely polished hardwood floor could hardly surpass it. But in all other important particulars it surpasses hardwood. It is less costly, easier to lay, easier to keep clean, and equally durable.

The designs in Armstrong's Parquetry Inlaid are not merely stamped or painted on the surface. The colors go clear through the material. They are suited to any decorative scheme in living-room, dining-room, hall, library, or den. In addition, there is a wide variety of matting and carpet designs for bedroom and nursery; and tile and mosaic effects for bathroom, kitchen, and pantry.

The new plain linoleums (without pattern) include brown, rose, blue, tan, dark gray, light gray, and green. The new Jaspé (moiré) effects—in blue, brown, green, gray, and tan shades—are altogether charming, like the beautiful grains ranging through watered silk. In connection with fabric rugs, the plain and Jaspé linoleums can be used effectively, in practically any type of room.

Ask your dealer in house furnishings to show you the new patterns in Armstrong's Linoleums. Then you will understand why the idea of linoleum for every room in the house is spreading in America. It has been in vogue in Europe for many years.

The names of merchants near you who sell Armstrong's Linoleum will be supplied you on request.

A close-up view of Parquetry Inlaid used on floor above.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Be careful you get it. For there are inferior floor coverings nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely imitations. Remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum: First, look at the back and make sure it's burlap. Second, try to tear it. Imitations tear easily. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name—there *is* a difference.

Send for our new book, "The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration," by Frank Alvah Parsons, America's foremost authority on interior decoration. It treats of the artistic necessities of every home and tells how linoleum may be used effectively in typical rooms. The author discusses his interesting subject in characteristically illuminating and intimate style. Sent with portfolio of de luxe color-plates of home interiors for 20 cents in stamps.

Another appropriate pattern for a kitchen floor.

Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Department, Lancaster, Pa.

(Concluded from Page 86)

and half kid—his nerves all shot to pieces from the "con" and the hints I'd slipped into him that he'd been flimflammed out of his money. He'd go to Old Man Gibbs; and when he didn't produce that stock something would start right there. He'd bawl his head off; that's just the kind—young and sick, and kind of hysterical. He'd bawl Gibbs out all over town. That would start them all off—wanting to know what Gibbs sold out for, anyhow, that way! And if anything ever did happen to that stock—after that, any time—good night for that old soft-voiced crook in that town!

"Mr. Gibbs was on the wire, wanting you to call him up," said Sam, the hotel man, when I got back.

"How many times?"

"Three," he said, giving me a look.

"Uh-huh!" I said. "Well, I'll call him up after supper."

But he called me up again—first.

"All right!" I said. "I'll be over after I eat."

I took my time about it. I had him wiggling all right. He almost ran up and down my collar like a pet squirrel when I got over there.

"Come in! Sit down! Have a smoke?"

"So you thought you'd trim me?" I said, sitting down. "The rest of them wasn't enough; you thought you'd take me on."

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Oh, no! You don't know! But you will know before I'm through. I'm going to teach you something," I told him.

"I didn't understand," he said. "Now you were out—going off! I didn't know it would make any difference"

"Aw, don't try any of that old true-blue stuff on me!" I said. "Don't play anything like that on me." And he shut up for a minute.

"Oh, no!" I said. "You didn't understand! You didn't know! Or do anything—but try and trim me out of two thousand dollars that belonged to me—that's all! Just as soon as my back was turned. Oh," I said to him, "you're good! And you've got a great make-up. But you made a mistake this time. You slipped your collar bone this time, reaching out to put one over on me!"

He sat there, keeping his eye on me.

"I know you," I said, "as if I'd made you. You figured there was something gone wrong with the stock and you'd get out for cash while the getting was good. Well, you're right," I told him. "There is something! There's a suit against the title of that orchard land. There's going to be a blowup pretty quick now—a smash!" I said, and waited to see him twitch.

"It'll turn out all right in the end," I said—"probably. But when the news first comes out here it won't look good for you—not in this town; for about that time Elmer will be bawling all over about what you sold him, and how you sold him."

I thought he was going to faint on my hands—fade away through the back of the chair.

"You won't do that!" he said in a kind of whisper.

"Why not—won't I?"

"Ruin my reputation here!" he said.

"Reputation!" I said after him, and gave him the stare.

And then I burst out laughing. I couldn't help myself. But it didn't strike him funny at all.

"Can't we fix it up?" he asked finally, whispering still, his voice gone for good.

"Sure, we can! We're going to," I said. "Let me tell you how: The first thing, you'll pass over that little two thousand dollars of Elmer's to me! You just made a little mistake. That's my stock—not yours!"

He sat there with those old blue eyes on me—held right on mine this time, not slipping off.

"And then," I said, "just about that time—and not before—you get your stock, with your own name on it this trip, to show friend Elmer—and all the rest! You'll have your alibi—the stock you agreed not to sell. And you'll keep it this time.

"If I was a crook," I said to him, "you know what I'd do? If I was holding you up the way some of them would? Well, I'd get about five thousand dollars from you out of this. But I ain't a crook, it happens. I'm not in your class. I'm out making a living selling securities. All I want is my money for my own stock you sold him—only not for what you sold it at. No; the market price. That'll make it twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars, instead of two thousand—to you. It'll cost you two hundred and fifty dollars extra for double-crossing me," I said. "That's all; and cheap at the price!

"This will teach you," I went on. "The next time you're working with a man don't try to double-cross him. Don't be too hungry. Don't try to double-cross them all. It's poor business.

"It's too much of a game for you, uncle," I told him. "You thought you had me, didn't you?" I said, whacking him on his blue coat. "Well, that's where you fooled yourself! I had you sized up the first night I came in here. What did I tell you—huh? Didn't I say from the start you were my mascot? My good little old bluebird! For luck! The good old boy that always brought the money home. . . . Come on now!" I said, handing him a poke in the ribs. "Pass it over."

The salesman stopped.

"Did he hand it to me?" he said. "Oh, no—not before he could get it out of the safe and pass it over to me!"

"And you passed him back his reputation?" I asked.

"Sure! We might need it. We might want to use it again some day."

He stopped again, appraising a new figure coming into the lobby.

"Yes," he stated; "you can't trust them. They'll double-cross you if they can. The more respectable they are, the bigger the crooks. But they don't put one over on me very often."

"What about the kid?" I asked him.

"Huh?" he asked, looking back from his staring.

"The boy with the two thousand dollars?"

"Oh, I apologized! Sure! I fixed him up. We had a good strong story for him. He was satisfied."

"What became of him?"

"Oh, I don't know. I heard he died since," he said, twisting his lips on the remnants of his cigar.

"Did he go out there—to Idaho?"

"Yes," he said, his stare turning away again; "I believe he got out there, and then his consumption got him."

"Out on his fruit ranch?"

"Well—no. There was some trouble when he got out there—that lawsuit those crooks started over the title. They wouldn't let them go on the land. He had to wait there. And he got down-and-out waiting. That's the way they are: they haven't got any insides to them. They can't stand up and take it, and hang on like a well man can."

"And the climate there isn't so good as it might be, winter and spring," said I.

"Who told you so?" he asked, giving me the full stare again.

"I've been out there," I said.

"Well, maybe," he answered, looking off and throwing his shredded cigar away—"in some parts."

"I suppose that suit's knocked the price off your stock," I suggested.

"It's slow—that's all," he observed; "that company. Like a lot of other things. It'll come out all right—if they hang on."

His gaze suddenly fixed itself on something new—another figure.

"But I was just telling you that to show you," he said absently, over his shoulder, his eyes following his new find. "He's just one. You find them like that everywhere—in every town."

"Everywhere?"

"I'd like to see one town where I couldn't find one if I went after him," he answered. "How else could we sell them—as you say—strangers in a strange town, selling stuff they never heard of before, separating them from real money—unless we got our introduction right there in town? . . . Excuse me," he said, getting up. "Here's a man I've been looking for."

He lingered for a minute.

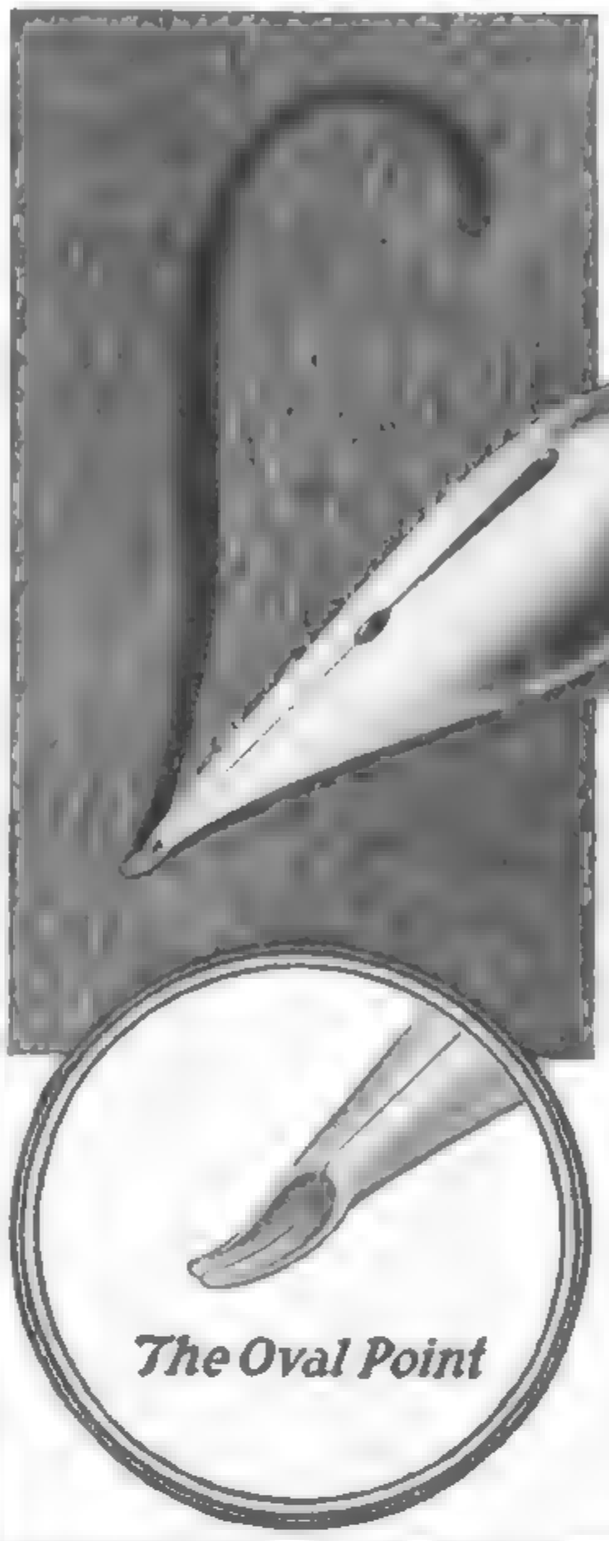
"You see this one?" he said. "I can sell him!"

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I can tell! I'll tell you how when I come back."

He got up and walked over to a tall bronzed man at the desk; called out to him.

They shook hands. The stranger's face lit up with a shy, rather pleasant smile. He seemed glad, but puzzled—distressed almost—at the meeting; but pleased at the same time. My man was going after him strong.



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THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 19)

"They are all under government control, mademoiselle. Even the petrol."

She stopped in the street.

"Then I shall have to go back."

Henri laughed boyishly.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have been requested to take you to a place where you may render us the service we so badly need. For the present that is my duty, and nothing else. So if you will accept the offer of my car, which is a shameful one but travels well, we can continue our journey."

Long, long afterward, Sara Lee found a snapshot of Henri's car, taken by a light-hearted British officer—found it and sat for a long time with it in her hand, thinking and remembering that first day she saw it, in the sun at Calais. A long low car it was, once green, but now roughly painted gray. But it was not the crude painting, significant as it was, that brought so close the thing she was going to. It was that the car was but a shell of a car. The mud guards were crumpled up against the side. Body and hood were pitted with shrapnel. A door had been shot away, and the wind shield was but a frame set round with broken glass. Even the soldier chauffeur wore a patch over one eye, and his uniform was ragged.

"Not a beautiful car, mademoiselle, as I warned you! But a fast one!"

Henri was having a double enjoyment. He was watching Sara Lee's face and his chauffeur's remaining eye.

"But fast; eh, Jean?" he said to the chauffeur. The man nodded and said something in French. It was probably the thing Henri had hoped for, and he threw back his head and laughed.

"Jean is reminding me," he said gayly, "that it is forbidden to officers to take a lady along the road that we shall travel." But when he saw how Sara Lee flushed he turned to the man.

"Mademoiselle has come from America to help us, Jean," he said quietly. "And now for Dunkirk."

The road from Dunkirk to Calais was well guarded in those days. From Nieuport for some miles inland only the shattered remnant of the Belgian Army held the line. For the cry "On to Paris!" the Germans had substituted "On to Calais!"

So, on French soil at least, the road was well guarded. A few miles in the battered car, then a slowing up, a showing of passports, the clatter of a great chain as it dropped to the road, a lowering of leveled rifles and a salute from the officer—that was the method by which they advanced.

Henri sat with the driver and talked in a low tone. Sometimes he sat quiet, looking ahead. He seemed, somehow, older, more careworn. His boyishness had gone. Now and then he turned to ask if she was comfortable, but in the intervals she felt that he had entirely forgotten her. Once, at something Jean said, he got out a pocket map and went over it carefully. It was a long time after that before he turned to see if she was all right.

Sara Lee sat forward and watched everything. She saw little evidence of war beyond the occasional sentries and chains. Women were walking along the roads. Children stopped and pointed, smiling, at the battered car. One very small boy saluted, and Henri as gravely returned the salute.

Some time after that he turned to her.

"I find that I shall have to leave you in Dunkirk," he said. "A matter of a day only, probably. But I will see before I go that you are comfortable."

"I shall be quite all right, of course."

But something had gone out of the day for her.

Sara Lee learned one thing that day, learned it as some women do learn, by the glance of an eye, the tone of a voice. The chauffeur adored Henri. His one unbandaged eye stole moments from the road to glance at him. When he spoke, while Henri read his map, his very voice betrayed him. And while she pondered the thing, woman-fashion, they drew into the square of Dunkirk, where the statue of Jean Bart, pirate and privateer, stared down at this new procession of war which passed daily and nightly under his cold eyes.

Jean and a porter carried in her luggage. Henri and a voluble and smiling Frenchwoman showed her to her room. She felt like an island of silence in a rapid-rolling sea of French. The Frenchwoman threw open the door.

A great room with high curtained windows; a huge bed with a faded gilt canopy and heavy curtains; a wardrobe as vast as the bed; and for a toilet table an enormous mirror reaching to the ceiling and with a marble shelf below—that was her room.

"I think you will be comfortable here, mademoiselle."

Sara Lee, who still clutched her small bag of gold, shook her head.

"Comfortable, yes," she said. "But I am afraid it is very expensive."

Henri named an extremely low figure—an exact fourth, to be accurate, of its real cost. A surprising person, Henri, with his worn uniform and his capacity for kindly mendacity. And seeing something in the Frenchwoman's face that perhaps he had expected, he turned to her almost fiercely:

"You are to understand, madame, that this lady has been placed in my care by authority that will not be questioned. She is to have every deference."

That was all, but was enough. And from that time on Sara Lee Kennedy, of Ohio, was called, in the tiny box downstairs which constituted the office, "Mademoiselle la Princesse."

Henri did a characteristic and kindly thing for Sara Lee before he left that evening on one of the many mysterious journeys that he was to make during the time Sara Lee knew him. He came to her door, menus in hand, and painstakingly ordered for her a dinner for that night, and the three meals for the day following.

He made no suggestion of dining with her that evening. Indeed, watching him from her small table, Sara Lee decided that he had put her entirely out of his mind. He did not so much as glance at her. Save the cashier at her boxed-in desk and money drawer, she was the only woman in that roomful of officers. Quite certainly Henri was the only man who did not find some excuse for glancing in her direction.

But finishing early he paused by the cashier's desk to pay for his meal, and then he gave Sara Lee the stiffest and most ceremonious of bows.

She felt hurt. Alone in her great room, the curtains drawn by order of the police, lest a ray of light betray the town to eyes in the air, she went carefully over the hours she had spent with Henri that day, looking for a cause of offense. She must have hurt him or he would surely have stopped to speak to her.

Perhaps already he was finding her a burden. She flushed with shame when she remembered about the meals he had had to order for her, and she sat up in her great bed until late, studying by candlelight such phrases as *"Il y a une erreur dans la note,"* and *"Garçon, quels fruits avez-vous?"*

She tried to write to Harvey that night, but she gave it up at last. There was too much he would not understand. She could not write frankly without telling of Henri, and to this point everything had centered about Henri. It all rather worried her, because there was nothing she was ashamed of, nothing she should have had to conceal. She had yet to learn, had Sara Lee, that many of the concealments of life are based not on wrongdoing but on fear of misunderstanding.

So she got as far as *"Dearest Harvey:* I am here in a hotel at Dunkirk"—and then stopped, fairly engulfed in a wave of homesickness. Not so much for Harvey as for familiar things—Uncle James in his chair by the fire, with the phonograph playing My Little Gray Home in the West; her own white bedroom; the sun on the red geraniums in the dining-room window; the voices of happy children wandering home from school.

She got up and went to the window, first blowing out the candle. Outside, the town lay asleep, and from a gate in the old wall a sentry with a bugle blew a quiet "All's well."

From somewhere near, on top of the *mairie* perhaps, where eyes all night searched the sky for danger, came the same trumpet call—safety for the time, of a little longer for quiet sleep.

For two days the girl was alone. There was no sign of Henri. She had nothing to read, and her eyes, watching hour after hour the panorama that passed through the square under her window, searched vainly for his battered gray car. In daytime the panorama was chiefly of motor lorries—she called them trucks—piled high with supplies, often fodder for the horses in that vague district beyond ammunition and food. Now and then a battery rumbled through, its gunners on the limbers, detached, with folded arms; and always there were soldiers.

Sometimes, from her window, she saw the market people below, in their striped red-and-white booths, staring up at the sky. She would look up, too, and there would be an aëroplane sliding along, sometimes so low that one could hear the faint report of the exhaust.

But it was the ambulances that Sara Lee looked for. Mostly they came at night, a steady stream of them. Sometimes they moved rapidly. Again one would be going very slowly, and other machines would circle impatiently round it and go on. A silent, grim procession in the moonlight it was, and it helped the girl to bear the solitude of those two interminable days.

Inside those long gray cars with the red crosses painted on the tops—a symbol of mercy that had ceased to protect—inside those cars were wounded men, men who had perhaps lain for hours without food or care. Surely, surely it was right that she had come. The little she could do must count in the great total. She twisted Harvey's ring on her finger and sent a little message to him.

"You will forgive me when you know, dear," was the message. "It is so terrible! So pitiful!"

Yet during the day the square was gay enough. Officers in spurs clanked across, wide capes blowing in the wind. Common soldiers bought fruit and paper bags of fried potatoes from the booths. Countless dogs fought under the feet of passers-by, and over all towered the sardonic face of Jean Bart, pirate and privateer.

Sara Lee went out daily, but never far. And she practiced French with the maid, after this fashion:

"Draps de toile," said the smiling maid, putting the linen sheets on the bed.

Sara Lee would repeat it some six times.

"Taies d'oreiller," when the pillows came. So that Sara Lee called pillows by the name of their slips from that time forward! Came a bright hour when she rang the bell for the boy and asked for matches, which she certainly did not need, with entire success.

On the second night Sara Lee slept badly. At two o'clock she heard a sound in the hall, and putting on her kimono opened the door.

On a stiff chair outside, snoring profoundly, sat Jean, fully dressed.

The light from her candle roused him and he was wide awake in an instant.

"Why, Jean!" she said. "Isn't there any place for you to sleep?"

"I am to remain here, mademoiselle," he replied in English.

"But surely—not because of me?"

"It is the captain's order," he said briefly.

"I don't understand. Why?"

"All sorts of people come to this place, mademoiselle. But few ladies. It is best that I remain here."

She could not move him. He had remained standing while she spoke to him, and now he yawned, striving to conceal it. Sara Lee felt very uncomfortable, but Jean's attitude and voice alike were firm. She thanked him and said good night, but she slept little after that.

Lying there in the darkness, a warm glow of gratitude to Henri and a feeling of her safety in his care wrapped her like a mantle. She wondered drowsily if Harvey would ever have thought of all the small things that seemed second nature to this young Belgian officer.

She rather thought not.

II

WHILE she was breakfasting the next morning there was a tap at the door, and thinking it the maid she called to her to come in.

But it was Jean, an anxious Jean, twisting his cap in his hands.

"You have had a message from the captain, mademoiselle?"

"No, Jean."

"He was to have returned during the night. He has not come, mademoiselle."

Sara Lee forgot her morning negligée in Jean's harassed face.

"But—where did he go?"

Jean shrugged his shoulders and did not reply.

"Are you worried about him?"

"I am anxious, mademoiselle. But I am often anxious; and—he always returns."

He smiled almost sheepishly. Sara Lee, who had no subtlety but a great deal of intuition, felt that there was a certain relief in the smile, as though Jean, having had no message from his master, was pleased that she had had none. Which was true enough, at that. Also she felt that Jean's one eye was inspecting her closely, which was also true. A new factor had come into Henri's life—by Jean's reasoning, a new and dangerous one. And there were dangers enough already.

Highly dangerous, Jean reflected in the back of his head as he backed out with a bow. A young girl unafraid of the morning sun and sitting at a little breakfast table as fresh as herself—that was a picture for a war-weary man.

Jean forgot for a moment his anxiety for Henri's safety in his fear for his peace of mind. For a doubt had been removed. The girl was straight.

Jean's one sophisticated eye had grasped that at once. A good girl, alone, and far from home! And Henri, like all soldiers, woman-hungry for good women, for unpainted skins and clear eyes and the freshness and bloom of youth.

All there, behind that little breakfast table which might so pleasantly have been laid for two.

Jean took a walk that morning, and stood staring for twenty minutes into a clock maker's window, full of clocks. After which he drew out his watch and looked at the time!

At two in the afternoon Sara Lee saw Henri's car come into the square. It was, if possible, more dilapidated than before, and he came like a gray whirlwind, scattering people and dogs out of his way.

Almost before he had had time to enter the hotel Sara Lee heard him in the hall, and the next moment he was bowing before her.

"I have been longer than I expected," he explained. "Have you been quite comfortable?"

Sara Lee, however, was gazing at him with startled eyes. He was dirty, unshaven, and his eyes looked hollow and bloodshot. From his neck to his heels he was smeared with mud, and his tidy tunic was torn into ragged holes.

"But you—you have been fighting!" she gasped.

"I? No, mademoiselle. There has been no battle." His eyes left her and traveled over the room. "They are doing everything for you? They are attentive?"

"Everything is splendid," said Sara Lee. "If you won't tell me how you got into that condition, at least you can send your coat down to me to mend."

"My tunic!" He looked at it smilingly. "You would do that?"

"I am nearly frantic for something to do."

He smiled, and suddenly bending down he took her hand and kissed it.

"You are not only very beautiful, mademoiselle, but you are very good."

He went away then, and Sara Lee got out her sewing things. The tunic came soon, carefully brushed and very ragged. But it was not Jean who brought it; it was the Flemish boy.

And upstairs in a small room with two beds Sara Lee might have been surprised to find Jean, the chauffeur, lying on one, while Henri shaved himself beside the other. For Jean, of the ragged uniform and the patch over one eye, was a count of Belgium, and served Henri because he loved him. And because, too, he was no longer useful in that little army where lay his heart.

Sometime a book will be written about the Jeans of this war, the great friendships it has brought forth between men. And not the least of its stories will be that of this Jean of the one eye. But its place is not here.

And perhaps there will be a book about the Henris, also. But not for a long time, and even then with care. For the heroes of one department of an army in the field live and die unsung. Their bravest exploits are buried in secrecy. And that is as it must be. But it is a fine tale to go untold.

(Continued on Page 93)

990 La Salle Trained Men With Pennsylvania System

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Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

(Continued from Page 90)

After he had bathed and shaved, Henri sat down at a tiny table and wrote. He drew a plan also, from a rough one before him. Then he took a match and burned the original drawing until it was but charred black ashes. When he had finished Jean got up from the bed and put on his overcoat.

"To the King?" he said.

"To the King, old friend."

Jean took the letter and went out.

Down below Sara Lee sat with Henri's ragged tunic on her lap and stitched carefully. Sometime, she reflected, she would be mending worn garments for another man, now far away. A little flood of tenderness came over her. So helpless, these men! There was so much to do for them! And soon, please God, she would be helping other tired and weary men, with food, and perhaps a word—when she had acquired some French—and perhaps a thread and needle.

She dined alone that night, as usual. Henri did not appear, though she had sent what she suspected was his only tunic back to him neatly mended at five o'clock.

As a matter of fact Henri was sound asleep. He had meant to rest only for an hour a body that was crying aloud with fatigue. But Jean, coming in quietly, had found him sleeping like a child, and had put his own blanket over him and left him. Henri slept until morning, when Jean, coming up from his vigil outside the American girl's door, found him waking and rested, and rang for coffee.

Jean sat down on the edge of his bed and put on his shoes and putties. He was a taciturn man, but now he had something to say that he did not like to say. And Henri knew it.

"What is it?" he asked, his arms under his head. "Come, let us have it! It is, of course, about the American lady."

"It is," Jean said bluntly. "You cannot mix women and war."

"And you think I am doing that?"

"I am not an idiot," Jean growled. "You do not know what you are doing. I do. She is young and lonely. You are young and—not unattractive to women. Already she turns pale when I so much as ask if she has heard from you."

"You asked her that?"

"You were gone much longer than ——"

"And you thought I might send her word, and not you!" Henri's voice was offended. He lay back while the boy brought in the morning coffee and rolls.

"Let me tell you something," he said when the boy had gone: "She is betrothed to an American. She wears a betrothal ring. I am to her—the French language!"

But though Henri laughed Jean remained grave and brooding. For Henri had not said what Sara Lee already was to him.

It was later in the morning that Henri broached the subject again. They were in the courtyard of an old house, working over the engine of the car.

"I think I have found a location for the young American lady," he said.

Jean hammered for a considerable time at a refractory rim.

"And where?" he asked at last.

Henri named the little town. Like Henri's family name, it must not be told. Too many things happened there, and perhaps it is even now Henri's headquarters. For that portion of the line has changed very little.

Jean fell to renewed hammering.

"If you will be silent I shall explain a plan," Henri said in a cautious tone. "She will make soup, with help which we shall find. And if coming in for refreshment a soldier shall leave a letter for me, it is natural, is it not?"

"She will suspect, of course."

"I think not. And she reads no French. None whatever."

Yet Jean's suspicions were not entirely allayed. The plan had its advantages. It was important that Henri receive certain reports, and already the hotel whispered that Henri was of the secret service. It brought him added deference, of course, but additional danger.

So Jean accepted the plan, but with reservation. And it was not long afterward that he said to Sara Lee, in French: "There is a spider on your neck, mademoiselle."

But Sara Lee only said, "I'm sorry, Jean; you'll have to speak English to me for a while, I'm afraid."

And though he watched her for five minutes she did not put her hand to her neck.

However, that was later on. That afternoon Henri spent an hour with the Minister of War. And at the end of that time he said: "Thank you, Baron. I think you will not regret it. America must learn the truth, and how better than through those friendly people who come to us to help?"

It is as well to state, however, that he left the Minister of War with the undoubted impression that Miss Sara Lee Kennedy was a spinster of uncertain years.

Sara Lee packed her own suitcase that afternoon, doing it rather nervously because Henri was standing in the room by the window waiting for it. He had come in as matter-of-factly as Harvey had entered the parlor at Aunt Harriet's, except that he carried in his arms some six towels, a cake of soap and what looked suspiciously like two sheets.

"The house I have under consideration," he said, "has little to recommend it but the building, and even that —— The occupants have gone away, and—you are not a soldier."

Sara Lee eyed the bundle.

"I don't need sheets," she expostulated.

"There are but two. And Jean has placed blankets in the car. You must have a pillow also."

He calmly took one of the hotel pillows from the bed.

"What else?" he asked calmly. "Cigarettes? But no, you do not smoke."

Sara Lee eyed him with something very like despair.

"Aren't you ever going to let me think for myself?"

"Would you have thought of these?" he demanded triumphantly. "You—you think only of soup and tired soldiers. Someone must think of you."

And there was a touch of tenderness in his voice. Sara Lee felt it and trembled slightly. He was so fine, and he must not think of her that way. It was not real. It couldn't be. Men were lonely here, where everything was hard and cruel. They wanted some of the softness of life, and all of kindness and sweetness that she could give should be Henri's. But she must make it clear that there could never be anything more.

There was a tightness about her mouth as she folded the white frock.

"I know that garment," he said boyishly. "Do you remember the night you wore it? And how we wandered in the square and made the plan that has brought us together again?"

Sara Lee reached down into her suitcase and brought up Harvey's picture.

"I would like you to see this," she said a little breathlessly. "It is the man I am to marry."

For a moment she thought Henri was not going to take it. But he came, rather slowly, and held out his hand for it. He went with it to the window and stood there for some time looking down at it.

"When are you going to marry him, mademoiselle?"

"As soon as I go back."

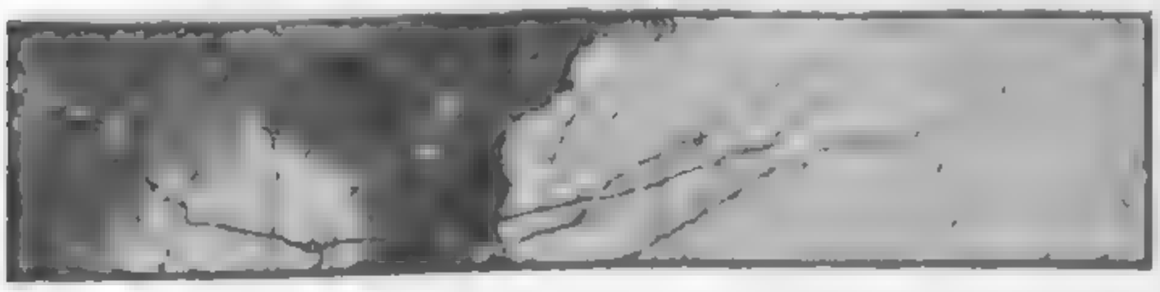
Sara Lee had expected some other comment, but he made none. He put the photograph very quietly on the bed before her, and gathered up the linen and the pillow in his arms.

"I shall send for your luggage, mademoiselle. And you will find me at the car outside, waiting."

And so it was that a very silent Henri sat with Jean going out to that strange land which was to be Sara Lee's home for many months. And a very silent Sara Lee, flanked with pillow and blankets, who sat back alone and tried to recall the tones of Harvey's voice.

And failed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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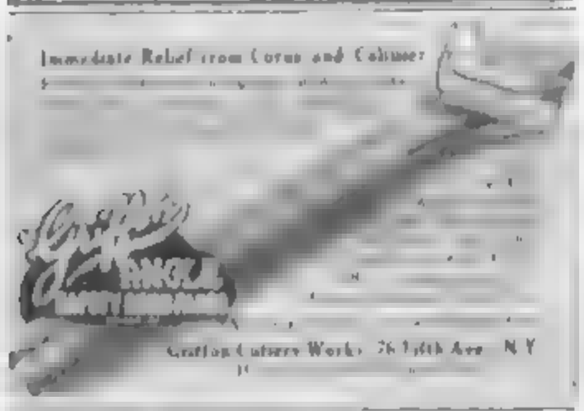

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GERMANY'S LAST TRUMP

(Continued from Page 8)

August and September [1917] because of the loss of ships during the summer. It was a crisis which was passed only through the confiscation of, and withhold of leave to, neutral ships. Now that the sources for confiscating German ships in foreign harbors, as well as neutral ships there, have decreased to a very small minimum 'they [the Allies] are beginning to display publicly their anxiety over the last source of supplying ships, namely, the construction of new ships. Fabulous numbers are given concerning the construction of ships in the United States. They [the Americans] speak of building 6,000,000 tons of ships, which they declare are necessary in order that America keep her obligations to Europe. . . .

"In the United States, however, they lack shipbuilders and machinists; of the 500,000 needed only 200,000 are available. More than 1,000,000 tons which should have been finished during 1917 in the United States were not completed. Concerning the building of new ships in England, which industry has been taken over by the government, the expert of the Daily Telegraph [London] says, half-critically and half-pessimistically, on December nineteenth, that 'In May of this year there was great expectation that the construction of new ships this year would equal 8,000,000 tons. In July the prime minister estimated the amount at 2,000,000, and from indications now the total will be a little more than 1,000,000.'

"The supplying of England with food, which was declared to be generous during the late summer, gradually became very bad during the fall because, according to all reports, there was not only a rise in prices but an actual shortage. Forceful rationing of food has been demanded for a long time but it is an extremely difficult problem in England. Altogether the markets are empty, the government supplies have been exhausted and people are beginning to eat from hand to mouth."

But His Watch Ran Down

"Because of the prevailing scarcity of ship bottoms the supplies can no longer be brought from all corners of the earth to Europe. With the exception of the coastwise trade of certain countries the shipping is centered in the Atlantic Ocean and Mediterranean.

"In this connection this fact is of especial importance that in the United States of America there are developing great difficulties in the manufacturing of war materials. There is a shortage of coal and of raw materials, especially wool, zinc and rubber; also of grain. According to an announcement by the Food Dictator Hoover future wheat shipments to the Allies depend upon the results obtained by economic measures among the American people."

In Germany a statement such as this could not be distributed or published without the approval of the Navy Department. Judging from the tone of the article it is evident that it was written in the press department of the Admiralty and given to the Wolff Bureau for circulation. If this be true there are two very significant statements by the enemy: In the first place Germany acknowledges that since the end of August the submarine war has been decreasing in its effectiveness. The figures for September, October and November are each lower than they were for any month during the conduct of the ruthless U-boat campaign. The second important statement is that the submarine crisis developed in August and September, but that the Allies were able to pass it successfully.

This is a bold admission by the German Navy. When diplomatic relations with the United States were severed Von Tirpitz and all those who urged an unrestricted war against neutral ships contended that within six or eight months the Allies would face a crisis in shipping which they would not be able to overcome and that as a result Germany would be able to force England and the United States to make peace.

But as Philipp Scheidemann, the foremost leader, said in September: "Von Tirpitz's watch has run down."

It would not be safe to accept this Admiralty statement, this admission of miscalculation, if it were expressed only by the Wolff Bureau, because the government might have inspired the statement to mislead the Allies; but in its review of the strategy of the world war during 1917 the critical Frankfurter Zeitung, December 25, 1917, said:

"More than all other crises of the world war the submarine crisis was one of fantasy and miscalculations."

The editorial adds that it was a very difficult thing for the government and marine experts to figure exactly what effect the campaign would have because "it was so many sided." The newspaper adds that at some time there must be an official investigation to determine where the German mistake was made, and then it adds that "the submarine campaign has reached a new period and from month to month the absolute losses decrease." In concluding its remarks about the U-boats, the Zeitung acknowledges that from now on a "catastrophe cannot be expected."

Because the German Admiralty and the Frankurter Zeitung admit that the submarine campaign cannot alone compel the Allies to make peace one cannot conclude that all dangers from U-boats are passed. Germany will continue to use this weapon as ruthlessly as in the past and dozens of ships will be sunk before the war ends, but even the enemy admits the crisis is passed.

Thus, to win the war Germany must succeed in another field. Fighting a war of aggression Germany, to be victorious, must win by decisive military or political operations. In regard to "the prospects for 1918" the Frankfurter Zeitung remarks:

"If we push aside in a seemingly lighthearted manner the problem of America's military help it is because we consider it certain that the United States during the next few war months will not be able to strengthen her very strong moral and economic assistance by a large mobile army in France.

"The new year begins by indicating that each future strategic development will come from the decisive crisis of 1917. The great line is unrecognizable. The crisis reaches to the foundations in which the will to fight and conquer is anchored. The great line is no longer only on the surface; it does not include one front, one section or one army but the whole war condition of our enemy. Above all, the crisis of 1918 falls upon the shoulders of the Entente. Look out upon the past year, the twelve months since the peace proposals of the Central Powers; or, if one wishes to say, the war year of Lloyd George, and one will be able to understand why the Entente, why, above all, the Western Powers shoved away the peace proposals. The prospects must have appeared very favorable a year ago to the war council of the opponents because naturally the situation could not be viewed with the eyes of the German Army leadership.

"And they [the Entente] did not foresee the approaching catastrophe in Russia which was to end the two-front warfare for the Germans; which was to make possible the offensive against Italy and which now will permit the Central Powers to throw their whole mass against the French Front."

Printer's Ink Frightfulness

"Thus there is the prospect that within the next six months the war will enter its decisive stage, in which the Central Powers can count with absolute certainty upon strategic advantages. It is an exceedingly important period, when the hopes of the Entente for masses of American troops can under no circumstances be fulfilled. In the coming months the Central Powers will be enabled to concentrate their entire forces in the West. Never again, it is absolutely certain, at least during the next six months, will either England or France be able to find the favorable conditions which faced them at the beginning of their 1915, 1916 and 1917 offensives. Thus there falls to pieces every hope of the Entente for a successful new offensive on the Western Front. That is for us an invaluable success. But further, the chief army leadership has declared that a decisive blow against France is possible. Thus the whole strategic conditions of the West have changed. The war is turning toward France. French soil, the terrible bleeding fields which have so gruesomely suffered and drunk of storms of blood, will be the theater of the final battle, which will exceed the most terrific battles of the past year. . . . And England will spread out still further her millions in Northern France. Americans will come over and lay their weight upon this land—they will carry on the battle on French soil, the battle for Alsace and Lorraine; their Alsace and Lorraine, in order to secure their domination of the world.

"They [the Americans] will carry it on unless the English people seize the mandate for this murder out of the hands of Lloyd George. The Americans will continue the war if France does not break in two or if the French people, through the pressure of German arms, are not freed from the tyranny of their government, the people who are fighting only for an honorable freedom.

"The French crisis can indeed be the next military crisis of the war and the last of the world war."

A powerful editorial it is; directed almost wholly against France. Thus the press frightfulness begins before the offensive on the Western Front. As in Italy, so Germany hopes to succeed in France to undermine the morale, before the battle begins. Germany hopes to frighten France; to make the French people lose their courage. Germany looks forward to the possibilities of peace with France, knowing that peace with the United States and England is impossible so long as there lives the determination of to-day.

My German informant was right. France is now the object of Germany's intrigue, of Teutonic frightfulness and of the might of the Central Powers.

The World's Eyes on France

This then is the real basis for the official confidence of the enemy. Germany expects to crush France during 1918 and make it impossible for England and the United States to continue the war. The Kaiser has turned his sword to the West, and his press is announcing before the battle begins what the result will be. This, then, is to be the enemy's policy during 1918.

As this is written the German, Austro-Hungarian, Turkish and Bulgarian delegates are talking separate peace with the dictators of Russia at Brest-Litovsk, that most desolate of all Polish cities. It was not many months after the German occupation in 1916 that I made my first visit to the ruins at Brest. And shortly before the United States broke diplomatic relations I visited the ash heaps again. All that stands in Brest-Litovsk to-day are the railroad station and the barracks. On the outskirts of the city are a very few peasant huts, which German soldiers long ago confiscated. When Von Hindenburg was commander of the armies in the East, Brest-Litovsk was his headquarters, but the field marshal lived at that time in private railroad cars and kept his offices on wheels. When Hindenburg became chief of the general staff Prince Leopold, of Bavaria, succeeded him and the Prince took over the home of a Polish noble near by as his headquarters.

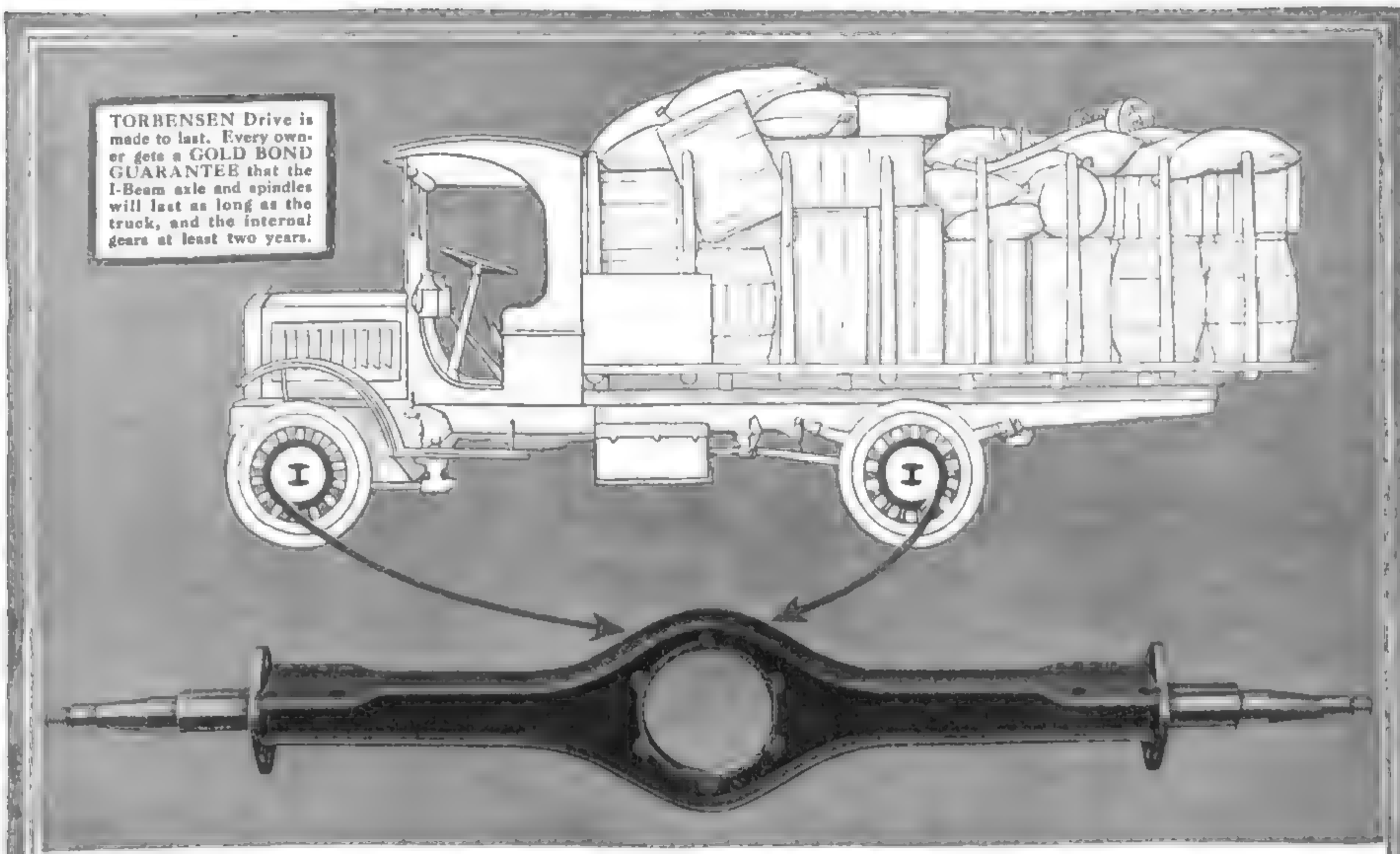
Brest-Litovsk, it may be recalled, was burned by the orders of the Russian Czar when his troops were withdrawing from Poland. Every building and nearly every tree in this city, which in peacetime had more than fifty thousand inhabitants, was burned to the ground. In a few places the stone walls remain standing. Atop the smoked ruins of the stock exchange hung at right angles from the building the winged figure of Victory, which had stood above the edifice in peacetime. And it was to these ruins that the Central Powers invited the Russian radicals to make peace.

If peace is signed and it seem[illegible], Germany will be able to turn her whole attention to France and Italy, and possibly Switzerland. The Frankfurter Zeitung was right. The eyes of the world will be on France this spring.

But what of conditions in Germany? Is that country so all powerful that within six months the whole world will pay her tribute? Is there no hope for France, for England or for America? Must we give up our liberty in exchange for death?

By the time this is published the human waves of Central Europe may be dashing and breaking against the outposts and trenches of France and Flanders. The fortunes of war may be with the enemy. They may be with us.

(Concluded on Page 97)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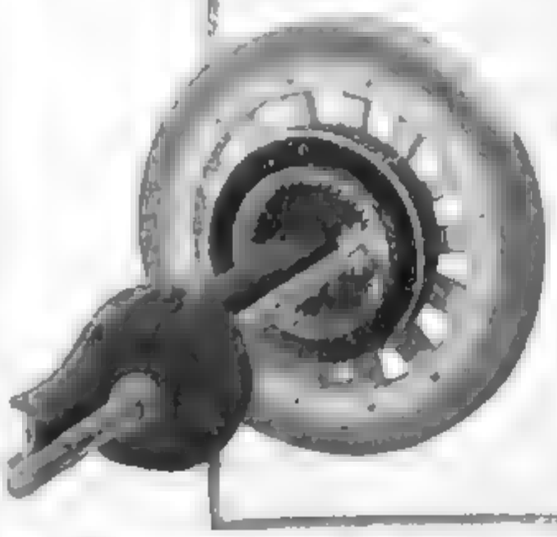

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Torbensen Internal Gear Drive carries the load on a *patented*, forged-steel I-Beam. No other rear axle drive has or can have this I-Beam load-carrier. This I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive stronger and almost cuts the weight in two, where carrying capacities are equal.

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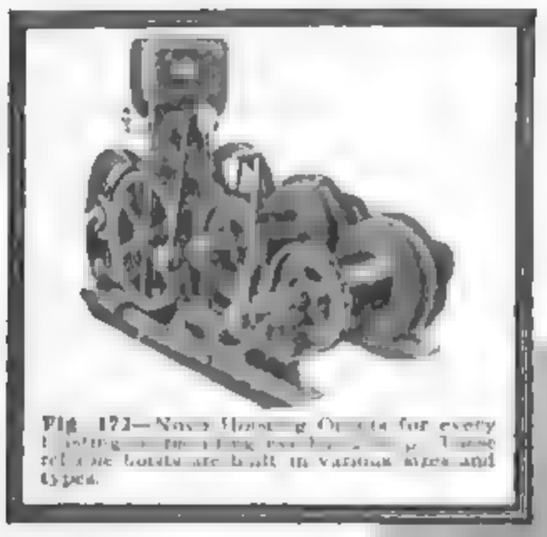


Fig. 122—Novo Hoisting Outfits for every [illegible] Three of these outfits are built in various sizes and types.

Fig. 1416—Novo Triplex Pumping Outfits are made in [illegible] suitable for high lifts or long distance pumping.

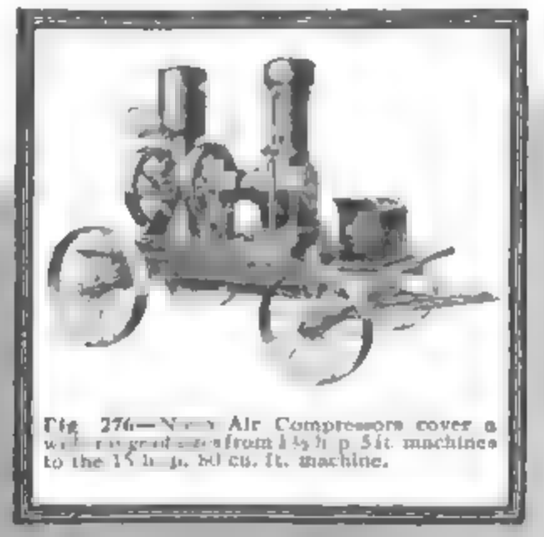


Fig. 276—Novo Air Compressors cover a wide range of sizes from 1½ h. p. 5 ft. machines to the 15 h. p. 80 cu. ft. machine.

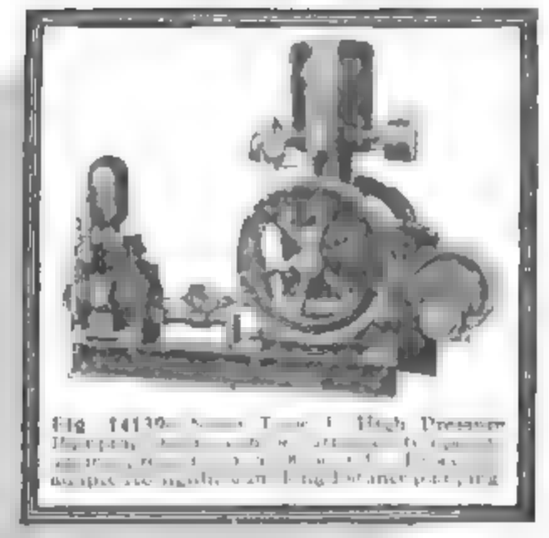


Fig. 1413—Novo Type [illegible] High Pressure [illegible] suitable for [illegible] accepts the highest [illegible] pumping.

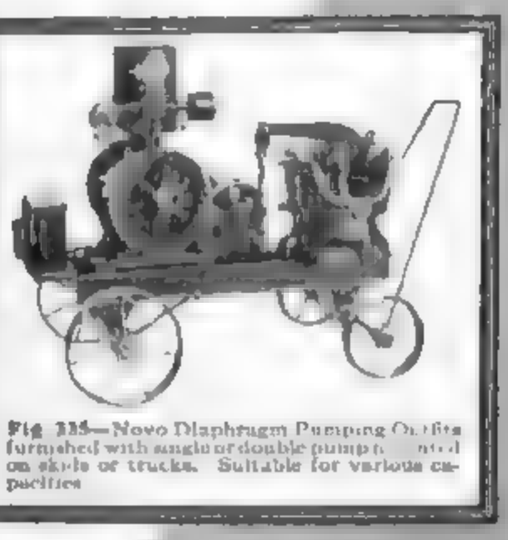


Fig. 335—Novo Diaphragm Pumping Outfits furnished with single or double pumps [illegible] on skids or trucks. Suitable for various capacities

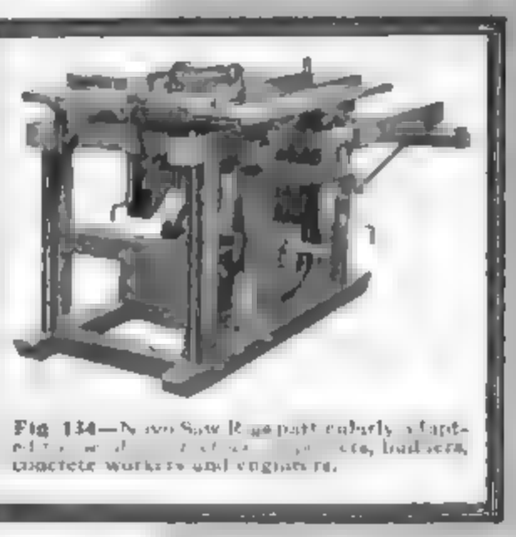
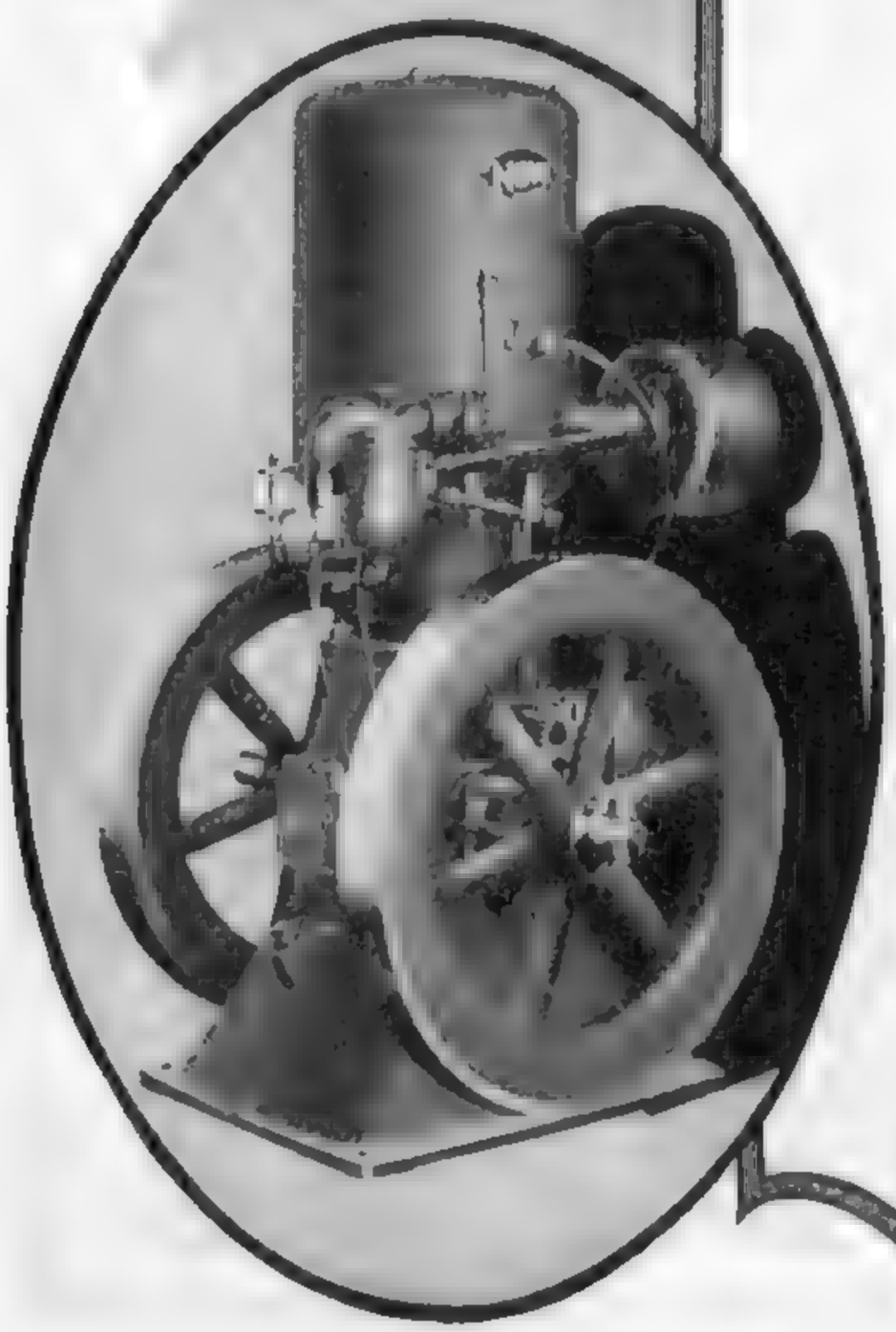


Fig. 134—Novo Saw Rigs particularly adapted [illegible] contractors, builders, concrete workers and engineers.



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NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

777 Willow St., Lansing, Mich.
Lytton Building, Chicago, Ill.

(Concluded from Page 94)

Until to-day Germany has not been fighting the Allies. Germany has been attacking each nation separately. That has been the secret of Von Hindenburg's strategy, which the United States and the Allies recognized at the Paris conference. So far during the war Germany has defeated individual nations. To-day for the first time Germany faces a united enemy. The advantages which Germany has had on all fronts do not exist in France or in Italy. And the very fact that no mention is made in the German newspaper editorial regarding the outcome of the Paris conference indicates in itself that it is the last thing the Central Powers expected the enemy to do. Besides, Germany does not intend to recognize this unity.

Throughout the German and Austrian newspapers to-day one finds a constant stream of appeals to France and Italy. The high command expected Italy to break forth into a land of revolutions after the invasion. Now the high command expects France to collapse under the weight of German arms. Germany is striving in every possible manner to win or corrupt France. Some eight months ago, so I have been informed by a German newspaper man in Berne, the Berlin Foreign Office instructed the editors and publishers of all German papers not to criticise M. Caillaux and not to print telegrams from neutral countries regarding his activities. Since then the French Chamber of Deputies has suspended the parliamentary immunity of the former prime minister, because of his alleged plans for making a separate peace between France and Germany. A French newspaper publisher has had to resign and sell his interests in his journal because of the campaign he was alleged to have conducted in the interests of Germany and peace. Through intrigue, bribery and deception, German agents have attempted to sever Italy from the Allied cause, but also without success.

Still Germany tries. Germany realizes that she cannot win against a united Allied army, so she tries to estrange the two belligerents on whose soil the future battles of the war are to rage.

In this light Herr von Kuehlmann, the foreign minister; Von Hindenburg, the general; and the Kaiser, the ruler, see the victory which the Frankfurter Zeitung proclaims to its readers and all the neutral European world. But in looking abroad they overlook the situation at home.

Germany on the Verge of Ruin

Germany herself is on the verge of ruin. The nation is divided. The millions of trains that have rattled over the rails from east to west and from north to south have weakened the roadbeds. Practically all travel, except for military or government purposes, has been stopped. A prohibitive tax is placed upon all tickets for civilians. No freight or express can be moved from point to point unless it be for the government's use against the enemy. Raw materials are lacking and people are dying of disease and starvation. The Neue Wiener Journal, of Vienna, stated on December 15, 1917, that in the Austrian capital, during 1917, 45,000 people died of all diseases. In comparison to this there were but 24,000 births. Of the total number of deaths 12,000 were caused by tuberculosis, a disease which is steadily increasing because of the poor food conditions.

In Berlin and all other German cities the battle for food and nourishment continues, and the press and the people shout against the government regulations. The people think of nothing but peace and food. They hope for nothing but peace. They are for peace at any price, and they have been led to believe that separate peace with Russia and the German offensive in the West will bring it; will bring peace and victory.

For at least three years during the war there has been a division between the public and the government, but the latter has in many cases succeeded in hiding it, just as it attempts to cover up internal fights and dissatisfactions with an official cloak of confidence. The powers that be know that if they do not win this year against a united enemy their hold on the people will break down. The abyss which exists between the aspirations of the people and the lusts of the leaders, the channel which divides the peace hopes of the public and the victorious expectations of the autocrats—is to-day bridged only by the press. Printed victories from day to day and from month to month have held the Central Powers together. Now the leaders have promised the people a final victory in the West, against France, England and the United States. The conclusion which the Allies reach from this display of confidence and exaltation is that Germany must win or lose this year. If the war goes on until 1919 the Allies win.

Her Last Card

Early in this article I remarked that the German state of mind was curious. I shall illustrate by a story which the Berlin Vossische Zeitung printed.

Late in December Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg received a delegation of editors and publishers representing German religious newspapers. "During the conversation with the field marshal," said the Vossische Zeitung, "there was emphasized over and over again the firm conviction of the great leader that in addition to our former victories we shall have other successes."

Then, as the guests were leaving, the general remarked:

"If the courage of the people at home remains unbroken behind us we shall win. Send greetings from me to the dear German homes and tell the people: They shall not fear, for we are winning with God."

Before the delegation was permitted to leave, General Ludendorff, the first quartermaster general, received them and, according to the Berlin newspapers, made the following request of the press:

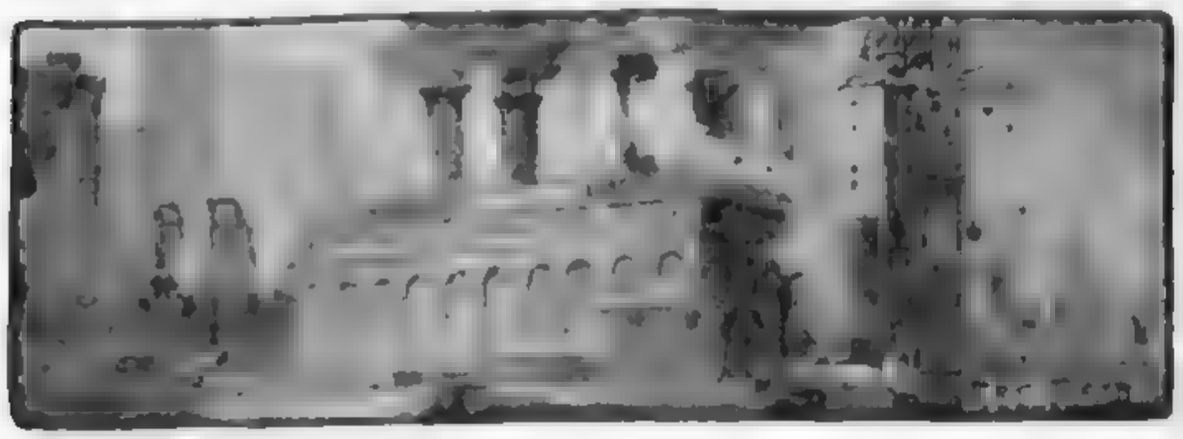
"Do not write so much about peace, for only victory will lead to it. So it was in the East [against Russia] and so it will be everywhere. Victory and peace are certain. The more united we are within and the firmer we bear what must be borne the sooner peace will come. No one can take victory from us by military means. As we stand to-day before great and difficult undertakings we shall succeed with God's help."

At the beginning of the war the German slogan was "*Durchhalten*," literally "Hold out." To-day this slogan is dropped for the new Hindenburg battle cry: "Remain unbroken behind us." At the beginning the military dictators were afraid Germany could not endure a long war. To-day they fear an internal collapse and they shout: "Be united!"

A few days after I arrived in Switzerland I lunched with a military attaché of one of our Allies. "It seems to me," I remarked, "that we are on the eve of another Marne or another Verdun."

"Germany has made miscalculations throughout the war," he answered. "Germany has expected every weapon and every big military move to bring her victory. The submarine war was to bring peace by last September, but it did not. Now the German offensive in France is to end the war this summer. But the Germans have made another mistake. The flesh and blood of English, French and American troops will hold the Front against the mass attacks this year—and then the eyes of the world will be upon the United States.

"With this offensive Germany plays her last trump."



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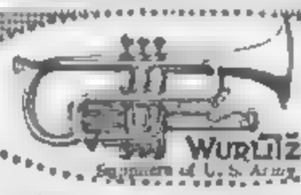

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WARS AND RUMORS

(Continued from Page 7)

her attitude, sitting. Here was a creature who should be striding out in snowshoes across his hills, her cheeks in a vivid glow, her lungs filled with vivifying refrigerated air.

"What did you have for lunch?" he asked.

"It was breakfast, really. Part of a tin of kippered herring and marmalade. I should be a happy woman if I could make decent coffee."

"You never would," he observed frankly; "it takes a very exact care. You can't just spill things into the pot and hope for results. That's one of the reasons why I won't stay in private houses—the coffee."

"I haven't threatened to make you any."

"But I might do something of the kind for you . . . after a great deal of scouring."

"Do you know, I wish you hadn't come, you are so disagreeable!"

"I specialize in that," Carpenter informed her. He was conscious of a curiosity that had grown into interest. Liza Molton, he decided, was no more commonplace than he. An unexpected ease in her presence developed.

"And then again," she continued, "I like you enormously. Your books are yourself spread out on pages. I think if it hadn't been for the fur coat I'd have recognized you. Exactly the right age for a man. I'm twenty-seven."

"How ever did you get here? What brought you? It seems like a depressing sort of place."

"Depressing!" she cried. "Why, this is the most exciting in the world." Her voice became round, serious. "It's Bohemia, youth, the village! Didn't you know that? Are you ignorant of the Brevoort and Polly's and the Greenwich Village Theater? Haven't you heard Bobby Edwards sing or thrown a bomb into Bruno's garret?"

"No," he replied concisely; "and I don't want to. Of all the dreary frauds Bohemia is the worst. It has only this advantage—that you can avoid at once the most objectionable features of a so-called artistic career; they all gravitate to this mythical province. But certainly you don't scribble one-act plays or daub, you are not of the asphalt or bricks. What are you doing here?"

"I can tell you in a word—freedom! I am free to come or go, rise or fall. And I love art, any kind, or I wouldn't have cared for your books. Here we talk about it all day and night."

"Exactly," he agreed dryly; "of course that has nothing to do with the thing itself. Personally I detest such gabble; there are perhaps only three men alive whose opinions are of the slightest value about writing. But don't let's waste words over trifles. You haven't told me how you personally got here."

"Why should I? But I shall—you are so detached. It's like talking to some new kind of idol in modern clothes. I am a Kentuckian," she told him. As he studied her keen poise he realized that she had given him exactly the information he had been seeking. "Molton may mean nothing to you, but in Kentucky it is a very significant word. Do you mind my saying it was quite a name? My grandfather bred and raced Belle Sauvage. Some men who have heard that have tried to embrace my knees."

"I take it a race horse."

"You may. Perhaps that describes me as fully as any million words. A Kentucky racing stable—lovely and devoted women; the sweetest and most reckless men in the world; champagne and grand stands and jockeys in satin; cotillons and pistols and always honor. Cherokee roses and green paddocks. What was I to do, Richard Carpenter, with all that in my blood and no one else left, the gold all gone, the stables empty, the jumps broken—with only a graveyard in an upper pasture and a distant connection in Louisville? I have got to dance," she said; "yes, and drink; and I love beautiful things.

"Here it is young and generous and uncritical; and, for all you say, not vulgar. Where else could I get that for a glass of beer and a rabbit? Where else could I pretend to be a Columbine and have everyone help in the pretense? Where else would a poor young man with a little unexpected money send me my rent pinned to a flower?"

Carpenter frowned at this sentimentality. "It's all shiftless," he replied; "a conglomeration of failures helping the others to ignore that fact. Nothing accomplished—not even coffee."

"At least we are human," she said defiantly.

"I cannot find that a recommendation," he returned; "I dislike such humanity."

"Where do you live?

"I wonder if I would like it," she speculated with a faint degree of wistfulness. "I wonder if I am not getting too old for Greenwich Village."

Suddenly Carpenter had a surprising vision of Liza Molton in his house—it was surprising because she seemed to accord astonishingly with its severity. It was her slender statuesque being, of course; she was like that Belle Sauvage her grandfather had raced—there were the potentialities of strength and long endurance; her gestures and movements were at once sweeping and graceful. It was an outrage that she should be shut by hard circumstance inside this vicious false circle. Yet he was forced to recognize the unavoidable logic and truth in all she had maintained. There were extraordinary forces of heredity, tyrannical impulses and needs.

The room had darkened in the early winter twilight, and she lighted two half-consumed candles on a mantel. His sense of irritation at the surrounding city departed; an unusual accord with a human being pervaded him.

"I must be free!" she cried, standing with her slim hands clasped and her gaze brooding on him. It was, differently expressed, his own attitude and position—a liberty of thought and action utterly without responsibility to others.

"I have found it absolutely," he told her gravely; "nothing in life controls me."

VI

A COMFORTABLE silence enveloped them, out of which a sense of hunger suggested an offer and question.

"With the most profound thanks," she replied; "I am fascinated by the thought of dining at the Brevoort with a fur-lined overcoat. I hope you won't give it to the boy at the door, but wear it magnificently to a table."

Seated later in one of a number of moderately large dining rooms entering one from the other, Carpenter ordered, in addition to the dinner, champagne. "This," he announced, glass in hand, "is a ghostly wine of the past. To the echoing hoofs of Belle Sauvage on the Elysian Fields."

With dinner, a solid affair which he had insisted on choosing, Liza Molton grew, he thought, warmer colored, more vigorously actual. He saw her now far more clearly on a snow-drenched hill, standing straight against a yellow sky. How her face would respond to the cleansing rush of wind; how she would stride, long limbed, over the winter roads! She would be remarkable on skis, flying out in a silver swirl into the breathless jumps.

"I think I'm a little tired of this," she said again with a gesture. "It isn't exactly the freedom I want; it isn't—well, big enough, but all crowded about your ears. And the men . . . leave a great deal to be desired. I think they feed too much on paint and books. And it's sad here—there are so many hopes, so much sacrifice, that you cannot help seeing must come to nothing; while I like to be gay."

"A waste heap," he said absently.

The diners had left, and the room was deserted in the slack period before the evening parties. "Do you want to go on to a cellar," she asked, "or climb to an attic? You can find drinks and people in either place."

"I avoid just those things," he replied with a gaze still abstracted. She would be most compelling perhaps in the birch woods under a May moon; then he was forced to consider her at the end of a crisp autumn day sitting before the burning hickory logs. He watched the smoke from her cigarette ascend in a slow fold.

Through all this he was obsessed by a feeling of pity for the waste of her resplendent vitality here in New York, dissipated by the hard glaring light, her life slowly seeping, worn out on sterile pavements, crushed by walls, spent by a foreseen surrender to the adventitious forgetfulness of drinks and emotionalism. That she had so much was her especial peril; others, more stolid, might safely float through such

(Continued on Page 101)

THE NASH SIX

PERFECTED VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR

BUILT UPON A FOUNDATION OF FAITH

Just six months ago the Nash Six with *perfected valve-in-head* motor, the finished result of a year's designing, building and testing, was shown to the buying public.

This car has now been before the bar of public opinion for just a half year. Yet that brief time has sufficed to establish the Nash Six as one of America's most sought for cars.

The wide acceptance of the Nash *perfected valve-in-head* motor, as marking a distinct advance in motor engineering, has been unmistakably plain.

Seek where you will—among motor enthusiasts—among dealers—in every channel of motor activity you will find the Nash Six regarded as an unusually good car. Those who know motor cars well, say it is one of the best, if not *the* best value on the market.

We have never emphasized price in connection with the Nash Six and do not desire to make price an issue now, but we find everywhere among the trade and public alike, an expressed wonder that a car so good as the Nash Six can be built to sell at a price so reasonably low.

You no doubt have heard that same opinion voiced in similar terms. For that judgment is not sectional; it is nation-wide. Possibly no other motor car has gained so rapidly general recognition as a car of superior worth.

It was of course evident that motor car buyers and dealers, in fact all familiar with the annals of the motor car industry, looked to C. W. Nash and his organization of motor car experts to produce a better than average car.

This was natural, in view of the great success already achieved by them in the building and marketing of other high grade automobiles. From the time the Nash Motors Company purchased the great Jeffery plant at Kenosha, until the new car embodying their personal ideals was first shown, the interest in the new product reflected the public's confidence in the ability of this organization to produce a car that would set a new standard of values.

So the Nash Six was builded upon a foundation of faith. That it has measured up to every expectation is being demonstrated daily by the appreciation it finds in the hands of users in every section of the country.

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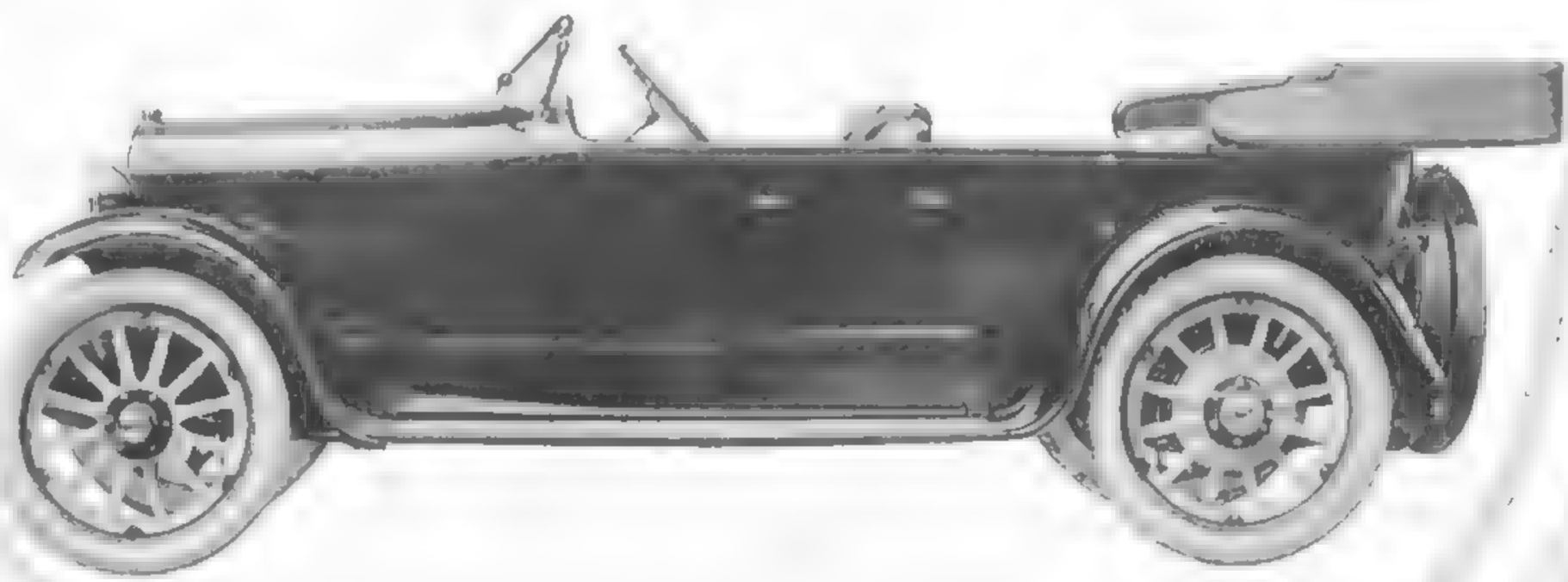

An All-Satisfying Car

NO man can afford to buy a car until he sees the New Case Six—until he rides in it or drives it.

Here, if ever, is a fine car no man can pass by, without appraising.

If you want beauty and comfort, this New Case Six is bound to appeal. Its roominess, its finish, its superior upholstery are unequaled.

If you want power—dependable and constant—this New Case Six exceeds your requirements. You must sit at the wheel or at the driver's side to fully appreciate this car's eager response.

If you want economy in initial cost and in operation, you must judge Case values and performance for yourself. You should become acquainted with it—whether you choose it or not. Its standards all men respect. As you go down the list of things you want in a car, and turn to see what this New Case Six offers, you will be convinced that it is the car for you.

It is the "All-Feature Car," combining in one all the wanted betterments and superiorities found in the many.

It is our greatest achievement.

It is fathered by 76 years of experience in the engineering world. And by the experience of great concerns which have associated themselves with us. From the Case-Continental motor to the tiniest detail every part is known universally and certified by successful usage.

We urge you to become acquainted with this fine car before you make a choice.

We rise or fall on your decision. And we are willing—yes, anxious—to let the New Case Six stand on its own merits, with you as the judge.

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waters to haven, but not Liza Molton, not with her heritage of aristocratic fiber and imprudence.

His thoughts turned in upon himself and the existence he led. Suddenly it seemed a little unsatisfactory: having admitted so much into his consciousness it created new reactions and desires. The secret of the success with which he had kept his detachment was the fact that he had held all contacts at a distance. Carpenter recognized this clearly; and at the same time saw that already any regret or retreat short of immediate flight would be unavailing.

He remained, pulling shortly at his blackened pipe, watching his companion burn brandy on the top of her after-dinner cup.

She smiled at him mistily in the heated vapor of the room: and there was a sudden painful contraction of his heart. "Don't drink that stuff!" he cried out unavoidably at her fingering the minute glass of cognac. Then: "Water's better," he muttered awkwardly at her natural surprise. No half measures would avail, for either himself or Liza Molton.

"I'd like it if you'd marry me," he pronounced.

She gave a slight gasp, but fell with surprising rapidity into his own mood. "I think I should, too," she said after a little. "Anyway, it's fun to think about."

"I wasn't attempting humor," he explained; "what I said I mean."

"You might allow me ten minutes," she replied; "it's so comparatively new. You will be horrified to know that I am considering it. Perhaps I had better explain. If I did and it wasn't successful I'd leave; I wouldn't fight with you or be bored for a lifetime because of a ceremony; and that makes my calm less mad than it would ordinarily seem. I should have to be married from the inside out," she particularized, "and not in the other way. I'd only stay if I continued to want to."

As she spoke he saw a flash of something in her eyes which he could describe only as an illumination of intense spiritual longing and purity. He felt the presence, too, of the courage he had divined in her.

"I suppose you still mean it?"

"More than ever!"

"Well, I can't; even I—exactly like this. But I wish you'd show me your house—all the things you live among, that are really you. Then I'd know better. Of course I found something from your books—only one kind of man could have written them ——"

He studied his watch, then produced a railway schedule. "Nine-forty," he said. "An express goes east past midnight; that would connect with the local milk train. We would get home in the morning."

"Very well," she agreed quietly.

In the corner of a smoking compartment, in the smooth rush of the eastern express through dim white spaces and towns dark under mantles of snow, Richard Carpenter sat with his ruck sack at his feet, wondering, wondering. Had he utterly betrayed himself, lost all that he had so laboriously won or —? Of course she might yet refuse. But whatever Liza decided he knew that the mold of all his life had been broken, he had exposed his being to incalculably puissant influences, before which he already found himself powerless, illogically buffeted and disarranged.

The junction platform, a trampled space where the block signals held vivid red and green arms across the early lavender flush of morning, small scattered houses under great eaves of snow, a deep-rutted road rising over a white crest, the thin jangle of sledge bells—brought an exclamation of pleasure from Liza.

It was, she declared, like an escape into a new, unused world.

She followed him with a lively interest up the narrow track to his house, and stood gazing over the flashing hills while he swiftly built a fire within. The ruddy warmth filled the interior; and as she moved from object to object in the room Carpenter raked and lighted the stove.

"It's appalling," Liza Molton told him; "I am afraid to breathe except in an orderly way." She made a gesture of weariness and he insisted upon rest. Wrapped in a Hudson Bay blanket she fell almost immediately asleep. The sun soared with the morning; in and about his dwelling Carpenter accomplished a hundred small tasks. Once she turned, half waked and smiled drowsily, then sank back into unconsciousness. He turned finally to the thought of dinner.

Frozen in a slatted box was part of a roast leg of lamb: grinding a part of the meat he put it on to boil with a quantity of cut macaroni, and then compounded a pungently savory sauce. Busying himself with the setting of the table he heard a sudden voice at his back:

"That smell would bring up the dead."

Liza Molton strolled across the room with her hands raised to her hair. She opened the door and stood gracefully against the noon glare. She drew a deep satisfied breath, then turned.

"Thank you, Richard," she said; "I'd love to."

VII

HE RECALLED one of his first visions of her as they were dropping down an icy incline on skis. She was ahead of him, beautifully poised and alert. How incredibly the actuality had followed. They flickered across a rise, and turning shot along a wind-blown stream. She took his hand and clambered over a bank, and they scuffled home. There, in a pair of his buckskin breeches, moccasins and thick wool socks, she relaxed in happy indolence.

Under a lamp he wrote the first pages of the new book, while she read beyond the table. He was awakened the next morning by a continuous dripping, and found the countryside enveloped in a low, cottony fog. An intermittent rain followed, rivulets cut through the sodden snow and the road became a muddy morass.

"How long will this last?" she demanded at a window.

"Ten days," he negligently replied.

She found some boots and adventured out while Carpenter remained absorbed in writing. When she returned she sat quietly, but he felt that she was restless. Putting aside his work he produced dominoes and instructed her in the intricacies of sniff. Her attention wavered at the end of an hour.

"I think I'd like to read," she announced, but the book soon fell upon her lap.

Carpenter remonstrated cheerfully. "You jump about like a sparrow."

"Perhaps that's what I am. How long have we been here, married, Richard?"

"Something like six weeks."

"What a good man you are," she continued. Suddenly, to his intense dismay, she was crying silently.

"Yes, yes!"—he was at her shoulder, "why ——"

"I hate myself," she admitted; "but it's not only that—I'm afraid you will think I am ungrateful. Now I—I want something different. It seems dreadfully lonely here at times. My damnable blood, of course; all the old things stirred up in me. Last night when you were asleep I thought I'd die if I didn't dance, even at Polly's, with one of those ridiculous boys, and with a drink back on my table. Please don't bother, I'll get over it; I'll get old and serious, Richard."

"Honestly," he told her, "I haven't much patience with you. I think you are doing your character an injustice. I understand just what you mean, but I can't think that you are merely a weather vane. The privilege of maturity is a certain philosophy, an ability to construct a durable scheme."

"I don't like schemes. I want to be free."

He went silently back to his work, but all that she had said lingered, dissipating his efforts. However, of one thing he was certain—he had no regret for what he had done. Carpenter looked with a moving pity at his wife, sitting with a fixed gaze and pinched lips; but he felt himself helpless to aid in her inner struggle. The employment of his affection now he regarded as a sentimental temporary evasion of the reality confronting her. A degree of recklessness became visible on her countenance.

He wondered later if such a strictly reasonable attitude were the best with a woman. Vague, beginning impulses of a far different kind were threatening to possess him; but he put them aside from the sheer necessity of feeling that his wife must be accorded the final compliment of intellectual dignity.

She made, he saw, a determined effort at self-mastery. But unfortunately the weather continued vile; her incipient discontent spread to himself, and he was aware of a thin edge of resentment. He almost spoke sharply, impatiently; but fortunately, he thought, he escaped such a deplorable lapse. At last she stood before him with a helpless, almost laughing dismay.

"If you love me," she cried, "burn the dinner at least once!"

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The AutoStrop Razor is the real soldier's razor. It needs no supply base. It is self-maintaining, a complete shaving outfit. The twelve blades in the kit will give at least five hundred clean shaves.

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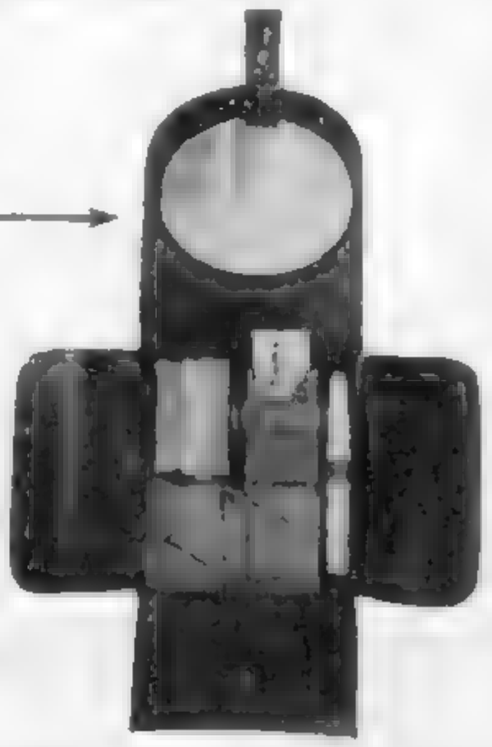

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After a first unsuccessful effort by Liza the cooking had again principally depended on himself; he was melting currant jelly for a dressing, and he paused, spoon in hand. She leaned forward and upset the small pipkin, and the jelly spread in blackening bubbles over the stove with a sharp odor of burning. "I had to, Mr. Carpenter," she told him. She whirled round and round the room, finally sinking into his arms.

He deposited her in a chair and proceeded to clean the top of the stove. "Old lady Richard," she sang. Then in a sharper mood Liza frankly swore at the surrounding dullness.

"I have been tried and found wanting," she announced.

It became more evident to him that here the processes of logic might be unavailing. With this his disturbance increased and he addressed a lengthy temperate remonstrance to her.

At its end he said, unexpectedly: "—— and you must not forget that my love for you is very actual."

"I adore you, too," she promptly replied. "But you let out your love in such small amounts! I think you must forget it between whiles."

"That is the unavoidable deficiency of my temperament," he told her stiffly.

"It's no good, Richard," she went to him gravely the following week, "I am a failure. I—I can't stay here any longer. You will never know how bitterly disappointed I am with myself. Of course this means ruin sooner or later. I am a born drifter, a piece of hopelessness. Even your wonderful kindness can't hold me."

He saw at once that it would be useless to argue, to insist on any rights. He recalled what she had said at the first—that she must be married from the inside out. A sense of deep, impending loss swept over him, expressed in a phrase:

"The failure has been my own."

"You will be happier without me," she added.

He fought down a strangling desire to deny this in hot tumbling words. Liza wanted to go. It was stupid here for her with only him, a middle-aged, over-sober man.

"You must do what you think best," he said formally.

"What I must!" she cried in correction.

As the train by which she was to leave rumbled into view, disregarding an idler on the platform she embraced him with a desperate straining emotion.

"I don't move about much," he told her; "you will find me here if you like, if you need. There will be money for you on deposit at my bank."

She turned, entering the car, and he had a final glimpse of her face vivid and wet with tears.

VIII

CARPENTER prepared a solitary supper with the utmost deliberate care, then arranged everything in its old order. He filled his pipe and sat with his head in a mist of smoke and poignant memories. He endeavored to accept what had happened with a customary fatalistic calm, but the effort was a melancholy failure. His chief feeling was a self-accusation at having permitted Liza to wander back into former uncertain paths.

In some way beyond his grasp he should have supported her, held her firmly; given all that was stable in her a chance to consolidate against vagrant impulses and fancies. She possessed, he told himself, the rarest potentialities for splendor.

His writing utterly collapsed; beside the thought of the warm presence of his wife the words assembled in files seemed of little importance; he satirized the old care with which he had polished paragraphs. The image of Liza continually floated before him: she smiled at him out of a dark that resembled the gloomy hall reaching to her room in the vicinity of Washington Square; she laughed and smoked and drank, the shadows of an ill-conditioned life again deepened on her face; she danced wildly in the fever of her eternal seeking, her longing, her need for freedom.

That last was the term most frequently on her lips, and he considered it through an entire evening. Carpenter left her for the moment, and turned the query in upon himself. To this condition of personal liberty he felt that he had absolutely attained. In the relinquishment of so much he had captured the utmost he finally demanded from life. Yes, he was free, liberated with a clear vision from all that was at present convulsing the world; free to write ——

Yet he was unable to put one acceptable sentence after another. . . . Liza's hair in a shimmering cloud about her shoulders. He was free, on his hill; alone. He had had his lesson in the futility of human pretensions; he had profited and withdrawn; but Liza had gone back to what she had called the village, to Bohemia, that fire of stray chips without warmth. He, Richard Carpenter, had allowed her to drift, to wreck her beauty and promise. And with that consummation, he saw, all his own pride and security had departed.

A thought so revolutionary to his being flashed into his brain that he repeated it aloud: "What she needs is not more freedom, but none at all." Self-forgetfulness—yes, even servitude. And in the painful illumination of his mind his own independence became a thing to cast away, to scorn, with its symbols of an isolated house and pages added to the other uncounted pages, the multiplication of the enormous waste of trivial books.

He looked about him with a new repudiation of all that the interior represented; he was animated by one need, one passionate desire—he must find Liza and stand with her, at her side; whatever he had of sustenance, of courage, of wisdom, must be hers; together they would struggle to subdue old destructive influences, the echo of bacchantic strains, the need of mad hours of forgetfulness. He moved about, preparing the room for a long absence; outside he fastened bulky shutters into place; back again at his table he rammed the freshly accumulated piles of papers into a drawer. A passing regret seized him at leaving so much behind, forever. The second period of his life had drawn to an end; at a time when he should have become contemplative a curious irony had wrecked his place of safety and thrown him out into the insecurity of blind human conflict.

At his departure in the morning he stood for a moment gazing back at his blank house; and he was oppressed by a feeling that the shuttered empty bulk resembled all that had gone of his existence—a shell empty at heart. Moving down and away he was dismayed at the poverty of his equipment for what he had undertaken, the doubtfulness of success. It might be that Liza was delighted to be back, untrammeled, in old halls of revelry; it was probable that she would laugh at the message he was bringing her. It might easily seem but another aspect of his dullness. Then, too, Liza was young, gay—the word was her own—and service was a condition far removed from youth, the reverse of gayety.

Yet he had dedicated his life to just this, and he must do all that was possible, to the very end. He would show her other, better music, truer beauty. When the war was over they would go abroad, wander through lovely courtyards and groves. They might even get into Norway now, lose themselves in the grim black magnificence of green fiords under sheer rock walls. Everything that lay within his power!

In his eagerness to reach Liza he went immediately from the station in New York to the room where he had found her. Nothing apparently was changed; yet when he knocked upon her door there was no answer except the hollow echo of his tap. It was evident that she had gone out; he must return. But on the stairs leading still up he saw a girl leaning back for the kiss of an intent boy. "If you've been to Liza's room," she cried unperturbed, "you are too late. She has vanished; and I've inherited her purple and fine linen."

IX

AGAIN on the street Carpenter stood confused before the unquestionable fact that Liza had gone. This had been utterly unlooked for. He had thought that she might refuse to hear him, that she might continue on her search for freedom; but he had been certain of seeing her, of at least being near at hand. He moved in a sudden determination toward his bank, hoping to find that she had drawn upon the sum on deposit for her—perhaps they had an address—but not a dollar had been disturbed.

The city flowed about his dismay in a monumental volume of belligerent activity. It seemed to him that he stood outside an aim that, absorbing all other humanity, left him isolated on the pavements. What gave this a changed significance was that the city had drawn Liza into itself; and, in that act, hopelessly entangled all his desires and need in the mass that he had so completely ignored until now.

He slowly footed the inevitable Avenue, struggling to call back a customary mental order from the inundating misery of his fears. Above all was the dull conviction that it would be useless to search for her. Liza had left no word, no direction; and that omission, he felt, must have been deliberate. In place of the summoned calm, reason, his emotions became more unruly; he had the sense of rushing erratically through droves of people, searching, half expecting the impossible.

This panic in turn faded, a degree of normality returned, flavored with bitter reflection. On either side of the Avenue the shop windows presented a single sweep of glittering show, filled with jewels and silks and velvet; gorgeous women's hats, men's scarfs of garnet and deep blue, services of gold and silver, delicately worked leather and ivory. Before the doors servants in heavy livery constantly opened and shut momentarily stopping motor cars; and women wrapped in furs, pale, impatient men, descended or resettled themselves among the luxurious cushions.

Something like this, Richard Carpenter thought, had been the liberty he was bringing Liza—Norway and Corfu, the opera. The bitterness of his old hatred for such drugged sensuality returned incalculably enlarged; and with it the renewed conviction that he could not have saved Liza with words, a mere message. Her phrase once more came back to mind—from the inside. All life must develop in that way only; men could not run with crutches, but solely from their own stamina and courage.

At this realization a great deal of his troubling left him; he ceased actively to struggle, to rebel, and stood for a moment at a crossing with his brain almost tranquil, in the conscious surrender of his being to a great silent current.

The traffic on the side street was held, and he saw, marching rigidly down the broader Avenue, a close formation of troops, young and somber and crisply rhythmic. The winter light glittered on the brown steel of bayonets, and shone in the gold brilliancy of a bugle. Carpenter was thinking that the marching recalled an autumn wind, when suddenly there was a sharp twist at his heart, suddenly the timed clatter assumed a piercing significance. Here were men who, discarding the softness of silk and civilization, were going into an enormous war.

He did not regard it as either melancholy or deplorable, but bathed in a light of vigorous splendor. The spectacle of individual suffering and death was lost in the heroic mass involved. Compared with this last what did it matter whether a man grew old and fatly degenerated clutching sensuous pleasure or died young beside a high standard in battle! He saw the war not only as a struggle with an Imperial power, but as a revolt against the materialism that threatened to choke the spirit of the world. It might well be that this was, at last, the cleansing of the Augean stable of lies and corruption.

An enormous hatred filled him for all the idlers on the pavements, waiting impatiently to proceed on their unimportant errands. It seemed impossible, with this on foot, that any man should hesitate, not throw himself forward into the crash and uproar of conflict, that he might, perhaps that all might, emerge into a resplendent peace beyond.

He regretted his forty-five years, the fact that he had not all his youth to spend on this overwhelming chance. Yet there must be something within his power. Simultaneously with this query he recalled Palemon's offer, and swung about in search of the publisher. But of course now he would be too late.

Carpenter grasped this from the other's manner before the latter spoke.

"It was an immediate necessity," he said regretfully; "and we were forced to look somewhere else for a director ——"

"That is of no importance," Carpenter hastened to reply. "Is there a place for a draftsman on the commission?"

"Now that is handsome of you," Palemon said, standing; "such willingness means a victory. I'll accept your offer personally; if you can be ready. Why, I believe the number is to be assembled tonight. But I am unable to give you the details of your passage . . . in the hands of the Government."

"I can go from here," Richard Carpenter told him.

Later he paused, consulting his watch. The day had given place to night; he had an hour and ten more minutes of liberty; that liberty which he had found so barren for Liza and himself. An insidiously sentimental idea crept into his fiber; in a way it would be a period, a fitting close to the small remnant of the tragic-comic affair of his heart. He summoned a taxi with his stick; and soon after, with a curious perturbation, he entered the room of the Brevoort, where he had had dinner with Liza, on that incalculably far first night. It was past the hour of dining, the room had not yet filled for the evening.

Yet it was absolutely, miraculously complete. His wife half rose from the remembered table; her cigarette threw up a blue line from the edge of her cup.

"Richard," she half called, "what a chance!" He took his place across from her, and she leaned forward, dropping her hands on his own.

"Please," she begged, "not a question. I have only a little time. Pretend—oh, anything you wish. We are here, for the moment, together."

Her pallor was deeper than he recalled; she was thin, too, and older; yet her gaze was clear, steady—a more complex and difficult being—and infinitely more desirable—than he had realized at his first easy contact with her. Trivial queries and answers moved between them at long intervals. She smiled; his heart appeared to close; the minutes lapsed irrevocably. The rattle of voices increased about them. At last:

"Richard," she said, "you mustn't be angry. I am going away. Perhaps we shall never, never see each other again. I am leaving for France . . . to-night."

He gazed at her fixedly, without comment; beyond the banality of exclamation or surprise.

"If you had come sooner ——" she continued. "But no, I could as well have gone to you. I was still afraid, I wouldn't trust myself. You will never know how horrible it was here, after I left you. It was impossible for me to dance; I wanted something else, infinitely bigger. I wanted to lose myself," she said.

He nodded slowly.

"That freedom—nothing but straw."

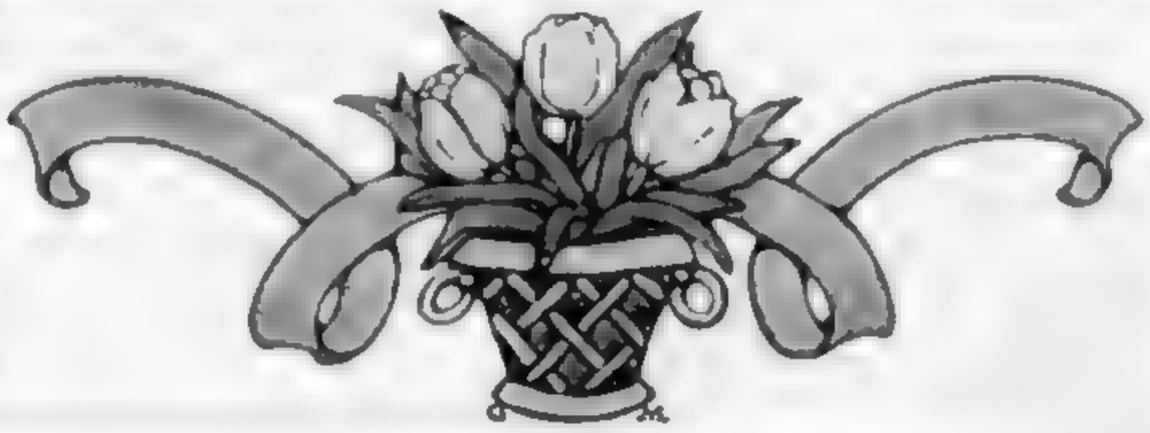
All that he had thought, hoped, about and for her, perfectly realized ——

"And now I have to go, I have to leave you and tell you nothing. I don't want to, Richard." A keen longing colored her words, her gaze resting on him. "You will understand. Yet I must, not because I have promised only, but from the need to hold the best, what you said I might be. Perhaps, oh, so much later, the slimmest chance, we could be still married."

Carpenter gestured for a waiter.

"I must go too," he told her; "for France; to-night."

In the necessity of a suddenly blinding possibility he added the detail of his instruction. An incredulous happiness quivered in the gesture of her arms toward him. Out of the stale air of cigarettes and beer, the parrotlike chattering of complacent weak voices, the shuffling and metallic whispering of flexible servants, they went together into the keen night.



ANNE SHAW FAULKNER
Writer—Lecturer
Author of "Music in the Home," "What We Hear in Music," and other books; well known contributor to [illegible]

Muratore—
Well-known Tenor and his Gulbransen

HERMAN DEVRIES
Teacher—Coach
Formerly Baritone of Opera Comique (Paris) and [illegible] (New York). Most successful Teacher of Singers in America

Great Artists Show the Gulbransen is "Easy to Play"

Now You May See and Hear the Gulbransen—and Play It Yourself

Gulbransen Entertainment Week

In Your Town Mar. 4 to 9

Muratore's Demonstration

Standing with his back to the Gulbransen, playing with only one foot on one pedal, Muratore shows you the superb ease of Gulbransen control.

Frankly, this particular demonstration is a "stunt." But important as well as interesting. For it proves the Gulbransen possesses *ease of operation in an unusual degree.* Without this ease no Player can be artistic and truly enjoyable.

Such easy pedaling—such easy control—make the Gulbransen "Easy to Play" *with expression.* As easy for you as for the trained musician. Why? Because easy pedaling and easy expression control are *built into* the Gulbransen.

Another thing that makes the Gulbransen "Easy to Play" is its *tone.* We mean just that! Easily produced tone lessens the effort of playing. The Gulbransen tone is highly resonant—"alive." It responds to the slightest touch of the hammers upon the strings—"sings" long and freely. It is the kind of tone that artists approve.

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Lively concerts, with latest instrumental and song "hits," patriotic programs, teas for the ladies, smokers for the men, special ballet dancing, formal recitals—something every day and evening—in or near your own town.

Admission free. Watch local newspapers for Dealer's advertisements announcing his program. Or to make sure, write us a postal now for our nearest Dealer's address.

Go! You will find these Gulbransen Entertainments both enjoyable and instructive. If you wish, you may play the Gulbransen yourself after the entertainment.

The Player of Today

The Gulbransen Player Piano grew out of long experience. It is built under the famous Gulbransen Patents, by an organization of experts headed by the inventor himself, Mr. A. G. Gulbransen.

For years, Mr. Gulbransen and his organization successfully produced playing mechanisms for other Piano Manufacturers. Then they designed a better Player, a modernized Player—their masterpiece—which they now build exclusively and offer to you and other buyers through a thousand Distributors.

Nationally Priced

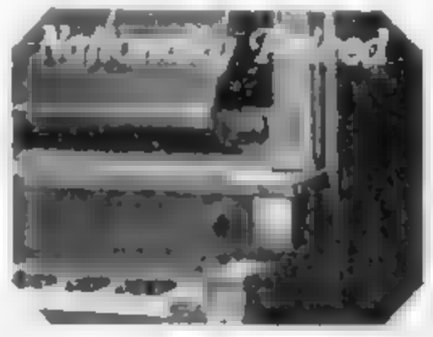
Gulbransen Player Pianos are sold at the same prices throughout the U. S. We mark the true price on every instrument before it leaves our factory (see illustration below). The four models are priced as follows:

"White House" Model	$525	"Suburban" Model . . .	$395
"Country Seat" Model	475	"Town House" Model . .	430

"How to Judge a Player Piano," an impartial booklet written by an expert, will be sent free on request. Also our illustrated Catalog, and name of Dealer nearest you. Just send your name and address on a postal. Send it now in time for Gulbransen Entertainment Week.

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3238 W. Chicago Avenue, CHICAGO



255

THIS CAR FOR CONTINUOUS SERVICE

THE part the automobile now is called upon to perform in American affairs demands a combination of qualities somewhat unusual.

The automobile is no longer merely a supplement to other carriers; it is itself a most important and essential means of transportation.

As such, its use cannot profitably be limited to favorable seasons; it must serve continuously and economically throughout the whole year.

Few cars so successfully meet the requirements of such service as this Oakland Sensible Six unit-body Sedan.

Quickly alterable from a closed winter car to an open summer model, this Sedan has ample power for town or country usage in any season.

The carefully made and finely equipped body is unusually roomy and comfortable; it is very easy to enter and leave.

Unique construction has eliminated all useless weight from the roof, protecting the chassis from overloading and the body and roof supports from undue strain.

The car has staggered doors, the forward one opening to the left at the driver's seat and the rear one opening to the right at the curb.

The high-speed overhead-valve Oakland Sensible Six engine delivers 44 horsepower at 2600 r. p. m., or one full horsepower to every 55 pounds of car weight in this Sedan.

Its smooth action, its high carburation efficiency and its unusual ratio of power to weight, assure users maximum mileage from gasoline and tires.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

The individual front seats and the wide loose-cushion rear seat in this Oakland Sensible Six unit-body Sedan are upholstered to harmonize with the car's exterior

Touring Car	$890
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Roadster Coupe	1150
Sedan	1190
Sedan (Unit Body)	1490
Coupé (Unit Body)	1490

F. O. B. Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

ISRAEL DRAKE

(Continued from Page 9)

Why should a being like that intrude himself upon a passenger platform in a respectable county town? Not to board a coach surely, for such as he pay no fares. To spy out the land? To steal luggage? Or simply to make himself hateful to decent folk?

He carried his head with a hangdog lurch; his heavy jaw was rough with stubble beard; his coat and trousers fluttered rags and his toes stuck out of his boots. Women snatched back their skirts as he slouched near, and men muttered and scowled at him for a contaminating beast.

Merryfield and Smith, drifting near that scum of the earth, caught the words "Four-thirty train" and the name of a station.

"Right!" muttered Merryfield. Then he went and bought tickets.

In the shelter of an ancient grimy day coach the scum muttered again, as Smith brushed past him in the aisle.

"Charles Stover's farm," said he.

"M'm," said Smith.

At a scrap of a station on the foothills of the South Mountain, the tramp and the troopers separately detrained. In the early evening all three strayed together once more in the shadow of the lilacs by Charles Stover's gate.

Over the supper table Hallisey gave the news. "Drake is somewhere on the mountain to-night," said he. "His cabin is way up high, on a ridge called Huckleberry Patch. He is practically sure to go home in the course of the evening. Then is our chance. First, of course, you fellows will change your clothes. I've got some old things ready for you."

The Reluctant Stover

Farmer Stover, like every other denizen of the rural county, had lived for years in terror and hatred of Israel Drake. Willingly he had aided Hallisey to the full extent of his power. He had told all that he knew of the bandit's habits and allies. He had indicated the mountain trails and he had given the trooper such little shelter and food as the latter had stopped to take during his rapid work of investigation. But now he was asked to perform a service that he would gladly have refused; he was asked to hitch up a horse and wagon and drive the three troopers to the very vicinity of Israel Drake's house.

"Oh, come on, Mr. Stover!" they urged. "You're a public-spirited man, as you've shown. Do it for your neighbors' sake if not for your own. You want the county rid of this pest."

Very reluctantly the farmer began the trip. With every turn of the ever-mounting forest road his reluctance grew. Grisly memories, grisly pictures flooded his mind. It was night, and the trees in the darkness whispered like evil men. The bushes huddled like crouching figures. And what was it, moving stealthily over there, that crackled twigs? At last he could bear it no more.

"Here's where I turn round," he muttered hoarsely. "If you fellers are going farther you'll go alone. I got a use for my life!"

"All right, then," said Hallisey. "You've done well by us already. Good night."

It was a fine moonlight night and Hallisey now knew those woods as well as did his late host. He led his two comrades up another stiff mile of steady climbing. Then he struck off by an almost invisible trail into the dense timber. Silently the three men moved, threading the fragrant, silver-flecked blackness with practiced woodmen's skill. At last their file leader stopped and beckoned his mates.

The Dishwater Code

Over his shoulders the two studied the scene before them: A clearing chopped out of the dense tall timber; in the midst of the clearing a log cabin a story and a half high; on two sides of the cabin a straggling orchard of peach and apple trees; in the cabin window a dim light. It was then about eleven o'clock. The three troopers, effacing themselves in the shadows, laid final plans.

The cabin had two rooms on the top floor and one below, said Hallisey beneath his breath. The first-floor room had a door and two windows on the north, and the same on the south, just opposite. Under the west end was a cellar with an outside door. Before the main door on the north was a little porch. This, by day, commanded the sweep of the mountain side; and here, when Drake was hiding out in some neighboring aerie expecting pursuit, his wife was wont to signal him concerning the movements of intruders.

Her code was written in dishwater. A panful thrown to the east meant danger in the west, and vice versa; this Hallisey himself had seen and now recalled in case of need.

Up to the present moment each officer had carried his carbine taken apart and wrapped in a bundle, to avoid the remark of chance observers by the way. Now each put his weapon together, ready for use. They compared their watches, setting them to the second. They discarded their coats and hats.

The moon was flooding the clearing with high, pale light, adding greatly to the difficulty of their task. Accordingly they plotted carefully. Each trooper took a door—Hallisey that on the north, Merryfield that on the south, Smith that of the

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The Troopers Put in Months of Stiff Training Before They are Allowed to Take the Field

This Corn Meal

Makes Wheatless Days a Joy

The Quaker Grade—The Best 60% of the Corn

There's an exquisite corn meal at your grocer's—a sort you'll delight to know. The sale has quadrupled in late months, because women have found it out. This is to urge you to try it.

It is what you expect in a Quaker product—a superlative corn meal. And it comes tightly sealed in round packages.

The first glance will surprise you. The Yellow is like grains of gold—the White like marble dust.

Old-style corn meal was simply whole corn ground. Quaker Corn Meal—yellow or white—is really ground hominy.

We remove the fibrous outer coat, for that makes corn meal coarse. We remove the oily germ, for that is what grows rancid. Only the cream of the kernel—the best 60 per cent—the sweet, flinty part—goes into Quaker Corn Meal.

Please try a package. Use it in bread and muffins, porridge, puddings and pancakes. See recipes on the package. It will give you new respect for corn.

These are days to make corn foods inviting. They must largely take the place of wheat. Learn how sweet they are, how smooth, how fresh, when made of this corn meal.

Quaker

Best Corn Meal

Yellow or White

Made from the hominy part of the kernel, with the bran and germ omitted.

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A Modern Manna

Another form which half the people like still better, is Quaker Hominy Grits.

This is fancy white hominy—the finest grade produced.

It is granulated, not finely ground like corn meal.

Millions consider it the queen of all grain products.

Serve it as a breakfast dish, or fry it. Use it in fritters, in fried cakes, as a side dish at dinner. See recipes on the package.

Folks will never miss wheat when hominy grits are served in the Quaker grade. This is the time to prove that. Price, 15 cents per package, except in the Far West.

Quaker Hominy Grits

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IT TAKES 20 SHEEP TO CLOTHE A SOLDIER

So an army of 2,500,000 men will use every scrap of American raised wool. Fact is, we've always imported more than twice as much as we raised at home.

HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?

By Forrest Crissey

tells about the crisis in the clothing of our nation that the sheep shortage has brought upon us. A timely and interesting article in this week's issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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cellar. It was agreed that each should creep to a point opposite the door on which he was to advance, ten minutes being allowed for all to reach their initial positions; that at exactly five minutes before midnight the advance should be started, slowly, through the tall grass of the clearing toward the cabin; that in case of any unusual noise or alarm each man should lie low for exactly five minutes before resuming this advance; and that from a point fifty yards from the cabin a rush should be made upon the doors.

According to the request of the district attorney, Drake was to be taken "dead or alive," but according to an adamantine principle of the force, he must be taken not only alive but unscathed, if that were humanly possible. This meant that he must not be given an opportunity to run and so render shooting necessary. If, however, he should break away, his chance of escape would be small, as each trooper was a dead shot with the weapons he was carrying.

The scheme concerted, the three officers separated, heading apart to their several starting points. At five minutes before midnight, to the tick, each began to glide through the tall grass. But it was late September. The grass was dry. Old brier vines dragged at brittle stalks; shimmering whispers of withered leaves echoed to the smallest touch—and when the men were still well distant from the cabin the sharp ears of a dog caught the rumor of all these tiny sounds; and the dog barked.

Midnight Preserving

Every man stopped short—moved not a finger again till five minutes had passed. Then once more each began to creep, reached the fifty-yard point, stood up, with a long breath, and dashed for his door.

At one and the same moment practically, the three stood in the cabin, viewing a scene of domestic peace. A short, square, swarthy woman, black of eye, high of cheek bone, stood by the stove calmly stirring a pot. On the table beside her, on the floor round her, clustered many jars of peaches—jars freshly filled, steaming hot, awaiting their tops. In a corner three little children huddled together on a low bench stared at the strangers with sleepy eyes. Three chairs, a cupboard with dishes, bunches of corn hanging from the rafters by their husks, festoons of onions, tassels of dried herbs—all this made visible by the dull light of a small kerosene lamp whose dirty chimney was streaked with smoke. All this, and nothing more.

Two of the men, jumping for the stairs, searched the upper half story thoroughly, but without profit.

"Mrs. Drake," said Hallisey as they returned, "we are officers of the state police, come to arrest your husband. Where is he?"

In silence, in utter calm, the woman still stirred her pot, not missing the rhythm of a stroke.

"The dog warned them. He's just got away," said each officer to himself. "She's *too* calm."

She scooped up a spoonful of fruit, peered at it critically, splashed it back into the bubbling pot. From her manner it appeared the most natural thing in the world to be canning peaches at midnight on the top of South Mountain in the presence of officers of the state police.

"My husband's gone to Baltimore," she vouchsafed at her easy leisure.

"Let's have a look in the cellar," said Merryfield, and dropped down the cellar stairs with Hallisey at his heels. Together they ransacked the little cave to a conclusion. During the process Merryfield conceived an idea.

"Hallisey," he murmured, "what would you think of my staying down here while you and Smith go off talking as though we were all together? She might say something to the children when she believes we're gone, and I could hear every word through that thin floor."

"We'll do it!" Hallisey answered beneath his voice. Then, shouting: "Come on, Smith! Let's get away from this. No use wasting time here!"

And in another moment Smith and Hallisey were crashing up the mountain side, calling out: "Hi, there, Merryfield! Oh, Merryfield, wait for us!" as if their comrade had outstripped them on the trail.

Merryfield had made use of the noise of their departure to establish himself in a tenable position under the widest crack in the floor. Now he held himself motionless, subduing even his breath.

One—two—three minutes of dead silence. Then came the timorous half whisper of a frightened child: "Will them men kill father if they find him?"

"Sh-h!"

"Mother," faintly ventured another little voice, "will them men kill father if they find him?"

"Sh-h! Sh-h! I tell ye!"

"Mamma! Will they kill my father?" This was the wail, insistent, uncontrolled, of the smallest child of all.

The crackling tramp of the officers, mounting the trail, had died wholly away. The woman evidently believed all immediate danger past.

Enter, Israel Drake

"No!" she exclaimed vehemently. "they ain't goin' to lay eyes on yo' father, hair nor hide of him. Quit yer frettin'!"

In a moment she spoke again: "You keep still now, like good children, while I go out and empty these peach stones. I'll be back in a minute. See you keep still just where you are!"

Stealing noiselessly to the cellar door as the woman left the house Merryfield saw her making for the woods, a basket on her arm. He watched her till the shadows engulfed her. Then he drew back to his own place and resumed his silent vigil.

Moments passed without a sound from the room above. Then came soft little thuds on the floor, a whimper or two, small sighs and a slither of bare legs on bare boards.

"Poor little kiddies!" thought Merryfield; "they're coiling down to sleep!"

Back in the days when the force was started the major had said to each recruit of them all: "I expect you to treat women and children at all times with every consideration."

From that hour forth the principle has been grafted into the lives of the men. It is instinct now, self-acting, deep and unconscious. No tried trooper deliberately remembers it. It is an integral part of him, like his right hand.

"I wish I could manage to spare those babies and their mother in what's to come!" Merryfield pondered as he lurked in the mold-scented dark.

(Concluded on Page 109)

All Honest Folk Who Know Them are Friends of the Pennsylvania State Police

EMPIRE

Value Measured By War-Time Efficiency

The new Empire models for 1918 mark the end of useless expenditure for motoring extravagance. They offer value measured by the needs of war-time efficiency.

The utmost in comfort and convenience, the utmost in automobile value for daily service is represented in the 1918 Empire models. They combine striking beauty of line with mechanical excellence unapproached in the Empire price class.

Engine, chassis, coach work, equipment and every detail of the 1918 Empire show the conscientious care and nicety of workmanship by which the Empire builders insure value and durability to the owner.

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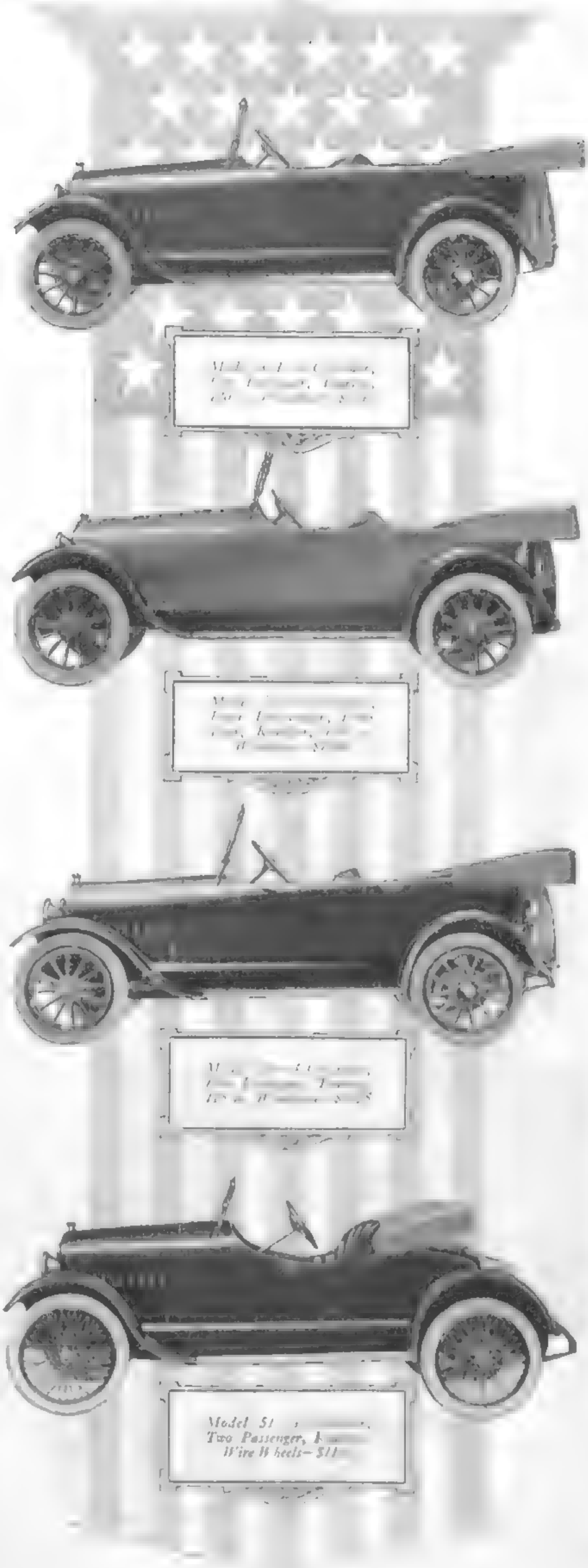

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YOUR FRANTZ PREMIER is far more than an unusual housekeeping aid: it becomes a veritable guarantee of service—no matter where you live or where your Cleaner was bought.

Thus the purchase of a Frantz Premier means two-fold confidence—

Confidence on your part because you know that back of your Cleaner is a wonderful factory and a great national organization, both designed to maintain the unusual service of which your Frantz Premier is the center—

Confidence on the part of the dealer because he knows that sixty Frantz Premier service branches throughout the country—one in every center—are readily available to enhance the service made possible by so great a factory and so complete an organization.

And this consideration is a highly important one when buying a cleaner that is to mean so much in uninterrupted convenience day-in-and-day-out, year-in-and-year-out.

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ONE OF THE MANY SUPERIORITIES OF THE FRANTZ PREMIER is its automatic, air-driven, rubber-tipped brush—an exclusive feature. This loosens matted dirt, no matter how deeply imbedded, and also aids in picking up lint, thread, hair, and other floor-clinging material.

Easy to handle—nine pounds of sterling quality. Easy to operate—attaches to any electric light fixture. Easy to buy—a Frantz Premier costs no more than less efficient makes. Easy to pay for—time payments if desired. Easy to try—your dealer or electric station will cheerfully give you a free demonstration. If your dealer cannot do this, write us direct, giving us his name.

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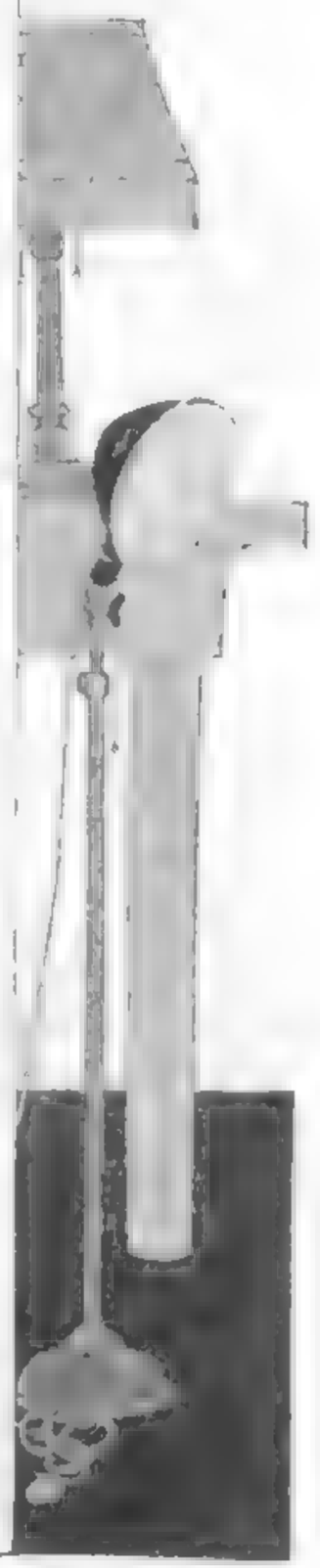

Frantz Premier

ELECTRIC CLEANER

(Concluded from Page 106)

A quarter of an hour went by. Five minutes more. Footsteps nearing the cabin from the direction of the woods. Low voices, very low. Indistinguishable words. Then the back door opened. Two persons entered, and all that they now uttered was clear.

"It was them that the dog heard," said a man's voice. "Get me my rifle and all my ammunition. I'll go to Maryland. I'll get a job on that stone quarry near Westminster. I'll send some money as soon as I'm paid."

"But you won't start to-night!" exclaimed the wife.

"Yes, to-night—this minute. Quick! I wouldn't budge an inch for the county folks. But with the state troopers after me, that's another thing. If I stay round here now they'll get me dead sure—and send me up too. My gun, I say!"

"Oh, daddy, daddy, don't go away!" "Don't go away off and leave me, daddy!" "Don't go, don't go!" came the children's plaintive wails, hoarse with fatigue and fright.

Merryfield stealthily crept from the cellar's outside door, hugging the wall of the cabin, moving toward the rear. As he reached the corner and was about to make the turn toward the back he drew his six-shooter and laid his carbine down in the grass. For the next step, he knew, would bring him into plain sight. If Drake offered any resistance the ensuing action would be at short range or hand to hand.

The End of the Fight

He rounded the corner. Drake was standing just outside the door, a rifle in his left hand, his right hand hidden in the pocket of his overcoat. In the doorway stood the wife, with the three little children crowding before her. It was the last moment. They were saying good-by.

Merryfield covered the bandit with his revolver.

"Put up your hands! You are under arrest," he commanded.

"Who the hell are you?" Drake flung back. As he spoke he thrust his rifle into the grasp of the woman and snatched his right hand from its concealment. In its grip glistened the barrel of a nickel-plated revolver.

Merryfield could easily have shot him then and there—would have been amply warranted in doing so. But he had heard the children's voices. Now he saw their innocent, terrified eyes.

"Poor little kiddies!" he thought again.

Drake stood six feet two inches high and weighed some two hundred pounds, all brawn.

Furthermore, he was desperate. Merryfield is merely of medium build.

"Nevertheless, I'll take a chance," he said to himself, returning his six-shooter to its holster. And just as the outlaw threw up his own weapon to fire, the trooper, in a running jump, plunged into him with all fours—exactly as when a boy he had plunged off a springboard into the old mill dam on a hot July afternoon.

Too amazed even to pull his trigger, Drake gave a backward step into the doorway. Merryfield's clutch toward his right hand missed the gun, fastening instead on the sleeve of his heavy coat. Swearing wildly while the woman and children screamed behind him, the bandit struggled to break the trooper's hold—tore and pulled until the sleeve, where Merryfield held it, worked down over the gun in his own grip. So Merryfield, twisting the sleeve, caught a lock hold on hand and gun together.

Drake, standing on the doorsill, had now some eight inches' advantage of height. The door opened inward, from right to left. With a tremendous effort Drake forced his assailant to his knees, stepped back into the room, seized the door with his left hand and with the whole weight of his shoulder slammed it to, on the trooper's wrist.

The pain was excruciating—but it did not break that lock hold on the outlaw's hand and gun. Shooting from his knees like a projectile, Merryfield flung his whole weight at the door. Big as Drake was, he could not hold it. The door gave, and once more the two men hung at grips, this time within the room.

Drake's one purpose was to turn the muzzle of his imprisoned revolver upon Merryfield. Merryfield, with his left still clinching that deadly hand caught in its sleeve, now grabbed the revolver in his own right hand, with a twist dragged it free and flung it out of the door.

But as he dropped his right defense, taking both hands to the gun, the outlaw's powerful left grip closed on Merryfield's throat with a strangle hold.

With that great thumb closing his windpipe, with the world turning red and black—"Guess I can't put it over, after all!" the trooper said to himself.

Reaching for his own revolver he shoved the muzzle against the bandit's breast.

"Damn you, shoot!" cried the other, believing his end was come.

But in that same instant Merryfield caught a glimpse of the fear-stricken faces of the babies huddled together beyond.

"Hallisey and Smith must be here soon," he thought. "I won't shoot yet."

Once more he dropped his revolver back into the holster, seizing the wrist of the outlaw to release that terrible clamp on his throat. As he did so, Drake, with a lightning twist, reached round to the trooper's belt and possessed himself of the gun. As he fired Merryfield had barely time and space to throw back his head. The flash blinded him—scorched his face hairless. The bullet grooved his body under the upflung left arm still wrenching at the clutch that was shutting off his breath.

Perhaps with the shot the outlaw insensibly somewhat relaxed that choking grip. Merryfield tore loose. Half blinded and gasping though he was, he flung himself again at his adversary and landed a blow in his face.

Drake, giving backward, kicked over a row of peach jars, slipped on the slimy stream that poured over the bare floor, and dropped the gun.

Pursuing his advantage, Merryfield delivered blow after blow on the outlaw's face and body, backing him round the room, while both men slipped and slid, fell and recovered, on the jam-coated floor. The table crashed over, carrying with it the solitary lamp, whose flame died harmlessly, smothered in tepid mush. Now only the moonlight illumined the scene.

Drake was maneuvering always to recover the gun. His hand touched the back of a chair. He picked the chair up, swung it high, and was about to smash it down on his adversary's head when Merryfield seized it in the air.

At this moment the woman, who had been crouching against the wall nursing the rifle that her husband had put into her charge, rushed forward, clutching the barrel of the gun, swung it at full arm's length as she would have swung an ax, and brought the stock down on the trooper's right hand.

That vital hand dropped—fractured, done. And in the same second Drake gave a shriek of pain as a shot rang out and his own right arm fell powerless.

Drake Surrenders

In the door stood Hallisey, smoking revolver in hand, smiling grimly in the moonlight at the neatness of his own aim. What is the use of killing a man when you can wing him as trigly as that?

Private Smith, who had entered by the other door, was taking the rifle out of the woman's grasp—partly because she had prodded him viciously with the muzzle. He examined the chambers.

"Do you know this thing is loaded?" he asked her in a mild, detached voice.

She returned his gaze with frank despair in her black eyes.

"Drake, do you surrender?" asked Hallisey.

"Oh, I'll give up. You've got me!" groaned the outlaw. Then he turned on his wife with bitter anger. "Didn't I tell ye," he snarled, "they'd get me if you kept me hangin' round here? These ain't no damn deputies. *These is the state police!*"

"An' yet, if I'd known that gun was loaded," said she, "there'd 'a' been some less of 'em to-night!"

They dressed Israel's arm in first-aid fashion. Then they started with their prisoner down the trail, at last resuming connection with their farmer friend.

Not without misgivings the latter consented to hitch up his double team and hurry the party to the nearest village where a doctor could be found.

As the doctor dressed the bandit's arm Private Merryfield, whose broken right hand yet awaited care, observed to the groaning patient: "Do you know, you can be thankful to your little children that you have your life left?"

"To hell with you and the children and my life! I'd a hundred times rather you'd killed me than take what's comin' now."

Then the three troopers philosophically hunted up a night restaurant and gave their captive a bite of lunch.

"Now," said Hallisey as he paid the score, "where's the lock-up?"

The three officers, with Drake in tow, proceeded silently through the sleeping streets. Not a ripple did their passing occasion. Not even a dog roused to take note of them.

Duly they stood at the door of the custodian of the lock-up, ringing the bell; again and again ringing it. Eventually someone upstairs raised a window, looked out for an appreciable moment, quickly lowered the window and locked it. Nothing further occurred. Waiting for a reasonable interval the officers rang. No answer. Silence complete.

They continued to shout and to pound on the door till the entire block heard. Here, there, up street and down, bedroom windows gently opened, then with finality lowered and closed, more gently yet. Silence. Not a voice. Not a foot on a stair.

The officers looked at each other, perplexed. Then, by chance, they looked at Drake. Drake, so lately black with suicidal gloom, was grinning! Grinning as a man does when the citadel of his heart is comforted.

"You don't understand, do ye?" chuckled he. "Well, I'll tell ye: What do them folks see when they open their windows and look down here in the road? They see three hard-lookin' fellers with guns in their hands, here in this bright moonlight. And they see somethin' scarier to them than a hundred strangers with guns—they see *me!* There ain't a mother's son of 'em that'll budge downstairs while I'm here, not if you pound on their doors till the cows come home."

And Merryfield Shook

And he slapped his knee with his good hand and laughed in pure ecstasy—a laugh that caught all the little group and rocked it as with one mind.

"We don't begrudge you that, do we, boys?" Hallisey conceded. "Smith, you're as respectable-looking as any of us. Hunt round and see if you can find a constable that isn't onto this thing. We'll wait here for you."

Moving out of the zone of the late demonstration Private Smith learned the whereabouts of the home of a constable.

"What's wanted?" asked the constable, responding like a normal burgher to Smith's knock at his door.

"Officer of state police," answered Smith. "I have a man under arrest and want to put him in the lock-up. Will you get me the keys?"

"Sure! I'll come right down and go along with you myself. Just give me a jiffy to get on my trousers and boots," cried the constable, clearly glad of a share in the adventure.

In a moment the borough official was at the trooper's side, talking eagerly as they moved toward the place where the party waited.

"So he's a highwayman, is he? Good! And a burglar, too, and a cattle thief! Good work! And you've got him right up the street here, ready to jail! Well, I'll be switched!

"Now, what might his name be? Israel Drake? Not Israel Drake! Oh, my God!" The constable had stopped in his tracks like a man struck paralytic.

"Here, I'll give you the keys. You can use 'em yourself. These here's for the doors. This bunch is for the cells. *Good* night to you. I'll be getting back home!"

By the first train next morning the troopers, conveying their prisoner, left the village for the county town. As they deposited Drake in the safe-keeping of the county jail and were about to depart he seemed burdened with an impulse to speak, yet said nothing.

Then as the three officers were leaving the room he leaned over and touched Merryfield on the shoulder.

"Shake!" he growled, offering his unwounded hand.

Merryfield shook cheerfully with his own remaining sound member.

"I'm plumb sorry to see ye go, and that's a fact," growled the outlaw. "Because—well, because you're the only *man* that ever tried to arrest me."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Mayo. The third will appear in an early issue.

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THE IRON BUTCHER

(Concluded from Page 15)

for a horse that proves true in a crisis. The smooth certainty of the bright machine fulfilled his highest concept of beauty.

The clock on the dash marked twenty minutes past three when they started, but it was only four miles and mostly very good going. During the drive Spewell eased his tense nerves by a jerky loquacity, richly spiced with profanity; but he purposely talked of anything rather than the object of their journey. It was only when they were wheeling into Dale that he brought up the business in hand:

"Go to the bank first. Get the cash. They'll be closed before we're through at Brown's. Get the cash."

"I aimed to," Bishoff replied with sober reproof. He still considered that statement about a Montana copper claim exceedingly dubious. But for some reason or other Spewell was eager to convert his inheritance into cash; and Bishoff didn't trouble himself even to wonder what the real reason was. His only interest was in knowing that the title was good, and he could rely on Porter Brown for that.

In the bank, when he had ponderously indorsed the certificates and presented them to the cashier, the latter asked whether he wished large bills or small, and Bishoff silently referred the question to Andrew at his elbow.

"Twenties and fifties; twenties and fifties," said Andrew promptly, twisting his slim beard. In his judgment those denominations gave the best combination of portability and exchangeableness. As he stood by the blacksmith's mighty elbow peering through the cashier's wicket and saw the stack of bank bills, his soul slavered.

Bishoff gravely counted the bills—a matter of some time—folded them and tucked them into the inner pocket of his coat. It would be a month yet before he put on an overcoat, even at night. It was two minutes to four when the pair left the bank, crossed the street and climbed the stairs to Porter Brown's law office—Spewell innerly boiling.

A die was about to fall. Luck might favor him. Porter Brown might tell Bishoff he was safe in buying the property. In that case all would be comparatively smooth and easy. It would be simply the matter of getting his hands on the money, slipping away and catching the first conveyance out of town that he could find—probably an east-bound interurban trolley.

Luck might so favor him. On the other hand the die might fall other side up; and then ——

Innerly boiling, now tense, now aquiver, he followed Bishoff up the stairs, utterly desperate, and prepared for whatever chance should come.

But neither chance came immediately. The young woman in the anteroom said Mr. Brown had stepped over to the courthouse; would probably be gone half an hour or so. Bishoff accepted it placidly, comfortably settling his great body in a wooden armchair. Half an hour or so meant nothing to him.

To Spewell it seemed ominous, for every minute of delay meant a slimmer chance of the easy alternative. To his mind it was another instance of the hellish way in which luck had dogged him through this affair. He cursed silently and sat down. His febrile will did its best to keep him from exhibiting the turmoil in his mind; yet it was necessary to bob up now and then, change chairs, go over and stare at the backs of the yellow law books, twist his beard, start up aimless conversations and drop them.

Presently a natural phenomenon impressed itself upon him—namely, it was growing dusk outside. There was some comfort in that, and he grew quieter.

He had never before particularly noted Porter Brown's manner of walking, yet his prophetic ear recognized the step on the landing at the head of the stairs. The door swung open and the lean-faced, gray-haired lawyer strode in—halting at sight of the pair in his anteroom and surveying them with an evident touch of surprise. Both of them rose and the lawyer gave a nod toward the open door of the inner room.

Entering that room Bishoff gravely removed his hat in self-respecting deference to the learned and upright minister of law. Spewell, with a grin, followed this example, and under the electric light his lumpy baldness glistened.

"I'm aiming to buy the property this man inherited from his wife, provided he can give me a good title," the blacksmith explained.

The lawyer's keen eyes turned to Andrew, whose situation and state of reprobation were quite intimately known to him.

"Well, Anton," he said with a relish pardonable in a just man, "I doubt like the devil that he's got a good title to anything except a term in the penitentiary for perjury." And to Spewell he added: "Your petition to the probate court says, under oath, that you were Arvadie's husband. Art Disbrow dropped into town to-day. He says you got a divorce from Arvadie out in Nevada eight or nine years ago, and married another victim, whom you deserted after you'd squandered her money. I've notified Judge Emerson to stay proceedings until we can look that up."

So the die fell with the death's-head up.

Andrew grinned, twisted his whisker and blasphemed a moment. "Art Disbrow's a liar!" he added impudently, wagging his head. "Ain't a word of truth in it. Look it up if you want to. Damned liar!"

But both auditors regarded this merely as an empty gesture—such were Andrew's character and reputation.

Bishoff was deeply shocked—perceiving that Andrew's villainy was of such a devilish nature that not even Porter Brown's knowledge of law would have protected him from it except for the fortuitous intervention of Arthur Disbrow. He felt it somehow wasn't right that such a creature should live.

III

THE short day was over and night was falling when Bishoff went heavily down the stairs that led from Porter Brown's law office to the street. He was aware that Spewell followed him, but had no idea of speaking to him or taking any cognizance of his existence.

He had taken two steps in the little hall between the foot of the stairs and the street door when Andrew plucked his sleeve and began speaking to him hurriedly:

"Wait a minute, Anton. See here. Wait a minute. I'm down and out; all in. I'm done for. I got no money; not a friend on earth. I'm an old man, Anton; health's no good. My heart's bum. I got just twenty cents to my name. Broke when I landed here. You know. I got only this thin overcoat. Feel it; thin as paper. I can't stand the cold any more. Take me back to Pribbles in your car. I can sleep there. Got a little firewood; little food; can live there a day or two. This overcoat—I'll freeze out of doors. No place to go; nothing to eat. An old man; all done for. Take me back. Do me a good turn, Anton. 'Twon't hurt you any. You're a good man."

Spewell fawned upon him. He was old and bent; his slim twisted beard was nearly white. Villain that he was it was pitiful.

"I'll take you back," said Bishoff soberly.

Andrew mumbled thanks and they crossed the street to the car. When they were seated, Spewell huddling in his thin overcoat, the blacksmith gravely reached round and took the neatly folded blanket from the nickel rod on the back of the seat. His wife used it on the rare occasions when they drove on chilly evenings. Silently he dumped the folded blanket on Andrew's thin knees, then turned on his electric lights and started the car.

Spewell spread the blanket over his lap, and as they rolled out of town into the fast-gathering dark of a cloudy night his bad heart thumped hard at his ribs. Infamous luck had seldom appointed a man to a more desperate chance; but it was the only chance in the world.

The scorn that two stupid, honest men had visited upon him in Porter Brown's office was a help. It helped him to the poisonous rage he needed. From the time when he perceived that it was growing dark he had been recasting his plan of action. In a niggard and bitter way luck was favoring him somewhat.

Three miles of the journey passed in complete silence. Then they struck the bit of poor going. This was where the road dipped down through a wooded hollow and had been newly built up for a quarter of a mile with loose sand and crushed stone. That quarter of a mile always gave Bishoff a pang; the loose stone wore his tires fearfully. Remorsefully he slowed down, threw the lever into intermediate and started across.

For the last two or three minutes Spewell had been squirming uneasily in his seat and fussing with his hands under the blanket as though he might be getting a handkerchief out of his pocket. Then he sat very still indeed.

The car churned nobly over the gravel. Its headlights soon revealed the fork in the road. The old, narrow, well-worn way to Pribbles bore off slightly to the right; but the broad new state road to Lannark branched sharply to the left, curving up and round the shoulder of a hill, in which a deep cut had been made to reduce the grade. For near half a mile round the shoulder of the hill the state road was unfinished, inches deep with loose crushed stone and nominally closed to travel, though many people took it.

In the Y of the fork stood a small frame tool house that had been used when the foundations of the new road were laid. Looking forward eagerly as the headlights brought out every detail in sharp relief Spewell saw there was no padlock on the door, which was fastened by a hasp and staple. He had been speculating anxiously on that point. All about them under the trees were complete dark and silence.

He slipped, stooping, from the seat. His left hand shot out and turned the battery switch, killing the engine. He faced round as well as he could in the limited space, and by the feeble light that the hooded lamp beside the speedometer shed Bishoff saw something black in his right hand. That object he pressed against the blacksmith's abdomen.

"It's an automatic," he said; "drill a hole through your guts in no time. Fork over the money. Shell it out—quick!"

He spoke venomously, and the amazed blacksmith gaped into his close, dimly seen sallow face and red-rimmed filmy eyes.

A hold-up at the point of a gun with the alternative of instant death was something that Bishoff had no more thought of than of an earthquake. By all the peaceful experience of Pribbles, where firearms were rare even for hunting purposes, an earthquake would have seemed about as likely.

As the blacksmith sat amazed, Spewell spoke again—mainly a jagged eruption of oaths and insults. But something in the voice and manner reached Bishoff's brain. A deep instinct told him that the man who was speaking would pull the trigger in another moment. He was no coward, but he was sensible and quite knocked off his feet. He reached to his inner coat pocket, drew forth the folded bills and offered them. Spewell clutched them with his left hand.

"Get out; out of the car; climb out!" he commanded; and followed when Bishoff had obeyed. "That tool house; go on; get a move on!" the captor directed, his weapon always ready.

Bishoff went sidewise to it—his full brown eyes resting upon the robber with an expression of intense surprise.

"Open the door," Spewell commanded.

The blacksmith backed into the tool house, and Spewell, gun in hand, slammed the door and fastened the hasp—an effectual lock as to anyone on the inside.

Dropping the gun into his overcoat pocket he ran back to the car. When he turned the switch and pressed the starting pedal the engine began humming dutifully. He threw the lever and opened the throttle. At the fork he turned off on the new highway.

From that point to Lannark was only six miles. Once over the loose footing round the shoulder of the hill there was an excellent road. A car should make it in ten or twelve minutes. At Lannark he could catch an interurban trolley, and a little later on take the railroad.

He had but little experience of an automobile, and this loose stone—upgrade and round the hill—was bad for an amateur. Twice he sought to get into intermediate, and killed the engine. The second time in his nervous haste and awkwardness he lost precious minutes trying to start without bringing the lever back to low. A little later in the unstable footing he let the car slew off into soft dirt at the edge of the road and lost more minutes getting out. He cursed furiously; but that didn't help his progress.

Finally, his heart thumping, his nerves jangled and perspiration standing on his brow, he got to the top of the grade. It was downhill now, with a curve back to the right, and in ten rods more he would strike a good road. He got the car straightened into the curve and drew a breath of satisfaction.

As he had expected, the down grade was easier; yet he took no more chances, but kept to low gear. Also he kept well over to the right, for on that side of the road the clayey wall of the cut rose sheer fifteen or twenty feet above him and he couldn't possibly get ditched, while on the left-hand side the ground fell away sharply.

The going was better. The roll of bank bills in his pocket subtly inspired and strengthened him. He grinned. Then a rock near the size of a bushel basket heaved from the top of the cut twenty feet above, struck the hood and dash in front of him and smashed through them like a shell from a mortar. The wrecked car stopped in its tracks.

About twenty minutes later Bishoff strode into Pribbles with a sorrowful face, his clothes smeared with clay. There he summoned Doctor Pettigrew, Constable Bill McCabe, and two other responsible citizens whom he encountered. When he told them briefly of his errand they looked as grave as he did, and the party got into Doctor Pettigrew's car.

On the way Bishoff soberly explained the circumstances in greater detail and exhibited to his companions a roll of bank bills—twenties and fifties—on which there was a stain of blood. When they came to the fork in the road he called their attention to the tool house. That small floorless structure now lay on its side.

"If I'd had to break the door I'd 'a' lost a good deal of time," he explained. "But you see it's a portable house. Soon's I'd felt round a little I saw it wasn't anchored to the ground, so all I had to do was just grab the sill and tip it over.

"I saw he was having a hard time to git up the hill, so I aimed to cut across and catch him on the other side of the curve. There was a bigger rock there. I could 'a' pulled it loose if I'd had a couple more minutes. But I had to take the one I could get easiest."

When they reached the wreck Doctor Pettigrew and the others immediately busied themselves with the limp motionless human figure imprisoned in it. The rock, dropped from a height of twenty feet and weighing perhaps five hundred pounds, had caved the car in, and the human figure was so caught that it took all four men many strenuous minutes to extricate it and lay it out on the road, where Doctor Pettigrew could make a satisfactory investigation.

They remarked afterwards that Bishoff lent them no assistance in this and seemed to take no interest in it. Instead he spent the time, with a sad face, examining his smashed car. Working gently, as though he might hurt it, and with a large remorseful tenderness, he got the twisted hood partly up and peered in at the sorely wounded engine.

Presently Doctor Pettigrew announced the result of his examination:

"Right leg broken; a bad break; some bones smashed; some cuts and bruises. He's fainted from the pain. It's a question whether he may not be a bit lame. Otherwise he'll come out all right."

Bishoff heard the statement with evident surprise—desisting from his sorrowful labors at the machine and stepping over as though he needed the evidence of his own eyes.

He looked down at the limp figure on the road, then over at the wrecked car. A slight frown appeared on his face, and with an unusual motion he plucked his curly beard. His mind seemed to struggle with a sense of wrongness. The unclean, noxious thing on the road would come out all right; but the beautiful automobile was ruined.

"I aimed to hit him on the head," he said gravely and in a tone of regret.

It was not until some time after he reached home that another aspect of the affair occurred to him. Arvadie having had no husband, Evelina's remote kinship would receive recognition at the probate court. That was comforting; and presently, as though he were making a consolatory offering to the ghost of his murdered car, he observed philosophically: "He's bound to die before many years anyhow."

His strong nature inclined him to take the most cheerful view possible.

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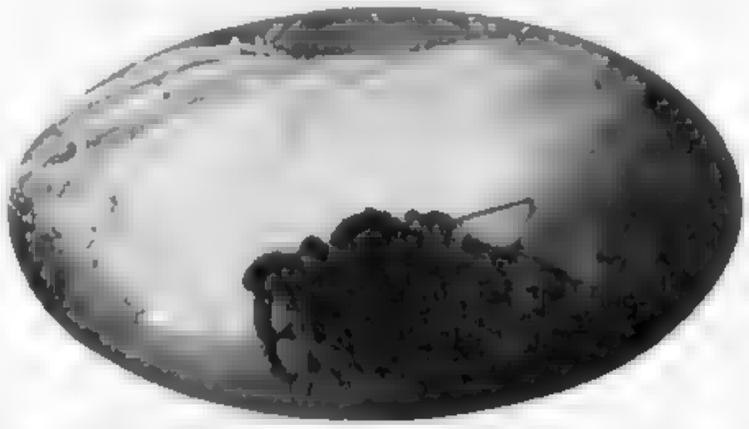

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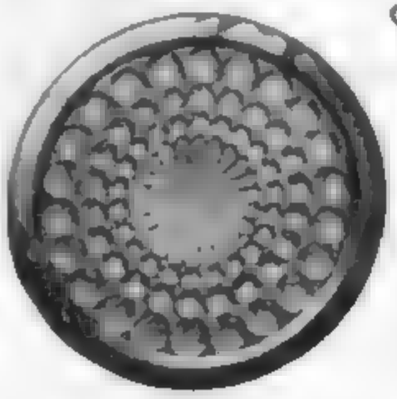

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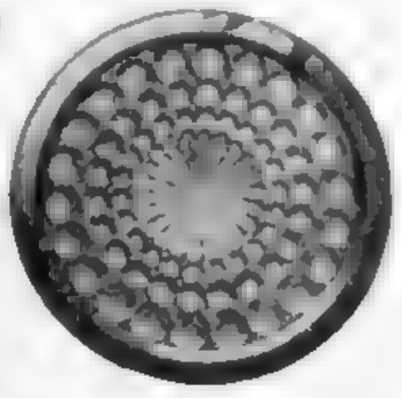

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WARTIME WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 4)

But the senator had a card up his sleeve.

"If you won't let my friends have the rooms," said he, "I'll not give them up. I'll just keep on paying for them while I'm away."

At that the clerk backed down. Thus my friends and their chauffeur obtained shelter.

Not long ago I found myself similarly caught for the night in Washington. I had planned to leave on an evening train but was detained. After making a perfunctory and unsuccessful tour of the downtown hotels I called up a friend of mine, a New Yorker who is doing war work in Washington and has a room in a family hotel.

Honesty compels me to admit that, pleased though I should have been to see him, I was much more pleased to learn that he was out of town. He had gone away that afternoon, the operator said. That meant that there was an empty bed in Washington, and it became my immediate concern to see that it did not remain empty.

First I went to the hotel and tried to persuade the manager to let me into my friend's room. The manager did not know me and refused. I then proposed to have myself vouched for by someone he did know. No; that wouldn't do either. He could not let me occupy the room without permission from my friend himself.

"But we don't know where he has gone or what train he took. How can I reach him to get the permission?"

"I'm sure I can't say," returned the manager indifferently.

"Would you let me in on permission from his wife?"

"I would," he said, "but his wife isn't here."

"I wouldn't ask for the room if she were," I returned with dignity. "I propose to telephone to her in New York and ask her to authorize you to admit me."

The manager, wearied by my importunities, said that would be all right.

I put in the call at once, but the telephone lines between Washington and New York are as overloaded as the railroad lines, and it was midnight by the time I got the lady on the wire. She was very gracious—gracious about the room; gracious in not telling me my call had roused her from her slumbers. But alas! I knew it by her sleepy voice.

I was very sorry—so sorry that I thought at first it might keep me awake. However, I am glad to say it didn't.

Bob Davis in a Night Attack

Mr. Robert H. Davis, editor of Munsey's Magazine, was wandering about Washington one evening not long ago, unable to secure a room and wondering what was to become of him, when he encountered a friend of his, a British naval officer here on a special mission.

"I'm just leaving town," said the officer. "Take the key to my apartment and use my bed. You'll find my brother up there. He's occupying the spare room. Good chap. Introduce yourself."

Mr. Davis took the key, and after dining and going to the theater went to the apartment. His friend's bedroom door stood open, but the spare-room door was closed. Had the brother not yet come in or was he already in bed and asleep? Mr. Davis undressed, donned his pink-silk pyjamas, got into bed and read until after one o'clock. One o'clock, it seemed to him, was as late as anybody's brother should stay out at night in a dry town. Concluding that his fellow guest was indeed asleep in the other room, he rose, bolted the front door, opened the windows, put out the lights and retired.

I do not know how long he slept before becoming dimly conscious of a tumult. Someone was shouting and pounding. For a time he could not remember where he was. Then the circumstances of the preceding evening came to him. It must be the brother of his absent host trying to get in.

Mr. Davis got out of bed and tried to find the electric-light switch. Someone had apparently taken it away. Then he tried to find his slippers, but they, too, proved elusive.

Meanwhile intermittent hammering and shouting came from the region of the hall door. The room was cold and the editorial pyjamas thin: Mr. Davis was shivering; his teeth had begun to chatter. He determined to try to make his way through the dark to the front door, but in passing through the sitting room he upset a smoking stand, which clattered to the floor.

At the sound the beating on the door was resumed with redoubled fury.

"I heard you!" cried a deep voice. "Open at once!"

"Just a minute!" called Mr. Davis in a tone meant to be reassuring.

"Open, or I'll break the door down!"

Mr. Davis had been feeling over the wall for the electric-light button, but in face of this threat he thought best to unbolt without delay.

"I'm in my bare feet," he explained as he did so. "Be careful not to step on me."

He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when the door was flung open with a bang and a powerfully built man in the cap and overcoat of a British naval officer rushed in and grappled with him.

"Don't do like that!" objected Mr. Davis as the other bore him to the floor. And then, in a muffled tone: "Don't lean on me so hard! Your buttons stick into me!"

At that juncture the elevator boy, who had followed the naval officer into the room, turned on the lights.

"Now!" exclaimed the burly Briton, surveying his prostrate victim, "who are you, and what are you doing here?"

His Plan for Winning the War

Mr. Davis began to explain. After he had proceeded a little way with his explanation the officer removed his knee from Mr. Davis' chest. When the explanation had proceeded a little farther he helped Mr. Davis to rise. And by the time the editor had finished what he had to say the windows had been closed, a bath robe found and the brandy and soda brought out.

"I'm frightfully disappointed about this whole affair," said the officer. "I wouldn't have had it happen for a good deal."

"Oh," said Mr. Davis amiably, "that's all right. Don't apologize!"

"You don't understand," returned the other. "I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of spies. We have to be frightfully particular about spies. When I found the door bolted on the inside, and my brother away, my first thought was: 'It's a bally Hun in there, going through his papers.' I had it happen once before—in London. Came in and found a Hun in my chambers. Unfortunately I couldn't take the blighter alive. Great business getting 'em alive, you know—you can find out things from 'em. But I had to kill him. Then I determined that if another one came along I'd manage to save him. That's why I was so set on taking you alive if it could be done. And I did take you alive—didn't I? But the devil of it is, you're not a Hun at all. Are you? No. Not a bit of it! Well then, you can understand my disappointment."

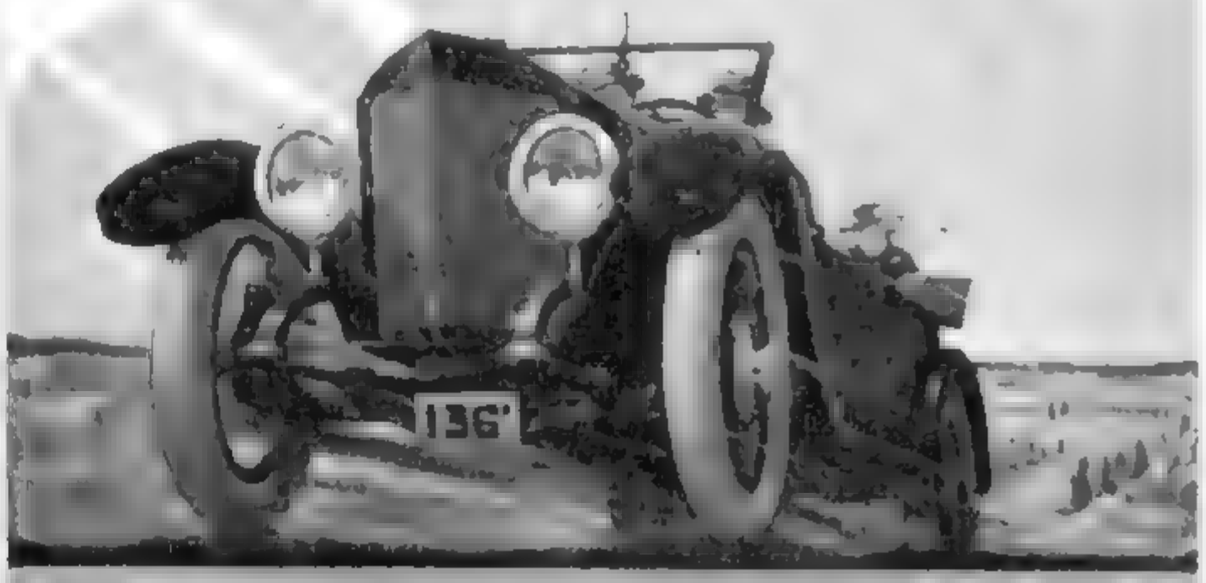
Mr. Davis expressed his profound sympathy. International toasts were then drunk and the incident was considered closed. It may be added, however, that since that time Mr. Davis has been an optimist upon the outcome of the war. Having himself felt the shock of a British night attack he has profound admiration for the tactics employed. All the British have to do, he says, is to creep up, surprise the sleepy Germans in their pyjamas, step on their bare feet and then gouge them to death with brass overcoat buttons.

Men of domestic tendency who go to Washington for special work in connection with the war and attempt to make homes there for their families quickly discover that there is at least one form of profiteering that the Government has not suppressed. Whomever the war may have hit it has not hit the Washington landlord. No one has told him that he must "be good." He is practicing extortion and rolling in prosperity. In the last year rents have jumped from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty per cent, whether for houses or apartments. Many regular residents have been tempted by the famine prices to lease their homes, and there has also been much speculation in apartments—the speculators renting vacant apartments, furnishing them cheaply, and subletting them at rates hitherto undreamed of in the capital.

I know of one man who was offered a furnished house at rental so exorbitant that

STANLEY

STEAM 22nd year CAR



What Do You Demand In A Motor Car?

READ the motor car advertisements.

They will show you, at least, what qualities the various manufacturers think will make the strongest appeal to you.

These are what they emphasize, and in about this order of importance:

Flexibility, smoothness, reserve power, hill-climbing ability, acceleration, minimum of gear-shifting and low cost of operation.

If these qualities are worth advertising, they are worth having.

Automobile manufacturers have undeniably made an honest—almost superhuman effort to give you these qualities in their cars.

But we assert and desire to prove to you that the best performance they have been able to deliver still falls far short of Stanley performance.

And the reason for this is simple.

Flexibility—instantaneous response in any emergency, complete mastery of your vehicle, one finger control—the first essential to the performance you have always wanted, is the natural characteristic of steam.

Storing power, the only way of endowing a car with the performance you have always wanted, is the natural function of the Stanley.

The reason why the Stanley Car has power at low speeds—why it has the fastest pick-up—why it runs smoothly and quietly at all speeds—why there is no clutch to pedal and no gears to shift—why one finger controls the car—is because the fuel is converted, not into instantaneously dissipated power, but into steam, which is stored in advance and may be instantly applied in any desired volume to the driving wheels.

The Stanley Car complete—engine, wheels, steering-gear, everything included—has only thirty-seven moving parts.

But it has stored power.

And its fuel is kerosene.

Touring Cars $2600 f. o. b. Newton, Mass.

You, too, want to know the story of the Stanley—the story of "The Magic of Steam." Send for our booklet

STANLEY MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

Newton Massachusetts

he wished to consider overnight before signing a lease. When he went back next day prepared to accept the terms he was informed that the price had gone up. Disgusted at such gouging he went away again, but after a day's fruitless search for another house was forced to return and inform the agent that he would take the place at the higher figure. Imagine his feelings when he was told that the rental had once more undergone an overnight increase! This time he did not depart, but remained in the agent's office until the lease was drawn and signed.

Another man, finding himself in Washington for an indefinite length of time and anxious to have his family with him, searched for a month without finding a house such as he required. He was in despair. Then one day he read in the morning paper the obituary of an old Washington citizen who had died on the previous afternoon. From the street address mentioned in the paper he remembered the house of the deceased as one likely to suit his own needs. Jumping into his automobile he drove there. Undismayed by the crape upon the door he rang and asked to see the widow. When presently she appeared he informed her as tactfully as might be that he had heard of her loss, that he sympathized, and that it had occurred to him that she might wish to rent her home and go away. The lady was at first taken aback by this proposal. She had had no time to plan. Sympathetically her caller pictured the charms of the Southern climate. The suggestion struck her favorably. No doubt he was right. Yes, unquestionably warmth and sunshine would be beneficial. Before the enterprising gentleman left, the terms of a lease were agreed upon. He and his family are now living in that house.

Where Mr. Vanderlip's Salary Goes

When Mr. Vanderlip took the chairmanship of the War Savings Committee he became one of the legion of Washington house hunters. The Bellamy Storer residence at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Rhode Island Avenue was then vacant and only partly furnished. Mr. Vanderlip leased it. Some of the rooms in the house were of unusual dimensions. It was necessary to obtain rugs for them. A friend of Mr. Vanderlip, acting for him, went to a rug merchant in New York and finding there some superb Oriental rugs of the right sizes asked if Mr. Vanderlip could rent them for the period of the war. To this the rug dealer agreed.

"How much will the rent be?"

"Is it true," he interrogated, "that Mr. Vanderlip's salary from the Government is only one dollar a year?"

"Yes."

"Then a dollar a year will be the rental of these rugs."

The shortage in accommodations has not, of course, been confined to dwelling places. The vast, staid old buildings of the various departments, which in the old days seemed so spacious, are not merely bulging with new workers but have long since overflowed into neighboring structures of all kinds. New committees, councils, bureaus, boards, administrations—official and semi-official—in bewildering variety are scattered about the city in commandeered office buildings, apartment houses, hotels and residences, to and from which they are forever moving. After hunting all morning for some man you want to see, after going to the place where he had his office last month, and to another place where he had it last week, and to still another place where he had it yesterday, and after finding him in his new office and thinking you have located him at last, you may call there a few days later only to learn that he has moved again. The maddest part of the era of flealike shifting is, however, over, and many of the larger war bodies have settled themselves finally in large low buildings which have sprung up on various vacant lots, and which, by reason of the obvious temporariness of their construction, remind one of the first structures that appear on a new world's-fair ground.

After the manner of most Americans I had the feeling that when it comes to erecting temporary buildings or doing other emergency work with great rapidity we surpass the world; so one day like a good Yankee boaster I ventured to call the attention of a British officer to the speed with which the new structures were being completed.

His point of view rather surprised me.

"Yes," he said; "when you Americans really get started on something of that sort you do it more rapidly, I suppose, than any other people. But on the other hand you are often so slow in getting started that the initial delay eats up more time than you save by the celerity with which you do the actual work."

In illustration he told me of an experience of his own.

"When I arrived in this country," he said, "I required two large rooms in which to store several tons of paraphernalia which my government was sending over to be copied here, for the use of the American Army.

"'Oh, yes,' I was told when I asked for the rooms. 'We will give them to you at once.' Then several days passed. At last I mentioned the subject again.

"'Haven't you got those rooms yet?' said the American official with whom I was dealing. 'We will fix it right off!' He then showed me one large room, asking whether it would do. There was space enough, but for certain reasons I needed two rooms. 'Will this room serve if we build a fireproof partition?' he inquired. I said it would. I expected the building of that partition to consume two or three days. It would have taken two or three days to build it in England or France. Naturally then, I was much surprised and gratified when I learned that same afternoon that the work was done and my two rooms ready. As I have said, we British couldn't have accomplished it so quickly. But—and this should not be overlooked—in England or France my storage space would have been ready for me just as soon as it was ready over here, or perhaps sooner, for the reason that the work would have been begun several days earlier, when I first asked for the rooms.

"While in this country I have seen countless examples of this same tendency. Therefore I should say that while it is one of your national virtues that you are good at 'speeding up,' it is one of your national vices that you are very slow in beginning to speed up.

"For instance, when I came over here I expected to find that you had a small but very efficient army—for I had heard a great deal about American efficiency. You see there was every reason why it should have been the finest little army of its size in the world.

"You ought to have known more about warfare, when you came into the war, than any of the rest of us knew, because you had observers at all fronts. Your observers could tell you what we were doing, what the French were doing, and also what the Germans were doing. You therefore had access to more information than we had."

Who's Who in Uniform

"Well, I found nothing of the kind. Your army was not efficient at all. It was not equipped. You hadn't a first-class airplane—not one; though the warring nations had been using them and developing them for several years, and though your observation officers must have made voluminous reports upon the subject, as well as on a vast amount of other details of modern warfare. It was the same with artillery. The same with machine guns. The same with practically everything. Instead of having taken advantage of your wonderful opportunity you have had to begin at the very beginning. Instead of having had an airplane motor ready you actually did not begin to build one until long after you were in the war.

"I am told that when your observation officers came back with their priceless information they were returned to their regiments instead of being kept in Washington and used to the utmost.

"Things seem to have been conducted honestly. That is a good thing. You have the draft. That is a good thing, also. You have the raw material in the way of men. But of modern warfare you did not know the rudiments, though you had had ample time and opportunity to learn. The plain fact is that whoever is responsible has failed, and failed shamefully."

Less distressing was the episode recounted by an exceedingly jaunty-looking British officer.

"The thing that has surprised me most," said he, "was a letter I received from a Washington tailor, informing me that one of his customers, an American officer, was much taken with the cut of my breeches, and that he—the tailor—would regard it as a personal favor if I would bring a pair of my breeches round to his shop and leave them to be used as a pattern."

The presence in Washington of large numbers of foreign *liaison* officers in their variegated uniforms tends greatly to embellish the streets as well as to indicate that our Allies are freely helping us to help ourselves to help them.

The variety of foreign uniforms has, however, proved perplexing in many instances to officers and men in our service, and has resulted in a good deal of confusion in the matter of saluting.

Even in our own hastily assembled draft and reserve forces the distinctive marks of various ranks and branches of the service are sometimes found a little bit confusing. It is no rare thing, for example, for privates wearing the white bands of the aviation cadet corps to receive salutes from privates in the draft army who mistake them for officers—a mistake which is the more likely to occur if the aviation private happens to have had his uniform made by a good tailor. Also, I have seen young Plattsburg graduates, filled with a laudable desire to be correct, salute when bareheaded—which is not required.

If our new soldiers are sometimes confused by the signs and forms of the American service, how much more are they likely to be puzzled by the various foreign insignia. British officers, for instance, have the option of wearing the indication of their rank either upon the shoulder or upon the cuff. An American reserve officer, meeting a British officer of a certain rank, and anxious to familiarize himself with the British markings, will note the insignia on the other's shoulder straps. But the next British officer he meets may wear the marks of rank upon his sleeve, and being thus mistaken for a private may receive no salute, though he ranks the American and though the latter desires to be entirely punctilious.

The Red-Tape Worms' Webs

Similarly, in the French service a soldier who has been wounded in action, be he officer or man, wears a small chevron on one sleeve. He does not get one of these chevrons literally for each wound on his body, but for each separate engagement in which he is wounded. French officers of high rank, wearing these marks, have been mistaken in this country for corporals. In France the thing is probably working the other way about; our American sergeants and sergeant majors are doubtless mistaken over there for veterans who have been repeatedly wounded in action.

In the old days, when our officers were not required to wear uniform on the street or even when working in the Navy Department or the War Department, Washington worried little about rank. You could pass by admirals and generals and never be aware of it. Now, however, that is changed. Everyone who has a right to a uniform must put it on. Rank has suddenly assumed a great importance. Everyone is concerned with it. It follows one everywhere, even into elevators. And rank in a crowded elevator may become a most uncomfortable thing. You will discover that in the Army and Navy Club. The general or the admiral may be at the back of the elevator, and the lieutenant commanders, the majors, the captains and the lieutenants may be at the front. But etiquette demands that when the elevator stops the rank of those within it must be unscrambled. The ranking officer, no matter how fat, must be allowed to get out first. Officers of lower rank must not step out and clear the way but must wedge themselves back toward the sides of the car and make a passage for the august personage at the rear. Through this passage he is obliged to push; the officer next in rank follows, and so on until the elevator is emptied.

In England and France this is to a large extent a young man's war. The old deadwood has been and is being cleared away. And so, we have begun to perceive, it must be with us. It is nothing to the discredit of certain officers who have grown old in honorable service that their minds are no longer sufficiently agile to get through red-tape entanglements. But it is to the discredit of the nation if such old officers are allowed to impede progress.

Through the long sunshiny hours of peace the Washington red-tape worms have spun their webs. Then came the crisis, and we have recently been shocked to find that the red tape has turned into barbed wire—our own barbed wire barring our own way.

Red tape is probably thicker in the War Department than elsewhere, though other departments have enough and to spare. Officers reared and matured in the service become so accustomed to routine that only those who are natural executives escape the deadening influence and are able to expand with the war.

Colonel Roosevelt tells a story of his effort to get the Rough Riders equipped to go to Cuba at the outbreak of the Spanish War. While General—then Colonel—Leonard Wood stayed with the regiment, Roosevelt, as Lieutenant Colonel, went to Washington and exerted every effort to obtain supplies. From time immemorial it had been the habit of the quartermaster's department to issue clothing to the army twice a year. Summer clothing was issued about January, and winter clothing about July. Roosevelt found that the amiable old officer with whom he had to deal in the quartermaster's department wished to follow the usual routine. July being at hand he proposed to issue winter clothing to the Rough Riders, without regard to the fact that they were going to fight in a semitropical country in the hottest month of the year. When Roosevelt pointed out that this arrangement would not be satisfactory and insisted upon having light clothing for his men the old soldier became greatly disturbed.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed. "I had everything running beautifully, and now along comes this war and mixes things all up!"

In one very important respect the scheme of military life is precisely the reverse of that of civil life: In business it is the function of a good executive to have the brains and utilize the capabilities of his subordinates, but in military life all incentive comes from above. In other words, whereas an ambitious young business man is encouraged to make suggestions to his superiors and may thereby better his position, the young officer cannot go to his senior with suggestions. There is no law against it save precedent, but precedent is a very powerful law in the service, and it is perfectly understood that a young officer having the temerity to venture an opinion will in all likelihood be snubbed for his pains.

The theory seems to be that a colonel, having passed through the ranks of lieutenant colonel, major, captain and lieutenant, necessarily knows more than the men now in those ranks, and that a general must in the natural course of events know more than a colonel.

Initiative Discouraged

Initiative is thus discouraged, and by degrees the average regular officer is likely to cease to think of results and to become satisfied when his desk is clear of papers. That is to say, he is trained under the army system to pass the buck. When the buck is passed it is up to somebody else. What may happen or may not happen then is no affair of his. Also, as I have said before, routine is forever getting in its deadly work upon him.

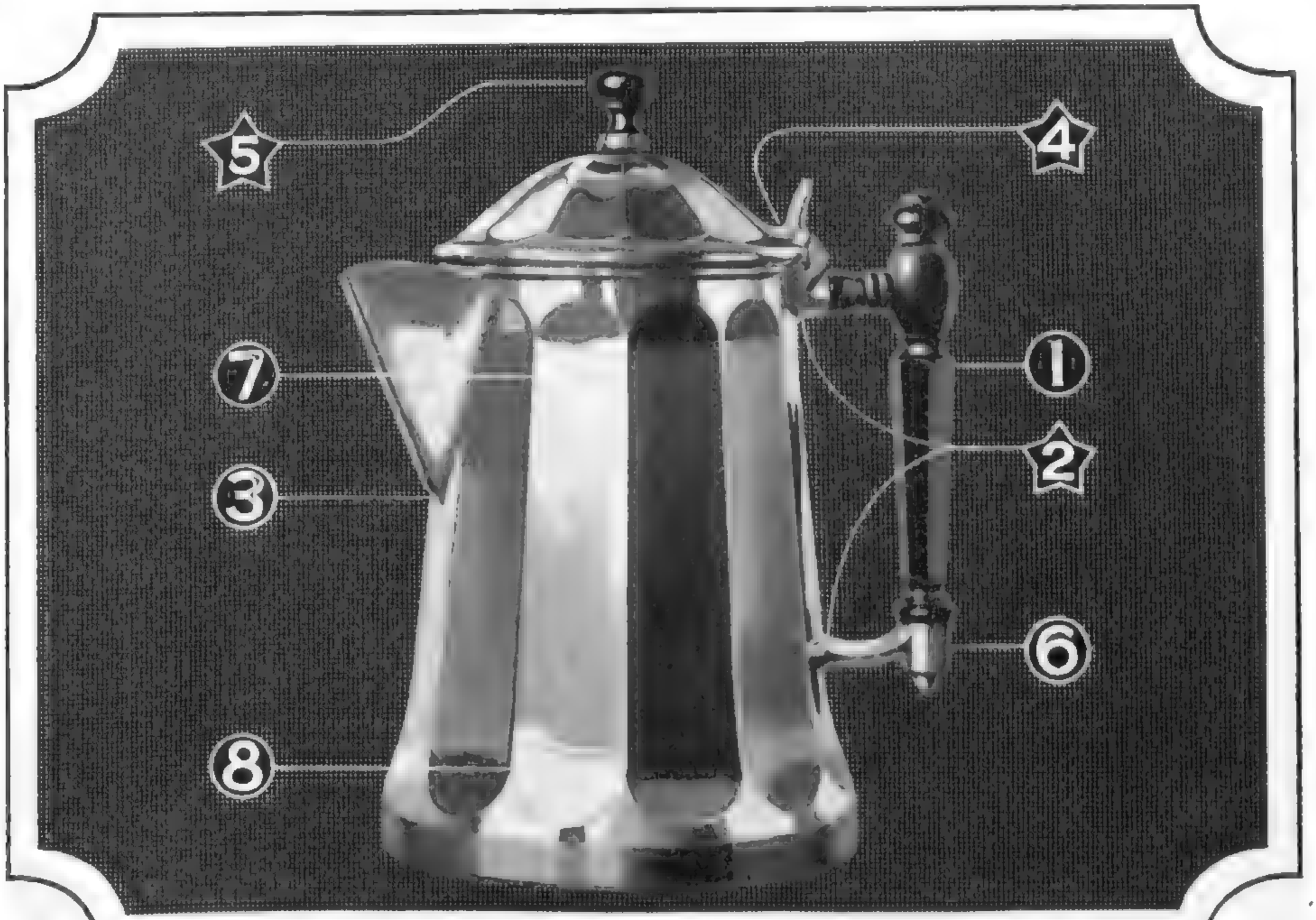
This is true to a degree in the navy as well as the army, though the navy, being our first line of defense, has never been neglected as the army has, and is consequently much better administered. Yet even there the routine of peacetimes has its effect.

A case in point is that of an admiral, a man of the highest ability in certain specialized lines, who has recently had to step down. The speed and expansion of war work were too much for him. Trained to detail he could not get away from it. It had long been his custom carefully to read all contracts, correct them in pencil and then read over the corrected copies. That was well enough, perhaps, in peacetime, but with war the contracts became vast and voluminous, and as an executive it was no longer possible for him to read them and fulfill his other duties.

Yet he tried. Instead of exercising general supervision and leaving minutiæ to assistants he spent untold hours reading and rereading contracts, until at last he broke under the strain.

In contrast to this I recall an episode illustrating the method of a great business executive, now engaged in important Government work. I was sitting in his office in Washington waiting to speak to him. The man who was there ahead of me was discussing certain details of the work in hand. It seemed to me that the distinguished

(Concluded on Page 117)



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Here's where you put the pleasure punch into jimmy pipe smokes!

Break a new trail through the smokewoods with Prince Albert, like your middle name was Obejoyful! Get to humming that joy'us puff-tune you hear up and down the pike! Make the tidy red tin of P. A. your right bower—and you'll slip into springtime happy as a clam at high tide!

Prince Albert hands back the biggest bunch of smoke peace you ever hit! *That's because it has quality!* And, you'll get the tape on that quality speed on the first bounce—it lands on your smokeapparatus so mighty quick and smooth and clever.

P. A. is regular day-after-day tobacco; the *man*-kind that's as long as it is wide; tobacco you can sing about at sun-up, because it passed out such chummy cheer the night before! Can't pile out of the quilts fast enough to get-going-again!

Now, lay back of *quality*, of fine flavor and fragrance, the fact that *Prince Albert can't* bite! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process! No matter how tender your tongue may be, we tell you Prince Albert won't fuss it! *What kind of a smokelisten does all that put into your smokechest?*

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is just a little better than the happiest word you ever heard clicked off about its quality and its sink-in-deep satisfaction. Smoking men will chip in the say-so that words never yet have been invented that altogether express P. A.'s top-round-of-the-ladder goodness! *You just have to rub up against it personally!*

Take a tip: dip into real smokeluck, and draw out a tidy red tin and set-in-a-session with Prince Albert! Let yourself into wise-smoke-circles and find out what's what—*for what ails your smokeappetite!*

Prince Albert is at your command everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome full pound and full half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical full pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Concluded from Page 114)

gentleman was becoming impatient. All of a sudden he waved the underling away, exclaiming:

"Don't tell me any more of these things! I think in terms of men!"

How true this statement was I learned when my time came. I wanted him to write a letter covering certain complicated legal points.

"Tell Mr. X about it," he said, mentioning a well-known lawyer who had joined his bureau that same morning. "Let him write the letter. Anything he tells me to sign I will sign."

In the army, the navy, and, I believe, all other departments of the Government, the American business man, in uniform and out of uniform, is now engaged in crawling under red tape, clambering over it, worming his way through it—and, best of all, in cutting it. Sometimes it very nearly strangles him, sometimes his activities bring him perilously close to court-martial, but on he goes. For he is an "emergency man"—a man who, as one of them put it to me, is "willing to go to jail, if necessary, in order to get things done." More than once I have seen officers of the new reserve army go into their own pockets for money to expedite Government work, when to obtain the money through routine channels would cause delay. They are there to prevent delay. They are there to help end the war. To do their special work—whatever it may be—they have left their families and their affairs; and they desire above all else to finish the job as soon as it can be finished, and get back home. The army, the navy, service in some Government department, does not mean for them a career but the interruption of a career.

Washington is alive with these men. You meet them everywhere—successful financiers, manufacturers, organizers, experts in all manner of subjects, some still arrayed as civilians, some in uniform. Day and night they are in their offices. They make business appointments for the most extraordinary hours—for eleven P. M., or midnight, or—this appointment was actually given to a friend of mine who wished to see a certain general—one-thirty A. M.

The Winning Formula

Many of these experts from various fields in civil life are so busy that they are aware of little or nothing that is going on outside their own department of endeavor. As you know that your house is a part of the world they know that their specialized work is a part of the great work of some board, committee, council, or department, which is in turn but one of many bodies whirling upon interlocking orbits in the infinite space of the Washington war firmament.

Men capable of vision, in Washington as a whole are as rare as great astronomers. Genius is required merely to comprehend the American war machine in all its ramifications. And when it is considered that our war machine, which is so vast, is as yet only a small thing compared with the war machines of our Allies, and that it must be coördinated with their machines so that all function together as one stupendous unit, then it is not a matter for surprise if most of us are overawed by what is going on.

"I can give you the formula for winning the war," one of the world's great organizing geniuses said to me.

"What is it?"

"It needs a general manager and a board of directors."

"The American end of it, you mean?"

"For the Allies."

"Where can you get a man for general manager?"

"I am talking theory," he said. "I am not at all sure that there exists in the world an intellect great enough for the job."

In the old days of peace and plenty you might have called this man an optimist. Most of our great men of affairs were optimists in those times. They had confidence in the future of the country, and they backed their confidence with cash. Optimism has indeed been perhaps the greatest single factor in the commercial development of the United States. But there is optimism and optimism. The optimism of big men was never blind. It was reasoned optimism—not the optimism of the man who thinks he is doing his share when he talks about "Business as usual," and sings "Smile, smile, smile!"

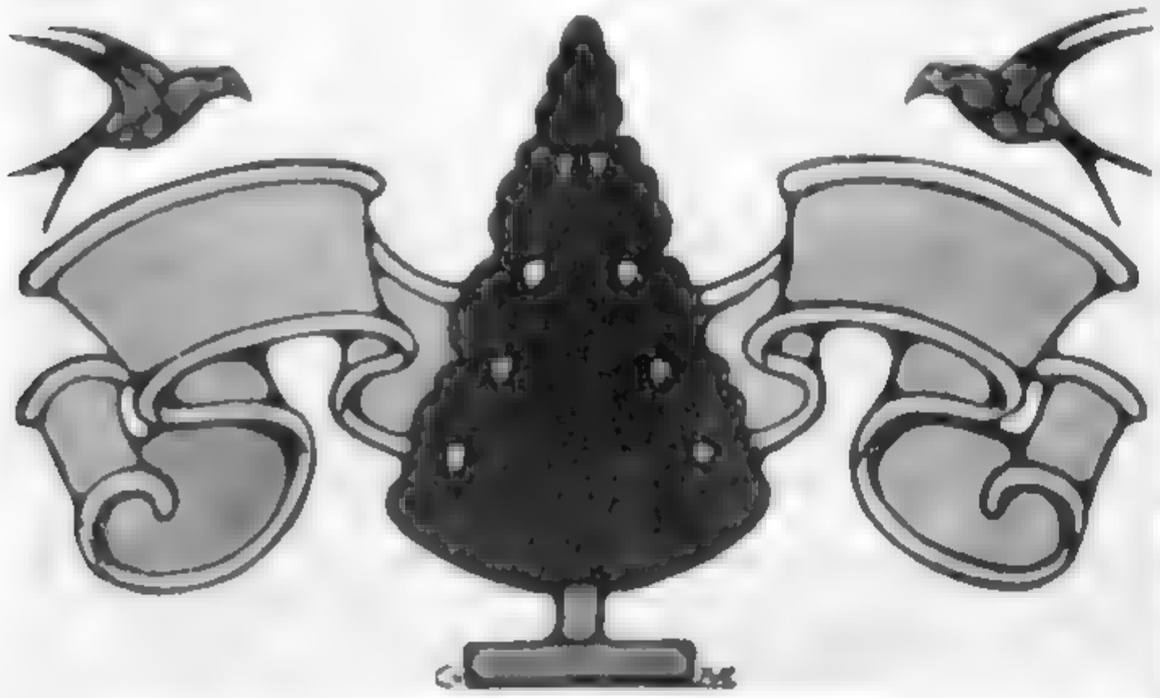
The Attitude of Big Men

The present mental attitude of the man of whom I speak is typical of that of other big-minded Americans. He is neither an optimist nor a pessimist about the war. He is simply a logician. He is courageous, determined, hopeful, but neither satisfied nor oversanguine. He does not expect Edison or Henry Ford to win the war for us. He awaits no miraculous inventions such as we are taught to hope for by the Sunday papers. He does not expect food to win the war—or *money*—or any other single item. He hopes as profoundly as any human being can hope that we shall win. He feels that we must win—that otherwise life will not be worth living. He believes that we can win if we all bend every effort to the task. But he is not cocksure. He does not underrate Germany or boast vainglorously about America. He does not prate of what we think we are, and think we have, and think we shall have, and think we shall do.

I have heard many able men talk about the war, but I have yet to find one who is cocksure. The men who are cocksure are not the big men. Big men seek facts, face them, and reach conclusions not through their temperament but with their brains. And the facts as to American war preparation in its present stage are not such as to warrant optimism. Indeed, looking at life in its larger aspect, few things do warrant it—or pessimism either. The pendulum swings. Your end of the seesaw goes up and down—up *and* down. When half the world is dark the other half is light. In the blackest hour of night we have faith that dawn will ultimately come. The weaker we are the more readily the tides of life can lift us to extreme elation or drag us to extreme despair.

If Hamlet is unbalanced so also is Pollyanna. And war hath her Pollyannas and her Hamlets no less than peace. The eagle, soaring over No Man's Land and seeing much, is silent, but the caged—or Cabineted—canary twitters cheerfully—until the poisoned gases come.

We do not see things as they are through blue glasses or yet through glasses that are rose colored. There should be no color in the lens through which we look at Truth. And Truth is the thing above all others upon which we must now fix our gaze. For it was never truer than it is to-day that "The truth shall make you free."



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Nature has a workshop all ready for business. This business is gardening. And to go into partnership with Nature, to enjoy the luxury of plenty of fresh vegetables, to be surrounded all summer with an abundance of beautiful flowers, requires but a trifling investment.

A part of your back yard or a neighborhood vacant lot, an hour of your time every day and the modest cost of

FERRY'S SEEDS

will be your share of the bargain.

Nature furnishes golden sunshine in unstinted measure, generous quantities of life-giving rain, and Ferry's Seeds are bred to give a bountiful yield of surpassing quality.

Ferry's Seeds are the choice of thousands of professional and amateur gardeners because Ferry's Seeds have known pedigrees. For many generations we have kept pedigree and trial records. Each year we test the new seeds in our great trial gardens to see that the special virtues of size, or quality, or vigor, or tenderness, or juiciness are reproducing as they should.

Only those seeds which measure up to Ferry standards are ever packed and sold under the Ferry label.

Let us send you the Ferry Seed Annual. Free on request. It contains valuable receipts for cooking vegetables. Dealers everywhere sell Ferry's Seeds.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Detroit, Mich.
(and Windsor, Ontario)

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HOOD TIRES

ARE BETTER THAN GOOD TIRES

HOOD TIRES

THIS IS THE SIGN OF A HOOD DEALER

Quality is Economy

The "Why" of the Hood Extra "Ply"

You remember that blow-out which caused you trouble, annoyance and expense? The disappointment in your tire mileage and wear?

The reason was a tire weak in fabric backbone where it should have been essentially strong. Take the time to go to a Hood Dealer. Count the plies of fabric in the Hood 4½" Arrow Tread and compare with any "standard" 5" tire. Then consider the price divided by miles guaranteed and delivered.

You will find an unanswerable reason for the Hood low comparative cost per mile—and for the growing Hood reputation.

The famous Hood outdoor signs protect you upon the highways of America and point the way to the sign of a Hood Dealer. Look up the address of our nearest dealer on the page opposite the contents page of the 1918 Blue Book. Ask him to show you the "why" of that Hood extra "ply." We leave the answer to you.

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Be Thrifty To save more most of us must earn more. Let us tell you how to turn your spare hours into cash. We offer pleasant, out-of-door evening work at good pay. Write to The Curtis Publishing Company, 270 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Burpee's Seeds

Burpee's Sweet Peas

SIX STANDARD SPENCERS

For 25c we will mail one packet each of the following:

Cherub, rich creamy rose
Decorator, rosy terracotta
Hercules, soft rose pink self
Jack Tar, bronzy violet-blue
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"The Burpee Leaflet on Sweet Pea Culture" with each collection. If purchased separately the above would cost 65c.

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The leading American seed Catalog

216 pages with 103 colored illustrations. It is mailed free upon request. A post card will do. Write for your copy today and mention The Saturday Evening Post.

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CAN you imagine something so delicious—so alluring—so rich and tempting that you just HAVE to taste it?

That's Vogan's

A fascinating variety of kinds to choose from.

VOGAN CANDY CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Plant a War Garden For Patriotism and Profit

Grow your own fresh vegetables this summer and cut down your living expenses. We have

Two Big Seed Specials For Home Gardeners

will give an average family all the garden vegetables they will eat. Write for our Catalogue of Blue Ribbon Seeds, the choicest seed grown for big continuous production and fine quality. Our Catalogue is just the book for the gardener. Contains all information necessary to make his garden a paying success.

Wood, Stubbs Co., Inc., 219 E. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TRUST COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 30)

were severed, great quantities of German goods had been consigned to South American ports. Millions of dollars' worth were in storehouses. Their owners in Germany or in other parts of the world could not take possession or could not designate agents to locate shipments in transit. As a consequence there is a good deal of property in various parts of the United States the ownership of which is unknown. Some day the owners will appear and present claims. Uncle Sam in the meantime undertakes the responsibility, sees to it that none of the goods is stolen or sold by unscrupulous persons, but that all is cared for just the same as enemy property of identified owners.

Search for stray goods has just begun and no one knows how much of it is going to be found. Chemicals of great value to the Government may be stored somewhere in America—doing no good to the owner or to the United States Government. Many warehouses hitherto have not kept a detailed record of the contents of boxes and crated possessions stored with them, so it may be necessary to make a comprehensive inspection.

The curious thing is that the Alien Property Custodian has less property registered with him from such German centers as Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati than from other American cities. Offhand this might seem to be due to a failure to register enemy properties as required by law, and investigators may in the next few months add no small amount of property to their list from those places; but another theory may account for it. Germans by the thousands reside in Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati but few of them do business with Germany directly or indirectly. The great majority of them probably are engaged in domestic industries and businesses which of course are not disturbed whether the proprietors are German citizens or unnaturalized Americans.

Many properties have not yet been registered through ignorance of the law. Again some concerns have been caught between two jurisdictions—England and the United States. A corporation with German owners but with branches in Great Britain and the United States may be subject to the Trading With the Enemy Act of Great Britain and also of the United States. The Department of State in negotiation with the British Foreign Office must yet resolve who is to exercise the authority, because England has one rule and America another.

Enemy Insurance Companies

Several businesses of course were forced into liquidation—notably insurance companies. It became the duty of the Alien Property Custodian to prevent loss to American citizens who held policies in those companies. Accordingly Mr. Palmer and his assistants had to reinsure everybody in other companies without loss to the individual policy holder—and the net proceeds of the liquidation will be kept for the owners until the end of the war.

On the other hand whenever the majority stock in a concern is held in Germany Mr. Palmer acts for the stockholders.

All companies in America, however, whether they have minority or majority stockholders abroad are compelled to make regular reports. And the Alien Property Custodian is entitled to receive dividends and interest on behalf of enemy aliens. If he thinks property or securities had better be sold he has the power to dispose of them and deposit the proceeds. By the same token he is temporarily responsible for the ships of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American Lines, seized by the United States and now in use as transports for American troops. These vessels have not been confiscated but requisitioned by the Navy Department. Mr. Palmer is responsible for what happens to them—that is, he must keep a record of the property and the cost of maintenance. Whether the United States will have to pay for the use of the ships or for those that may happen to be sunk by German submarines is something which must be decided at the peace conference along with a multitude of other complex questions of law.

What is Germany doing about American property? Such information as our Government has received indicates that a custodian has been appointed, but just what care is being taken of American goods is not known. Of course that which happened to be in the holds of ships in German ports was promptly requisitioned on the outbreak of war and American claims undoubtedly will be honored some day when a government is established in Germany which once more recognizes international law. But it is estimated that all the American property in Germany that has been taken over by the Imperial Government doesn't exceed $25,000,000—hardly a drop in the bucket compared to German holdings in the United States.

If Germany attempted any wholesale confiscation the United States would have a powerful lever for reprisal. It is to the interest of the Germans, therefore, to be very scrupulous about the property of Americans. Also it is not altogether impossible that the Entente Allies may pool their interests on this question at the peace conference and require that an accounting be made of British and French holdings in Germany before the United States, Great Britain and France relinquish the property of Germans in their respective countries.

But thus far the American Government has taken very good care of everything German.

There has been no destruction or confiscation, but a preservation of plant, capital and profits and even a development of greater utility, so that after the war some of the German enterprises will have increased in value through the efficiency and business momentum acquired in the interval.

Two Different Policies

Thousands of lawyers, officers and expert employees of trust companies throughout the United States who volunteered their services are keeping this property intact and administering it without compensation. Such expenses of operation as are incurred are borne by Uncle Sam. England pays it out of the income of the estates and properties, but the United States has not yet been disposed to do so, though obviously it is a legitimate trust expense.

Isn't it going too far to be so generous with the enemy? There are two points of view on this within our own Government and among those in Congress who have given any thought to the subject. One school argues that German interests in the United States ought to be Americanized anyway and that no stronger blow could be dealt to the Kaiser than to make it impossible for Germany to get a foothold industrially in this country again. All these firms whose property has been taken over have been connected directly or indirectly with companies in Central and South America and the present operation of the Trading With the Enemy Act doubtless will in many cases break Germany's hold on South American trade. Those who believe the strangulation of German commerce in this hemisphere should be made permanent are in favor of hitting the representatives of the Kaiser wherever they raise their heads.

But there is another school, much more idealistic, which seeks to use the very policy of restraint now exercised by Uncle Sam as an argument to win the masses of Germany to the program of democratization sought by the Entente. Those who hold this view, among whom at present is President Wilson himself, believe the property ought to be carefully conserved as a friendly act to the German people. For it has been the cry of America that this is not a battle against the German people but against the militaristic leaders, of whom they have thus far been unable to rid themselves. The United States is not making a selfish campaign for private property, the acquisition of which of course could be justified by the Hindenburg hypocrisy of "military necessity" or "the fortune of war," so glibly offered by the German Foreign Office.

Congress itself, which created the office of Alien Property Custodian and delegated powers to the President to take over enemy property, must decide ultimately which of these two policies it will adopt. Until then Mr. Palmer's job is to enforce the present law and administer as carefully as possible the biggest trust company in the world.

A shade gets much hard treatment

You can now get a window shade material so durable it stands accidents and everyday strains twice as long as the ordinary shade

NO window shade will stand continual bad treatment, but even slight hard usage will make an ordinary shade wrinkle and bag—make it show cracks and pinholes.

You *can* get a window shade that is *made* to resist wear. A Brenlin window shade is so carefully made, so treated, that it will wear two or three times as long as an ordinary shade!

Why Brenlin is so much more durable!

The ordinary window shade is a loosely woven cloth "filled" with chalk and clay to make the material look smooth and firm. It lacks the very quality you buy it for—durability. At your windows the material soon wrinkles and bags, the "filling" drops out, your shade is full of ugly streaks and holes.

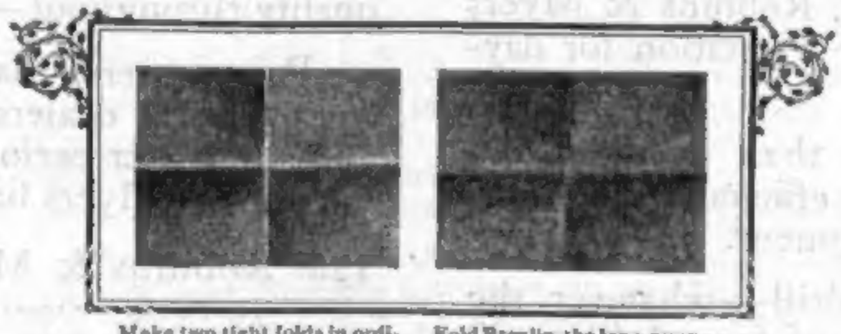
Brenlin—the long-wearing window shade material—is just finely-woven, strong cloth; it has not a particle of "filling" in it. It wears and wears! It hangs smooth and straight. No cracks, no pinholes! You are amazed at the length of time it wears—and still looks well.

Expert skill, extra care in every step of the process

The skill and knowledge of years go into every step of the special process which makes Brenlin the shade cloth of remarkable qualities. To maintain the perfect even weave, the number of threads to a square inch is counted and kept uniform! It is especially treated so that it will not sag—will not wrinkle. It is fortified to withstand the sudden attacks of sucking, whipping wind. It is tinted by hand with a scientifically prepared, expensive color which keeps it supple and reveals its beautiful linen-like texture. This color does not spot in the rain, nor fade in the hottest sun!

Two or three times as economical as ordinary window shades!

The first cost of Brenlin window shades is little more than that of ordinary window shades. And they wear two to three times as long! It is *cheaper* in actual money to buy Brenlin, and what a saving of the trouble, the annoyance of cracked, wrinkled window shades that must be so often replaced.



Make two tight folds in ordinary window shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes.

Fold Brenlin, the long-wearing window shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks, no pinholes.

See Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this wonderful wearing material. You will be sure to find just the color you want for your home.

To have all your windows the same color on the outside, yet to have a pleasing variety of color schemes in different rooms, get Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in your dealer's shop. Look for the word "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy, and when your window shades are hung.

If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades give you the greatest value obtainable in filled window shades.

Free book on how to shade your windows

Send for this attractive book today. It tells how you can make your windows and your whole home more beautiful. With it we will send actual samples of Brenlin window shade material in all the charming Brenlin colors.

Chas. W. Breneman & Company, 2017 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio and Brooklyn, New York. Branches: New York City and Oakland, California. Owners of the good-will and trademarks of the Jay C. Wemple Company.

The Blackstone Hotel, Omaha, Neb., found Brenlin the most satisfactory shade for its 1,000 windows. Shaded by Orchard & Wilhelm.

Brenlin

the long wearing window shade material

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Please send me "How Shall I Shade and Decorate My Windows?"

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THE advantages of dependable motive equipment are marked and manifold—in the finished product, in maintained production, and in the good-will of every man behind the work.

Employees do not welcome loss of time and money due to faulty equipment shut-downs. In like measure they welcome full wage for full time, with a little extra now and then as a result of greater output.

Because of the good-will they establish in the front office and on the pay-roll, Robbins & Myers Motors have rightly won their reputation for day-in-and-day-out dependability.

No establishment is better than its men, and men cannot attain their highest efficiency when impeded by faulty operating equipment.

Big machine or portable drill—whatever the equipment calling for a motor of from 1-40 to 30 horsepower, its operating efficiency is enhanced by a Robbins & Myers, the result of 21 years' experience in the building of dependable motors.

* * *

Manufacturers of the better electrically-driven devices equip their product with R & M Motors for the self-same reason of reliable performance. A Robbins & Myers Motor on a vacuum cleaner, washing machine, addressing machine, mailing machine, coffee grinder or meat-chopper is a sure sign of unusual quality throughout—a guarantee of better service.

Power users, makers of motor-driven devices, and electrical dealers find the wages of better production, better performance and better sales in the Robbins & Myers line.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-one years makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

Macbeth Lenses are used in the torch of the Goddess of Liberty

Macbeth Lens

Why Wait for the Law to Force You?

GET this green glass visor lens at once!

Help eliminate the perils of night driving—help make the roads safe for *all*, yourself, other motorists and pedestrians.

Lights that glare and blind are both dangerous and illegal. To weaken your lights to insufficiency in order to evade arrest is a risky compromise.

This lens gives you the benefit of *all* your light, complies with laws, does not blind others, and adds a smart touch of distinctiveness to your car's appearance.

It is built with the same scientific accuracy and skill that has established Macbeth-Evans as world-wide lens authorities.

For battleships, lighthouses, railroads and searchlights where the finest is demanded, Macbeth experience and expertness is sought.

Get this same degree of lens efficiency on your car.

The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with *scientific accuracy*.

These prisms re-direct and bend the rays of light at the correct angle to give a *long* light and concentrated brilliance *on the road*.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential *side* lighting for turning corners.

It requires seventy-two hours to build one Macbeth lens.

What other lens receives such skill and care? Get Macbeth at once!

Price per pair $5—Denver and West $5.50—Canada $6—Winnipeg and West $6.50

Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

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AT WINDSOR CASTLE
Reproduction, Gaupil & Co. Paris — Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

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Seventy years successful experience has entered into its making.

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